THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 45. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 7, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Beginning
WEST BROADWAY—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

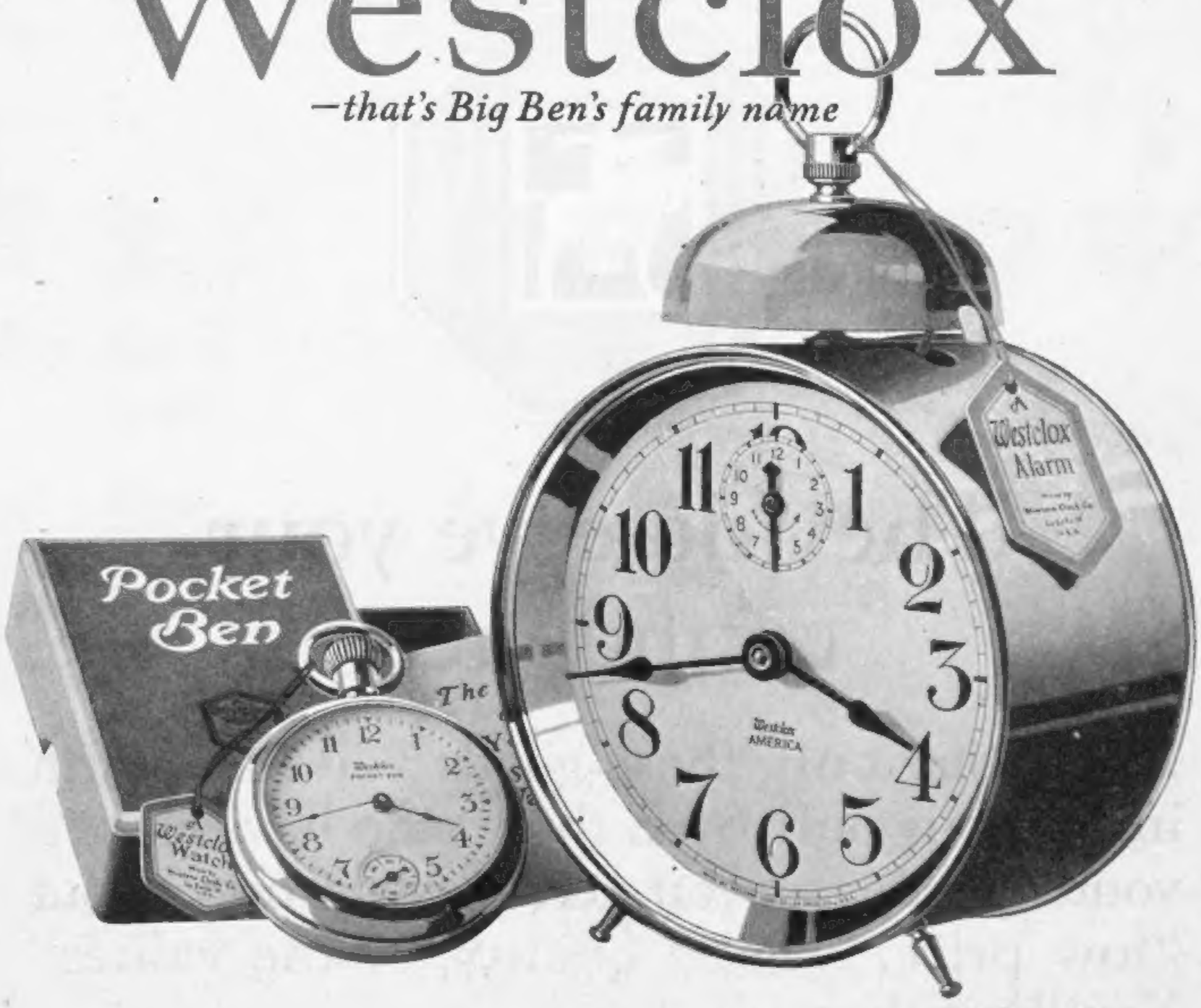
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1921 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



A timekeeping partnership

FOR economical, dependable timekeeping, you'll go a long way before you find a pair better qualified than America and Pocket Ben.

America for the house—kitchen, living room, nursery during the day; bedroom at night. Because it is a reliable day timekeeper you can rely on it to sound your waking signal at the time you set.

Pocket Ben for the man of the house. A pocket timepiece that is built strong and husky for the men whose work or play does not allow them to coddle a watch.

America in the house and Pocket Ben in the pocket bring appetizing meals and hungry men together right on the dot. That saves time and makes for happiness all around.

These two Westclox would like to take over the timekeeping problems in your house. America in any room where the time is needed. Pocket Ben for every man, grown-up or otherwise, in the household.

Westclox on the dial and tag is your assurance of quality.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

They deserve your confidence

If you buy only those goods you have faith in, and buy only from those who have earned your confidence, you need never worry about "low price," "good quality," "fine values" You'll get them all

The merchants who sell our clothes and we who make them have been trying to create such faith for years Everything we make is produced with that in mind

You can be sure about our clothes and the men who sell them If the clothes don't deliver what you think they should, the merchant who sells them will return your money

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Copyright 1921, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, and at Decatur, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 7, 1921 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 45

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Say, Brother," I Says to Him, "are You With This Bunch on This Great-American-Revolution Thing?"

To my public, which on screen or stage, in cabaret or parlor act has been so kind to me.

Dear Public: Deep in every person's mind is the idea that they could write a book if only they was to take the trouble and the time off, and motion-picture actresses are no exception to this great general human weakness.

So I have written this book. Not alone for the publicity, but to express something that was in my heart, and because my manager asked me to write it. It is the story of how I bought a dictionary and discovered America; of how I went out to teach and of what I learned instead. Please excuse mistakes in spelling, grammar and ectera. There are no mistakes in what I have to tell you about your country. It has been like trying to write the Bible, and having to do it in slang.

Yours resp'fully

December 28, 1920. MARIE LA TOUR.

AFTER a severe attack of thinking I have come to realize how true is the poet's word, A Little Education Can Start a Hell of a Lot of Trouble. Do you get me? Like a dose of medicine it has got to be measured right to have a real desirable effect. Take too little and it only sort of makes you sick; take too much and you will be worse off than before. And I have come also to realize that what ails a good part of this country to-day is a little education. We got a small dose and it ain't working either one way or another, which is maybe rather a rough thing for one which is at once a lady, a mother and a admittedly great actress like myself to say, but then all great truths are more or less rough.

Anyways, it is a clear, general statement, which is a dangerous thing to make, and I wouldn't make one that was not based on personal observation, and this one is based on several weeks of it.

Yet beleive me I don't intend to knock education too severe; not by a long shot, I don't; and it was feeling my own lack of it that sent me out on the trip which furnished what the scenario department calls the meat for this script. I am perfectly willing to admit that some brands of education are all right in their way and are undoubtedly responsible for the invention of the telephone, massage creams, motion-picture cameras and important things which I personally myself would find it hard to get along without.

The kind of education which has got me worried is that old soldier General Education who has gone and pinned an alias on himself of Culture. Culture is right—that's what they call one of those high-priced operations where they graft on a piece of somebody else's skin—do you get the idea? Well, keep hold of it then while I tell you what started me on the road to this profound conclusion, and like most troubles it centered about the home—my home in this particular case, and Al Goldringer trying to pry me out of it; and, of course, I being a perfectly normal woman was delighted to be pried, only not quite in the way he wanted.

You see, considering the amount of money which has passed between Al and I since first he begun making pictures with me, we are really remarkably friendly, and no other producer could tempt me away from him at twice the salary, even if they had the money, which of course they haven't, and everybody knows that Goldringer's Kosmic Krackerjack Releases are the biggest money-makers on the market to-day, even if their ads do admit it.

Well, anyways, Al and I are, for manager and star, on the best of terms; but I always get the terms down in black and white over his signature just the same, which is maybe one reason why we continue friendly. Beleive me, it's a poor thing to do business with a friend; but a friend which you make through doing business is quite another matter, and one of the best kind you can make, and Al is one of those. And so naturally when he rang up and said that if I was to try and force my way into his office he'd be there, why, I said all right I'd make the effort, and he says when, and I says two o'clock prompt, and he says alright he would expect me by five, sure, and hung up.

When he had done so I went and put a marker in the book which I was reading to improve myself for Junior's sake. It was by a bird named Charles Lamb and was called the Essays of Elia, and beleive me it was a job I was not altogether unwilling to lay off of. One thing I will say about that book, however—the one who wrote it will never be able to sell the picture rights, I don't care if it is famous. I may not know much about art, but I know what will screen and this fellow Lamb don't. Well, anyways,

I put a marker in it, because otherwise I would never of found my place again, and then I went and gave myself a careful inspection in the mirror and near-privacy of my boudior. I never get a call but that I rush for the mirror right afterward to see is my face still there—I mean still good for the silver sheet; and any actor or actress will know how I feel, and this lack of full confidence in myself is probably what makes me the great artist that I am.

Well, I pulled up both the window shades and made the examination thorough, but without disastrous results, or in other words, a single line anywheres, and found myself still perfectly good for a full close-up in spite of a six months' old baby and a husband that was working with another woman. And while I was examining my front teeth in walks ma without knocking, and that's all the privacy I get, and you know how it feels when anybody catches you doing a thing like that which is one of the disadvantages of relatives.

"Ma Gilligan," I says, turning on her in my pink kimono and a good deal of annoyance—"Ma Gilligan, how many times have I told you that this is my room?"

"Well, dearie," says ma, "I ain't going to take it away. I only want to tell you that nurse of yours is putting your child outdoors to sleep in the rain."

"Well, what of it?" I says. "You know he always sleeps out. How many times have I told you she's a trained nurse and not to interfere with her?"

"Well, I don't know who trained her," says ma, very indignant. "But I never raised you any such crazy way. Trained! Huh! Trained monkey!"

"Now, ma, just you keep your mind off your past," I says. "This is no circus, but a modern New York home," I says, "and what is more, I'm running it."

"That's right! Lay onto your poor old ma which don't know anything!" says she. "It ain't my flat and I wouldn't interfere for worlds! What you do ain't none of my business. Are you goin' out?"

"Yes," says I, taking down a pussyfoot-silk street dress with no neck or sleeves or very much skirt, but the latest effort of Paris, Broadway & Co.

"Where you goin'?" says ma.

"To the studio," I says brief.

There was no reason why I shouldn't of gone into details except that she was my relation and living with me, and anybody who has the same conditions will understand. You just got to keep something to yourself, whether it's a secret or not.

"Well, what for?" says ma.

"I don't know," I says, exasperated with home life and lying unnecessarily.

"When will you be home?" ma goes on.

"I don't know that either!" I snapped. "Can't I do anything except under a magnifying glass?"

"Leave me tell you, Mary Gilligan Smith La Tour," says ma, putting her hands on her hips in her no-nonsense manner—"leave me tell you that ain't the way to talk to your mommer! You're getting too big in the head, you are, and I've a good mind to turn you over my knee and hit you a few licks where it would do you the most good."

And with that she turned away and marched out of my room, which was what I wanted, only it left me no chance to answer. But it being by then ten minutes to two o'clock and Al's office more than half an hour away, I stopped not to heed her, as the poet says, but slipped and struggled into the pussyfoot, a sweet little costume the color—on the word of the saleslady—of elephant's breath; added a ostrich feather toque which looked like a big yellow chrysantheum that somebody had sat on, and being then arrayed in that latest cruelty of style known as a robe pneumonia, I went down and humped myself into a corner of the waiting limousine which was also of the low-necked or pneumonia type, and remained lost in thought while we stuttered through the traffic.

Among other things, I thought how uneducated ma is, and felt sorry for her as only a daughter could. Among all the daughters who have regarded their ma with sorrowful kindly pity, I probably was as condescending and sympathetic as any. Of course, I fully appreciate ma and her good sense on all the subjects which I agree with her on, and she certainly done a fine job with me, and only for her I would not be where I am to-day. But ma had a lot of weak points which was not her fault but her misfortune, and for all my love, nobody appreciated them better than I.

For one thing, she was awful out of date and showed no signs of wishing to catch up. And for another, she was dreadfully uneducated—her grammar was certainly something fierce! This worried me a lot, because in about a year and a half Junior would be talking, and when he learned I wanted to learn him to talk right, and ma sure did promise to be a awful influence. I had never noticed ma's talk in the old days before the baby come, except to realize that it didn't have quite the pep that it might of. Nor did I think much about education either for her or Jim or even for myself, except along the lines of my own work on the stage or screen. But now I realized more every day that one of the hardest things about having a child is that it takes you for an example, and as a rule it is mistaken unless you make it come true. And I realized more than ever that I must improve myself for Junior's sake and pry off a little culture so's it would eventually rub off onto him, and make Jim do the same so the boy need never be ashamed of his parents or pity them or think them old-fashioned. And then I thought of Mr. Chas. Angora Lamb and decided I'd read that book through if it killed me, for my dear son's sake, and then I was brought back to earth by arrival at Al's office at only a quarter to three, which is promptness itself as time is counted in the motion-picture world.

Well, I needn't of hurried so much, because when I got there Al himself was up in the projection room looking at a picture which is how they generally keep a appointment in this man's business. But after two boys had one after another been sent to tell him, why, he remembered his date with me and come down, cigar and all.

"Well, kid, I got a picture for you," he says, shaking hands. "Park yourself in the comfy chair and leave us row over it."

"All right, Al," I says. "Spill the story—I hope it's a good one."

"It's great!" says Al. "High-class script, but snappy and with a swell bedroom scene in it."

"You know I don't make that kind of stuff, Al," I says, "so keep the rest of it to yourself."

"Hold on, don't go!" says Al. "This is a classic. It's called—let me see"—he give a look among the papers—"the title is Romeo and Juliet."

"Oh!" says I. "By William Shakspere?"

"That's him!" says Al. "That's the bird! Well-known English playwright, but the scenario department says he's been dead a long time, so there's no copyright on it, and we can jazz it up a lot to make it screen good."

"Al Goldringer," I says, "where is your education?" I says. "Don't you know Shakspere is a great poet?"

"Will we be able to make our titles from the book?" says Al.

"Probably," I says, very much disgusted with his lack of culture. "But what's the use picking on you because you ain't literary? I bet you never read a line of Shakspere in your life!"

"No, I didn't!" says Al with a grin. "Did you?"

"Well, no," I had to admit. "But I know what his leading parts are—Hamlet, Othello, Rosalind, Juliet, Edward the Seventh and—and Ivanhoe. All the old stars play them for Art's Sake about the time they can't put popular stuff across any longer."

"Aw, restrain yourself, Marie!" says Al. "I know Shakspere is a classic, and that while he may be old on the stage, it's new stuff for the silver sheet, and it's a big thing for you—I'm not fooling. We are going to spend five hundred thousand if necessary on this production, and if it's as good as I think it will be we'll do a series of 'em. Bring Shakspere to the people, see? How's that for an idea, eh?"

"Al," I says solemnly, "it's a bird, and as you say, a wonderful chance for me. How did you come to think of it?"

"The scenario department thought of it," says Al. "I only O. K.'d it."

"Well," I says, "it's the best news I've heard in a long time, and fits right in with my ambitions, because no passée actress could get away with Juliet on the screen, and I'll be the first young one on record. Al, I'm going to say a prayer or two for you."

"Better say a dozen for me," says Al with a grin. "And now let's get down to brass contracts. I suppose you think you want some real money for making this."

"Oh, no!" I says. "I'm willing to sacrifice a lot for Art's Sake. I'll take fifty thousand flat and a piece of the picture—say ten on the net royalties."

"You're crazy like a fox," says Al.

And then we was off, Al leading at the post, and for half an hour the storm raged, but in the end we compromised on fifty thousand and a ten per cent royalty. Al is always like that—he's got to do his regular exercises or he don't feel healthy. And when it was all settled we come down to the cast.

"Now about Romeo," says Al. "At the contract you're getting you ought to throw in Jim's services so I can bill a double-header."

"Play opposite my husband when he could be making a separate picture at the same time and twice the money?" I says. "Not much!" I says. "And what is further, Al, for over a year now he's been working with that woman Ruby Roselle, and if you think I'm going to pass up the chance of playing Juliet to the Romeo of some handsome stranger you got to think again."

"You ought to keep your domestic affairs out of our art, girlie," says Al.

(Continued on Page 49)

"It's the First Chance We've Had to Meet Any People With Brains and Culture. Jail or No Jail, We are Going to Keep That Date To-Night!"

Andy Dunne and the Barker

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

Presently the Wreckage of Bill Broke Away From the Committee of Sorrowing Friends and Set Out at a Wild Stagger After the Train, Now in Motion

MY FRIEND, Andy Dunne, professor in his own department of lue and philosopher in many of the others, thoughtfully rubbed the more ornately cauliflowered of his outstanding ears and proceeded to express criticism of the established order of things.

"It ain't right, cully. It ain't right."

A few yards away from our ringside seats one of Andy's recent protégés, leaning back in his corner, was panting heavily, which was not a particularly bad sign, and the muscles of his lower legs were quivering, which was. Seven rounds earlier he had been a lightweight of flattering promise.

"Nothin' to breathe!" pursued Andy disgustedly. "Smoke! He won't last the limit!"

The prophecy was as accurate as Andy Dunne's expert opinions, based upon a quarter of a century of man-training, usually prove. In the first quarter of the ninth round the promise of the lightweight died to the tolling of the referee's bell-like voice counting ten.

"Le's get out," said Andy. "Smoke!" he snorted again as we made our way through the bluish murk, the miasma arising from that human morass. "What chance has a clean lung got in a place like this, I ast yah?" he challenged.

I promptly admitted that the odds were against the nonhabituated breathing apparatus.

"That kid of mine," grumbled Andy, nodding toward the late aspirant for lightweight honors, "he wasn't licked. He was smothered. I'm a mind to train my next likely lot in a smoky ring to get 'em used to it."

"That's an original idea of yours, Andy," said I.

"It's original all right," conceded my friend; "but not by me. That's one of Doggy Martin's idears, that is. He was long on idears—too long for a scrapper, I guess."

"I thought you furnished all the mental equipment for your fighters," I observed carelessly, hoping to spur him to reminiscence. "Who is this Martin?"

Andy turned at the entrance, and stretching his lean and powerful form upward surveyed the ringside boxes where sit the talent and near-talent.

"He'd ought to be here somewhere. He generally is. Yep, there he comes up the aisle towards us. Take a look when he passes."

There swung up the narrow passage a medium-sized, free-moving figure, with that peculiarly alert, square set to the shoulders which characterizes the fighting man.

"Hey, you!" snapped Andy at his ear as the young fellow reached the angle of the door where we stood. "How's the streak of yellow?"

"Hello, you old stiff!" was the response. "Come around and I'll show you by knocking your empty block off." He vanished into the chill darkness.

Challenge and response filled me with wonder. For if I were any reader of character the youth was of a type which it were the wildest recklessness to stigmatize openly by the fighting man's fighting adjective. Furthermore, despite the matter of the brief conversation, there were submeanings and overtones which mysteriously suggested respect on Andy's part and affection on that of the other.

"Who is he, Andy?"

"The guy I was tellin' yah. He use to train on smoke."

"Yes, but who is he?"

"Didn't yah ever see him?"

"No."

"Yes, yah did."

Vainly I searched my memory. As an onlooker in the great game, honored with Andy Dunne's friendship and countenance, I had met many of the ornaments of the ring, past and present, but I could recall none resembling this figure.

"What was he when I saw him?" I asked.

For Andy's reply I must apologize in advance, pleading that he is at times prone to sacrifice delicacy to verity in speech.

"Pimply pulp," said Andy.

Despite the vivid quality of the description, I still groped in vain. Persistence is ofttimes the surest method of unlocking Andy's treasure chest of the past.

"Come on, Andy," I said patiently. "Who is he now?"

"Middleweight—retired—undefeated," answered the expert in measured and relishing tones.

"What!"

"I'm tellin' yah."

Rapidly I ran over in my mind the great names and personalities of that not overcrowded division. I knew, at least by sight, the possessors of all of them who had figured in recent years; and this mysterious hero of Andy's was quite young. None of them fitted. Again I pressed my inquiry.

"Who is he?"

"Doggy Martin. The Barker, they use to call him."

"Never heard of him."

"Yah don't know much that ain't in the noosepapers, do yah?" observed Andy dispassionately.

I confessed to the common limitation of modern mankind.

"If he wasn't in the newspapers he can't have gone very high," I reasoned, not without resentment.

"Keep yahr shirt on," advised my friend. "Yah're wrong, as usual. He went as high as he could without buttin' into the heavies—and then some."

"Any time you get ready, Andy," said I, accepting the rebuke in a properly chastened spirit.

"I know a quiet little place a coupla blocks down," said Andy, and we repaired thither in silence. Across the table he said: "Remember a little trip we took to Kinnicutt, New Jersey, four-five years ago?"

I did. I remembered clearly the sprawling, unkempt town and the unsavory mission which had taken us there, a clew to the fixing of a fight upon which I had run, and which resulted in saving some money for Andy Dunne, likewise in the almost total extinction of a formidable welterweight at his indignant hands. Professor Dunne, even at the age of fifty, was no man for the most hardened professional to go against in a refereeless mix-up when inspired by righteous provocation.

"Remember a mixed-ale free-for-all we seen up in Chet Parmly's place while we was waitin' for our train?"

This, also, I recalled.

"And a long young hick with a smear for a face chasin' our train outa the station, shakin' his fists and bellerin' like a calf?"

At the words that sanguinary and ludicrous apparition materialized out of the past and stood forth on the screen.

"That was him," said Andy.

"Who? Not Doggy Martin, your unknown wonder?"

"There you go again, thinkin' that because you don't know a guy that makes him an unknown," said Andy Dunne with that hauteur wherein he invests himself as with sacerdotal appanage when he descants upon the mysteries of the ring. "That's the boy, I'm tellin' yah."

"Tell me the rest," I besought.

"You tell me the first," he retorted. "If you seen a boy that was the best boy of his weight in the business go up against a knee fight ——"

"A what?" I asked, groping amidst my small knowledge of the art of *savate* for some clew to that puzzling term.

"A knee fight; a guy that hadn't any experience, professionally speakin'."

"Oh, I see," said I hastily. "Of course."

"And lay down," continued the professor, "before a crack on the jaw that wouldn't jar a bird off a telegraph wire, would yah say he was yellow or wouldn't yah?"

"That depends," I began cautiously, "on the circ——"

"The other man was a scrapper."

"In that case," I admitted, "it looks bad."

"It was bad. It spoiled the best bet I had since I trained the Big Feller." Andy's hard eyes grew dreamy with the one sentiment of his life, which was his reverential affection for the memory of the great John L. "Speakin' of the Big Feller, did I ever tell yah ——"

"I'm sure you have," I interposed hurriedly and hardily, for I wanted no red herring of Sullivan size dragged across this promising trail. "What was the other man's name, Andy?"

Andy barked once in a harsh, laryngeal manner.

"I am asking you, Andy," said I with dignity, "about the man who spoiled Martin's nerve."

"Well, ain't I tellin' yah?" retorted Andy. "His name was Gomph."

He rose from his chair.

"I'm goin' out," he announced, "to interview the one-half-of-one-per-cent of a barkeep that runs the soda fountain, and if you'll look hard into that dark corner yonder and remember all you can of that aft'noon in Kinnicutt I'll do the rest when I come back with the stuff."

II

ACCORDINGLY I leaned back, let my eyes find rest in the gloom and gave free rein to memory. Out of the past there rose a smoky picture to my vision—Chet Parmly's Billiard and Pool Palace on a rain-slashed

"Gomph!" Barked Martin in the Sixth, and Sent Home a Left Jolt With Rib-Shattering Impetus

March afternoon, and to my inner ear there sounded a peculiarly exasperating singsong, "Thuh lit-tul sev-vun acrost an' in the side pockut."

"Click—flump—birr-r-r-r—plup!"

The ball darted, took the proper angle and fell with the certainty of predestination nto its appointed place, amply justifying the prophet of his prophecy.

"An' the lit-tul dollar in Mister Goodplayer's pockut," continued the singsong vocalist, pouching the stake with a flourish.

He turned a vacuous and braggart smile upon the room. The first sight of his face confirmed the hateful impression of his voice. His complexion was, I should have said, indicative of his character. One could hardly say worse. He was lank and loose, with an aggressive slouch, the flourishing type of the small-town bully. As testimony to his position, the hangers-on now spoke up with the tongues of eager sycophancy.

"Tha's puttin' 'em down, Bill."

"You sure showed him up that time."

"Ain't no city dood can put over anything on you."

"Ast him can he play marbles."

"Leave the poor guy his fare back home, Bill."

"Set 'em up again, Chet," said the lordly Bill.

"No more for me," said his opponent, turning to put on his coat.

"What? Goin' to quit?"

There was a taunting snarl in the aggravating voice which brought a laugh from the liege men in the chairs.

"That's it," replied the other.

"Well, yuh won my money, didn't yuh?" snarled Bill.

"When we were playing for dimes."

"An' when we played fer dollars I won yours. I guess that's fair."

"If you think so, I'm satisfied."

"What yuh beefin' about then?" blustered the other. "Sore over a coupla dollars? Huh?"

The defeated player made no reply. But as the jeering laughter of the chair-warmers rose in acclaim of this well-made point his color deepened.

Andy Dunne leaned over to mutter in my ear: "Say, that little guy ain't safe."

"I'll stand by if you will," I replied in the same tone, but under a misapprehension of my companion's meaning, for I fairly yearned to see Andy devote one minute's science to the intolerable swaggerer.

"Yah don't get me, cully. He ain't safe to monkey with, that little gink, only young Blotch-Face ain't got the sense to know it."

Nor would I have had. The man who was now putting on his coat looked to be a fairly well set up, plump, easy-going sort of chap of thirty-odd without formidable qualities of any kind. But the connoisseur of men at my side had discerned in some subtlety of step or bearing or movement the mark of training.

"Bow-wow-wuff! Yip-yip-yip! There's a yeller dog in the room!" vociferated the pool shark, and the crowd was convulsed with ecstatic appreciation of his wit. "Spot yuh five balls an' bet yuh two tuh one," he challenged.

The stranger paused beside the pool table, looked down at it, ran his fingers lightly across the surface in front of the corner pockets and said to his opponent, "What do you do for an honest living? Anything?"

The reply was a splattering gush of verbal filth, high-pitched and continuous, for perhaps sixty bleating seconds.

"Say!" commented Andy. "Talk about rough chatter in the ring! For downright sick-to-your-stomach nastiness, gimme the four-corners hick."

"Will you come outside?" invited the man upon whom this sewer-spill was vented.

"Naw, I won't come outside," mocked the other.

The stranger stepped briskly toward him.

A bulky young man, red-faced and heavy-shouldered, stepped directly into his path with an expression of mock solicitude.

"Look out, Mister Pretty-Clothes!" he warned. "That's a bad bird. What he'll do ——"

He stopped, doubled up and rolled half under a chair with a rending grunt.

"Wouldn't risk his bare hands to the head," chuckled Andy ecstatically. "He's a wise guy! Watch what happens to young Pasty-Mug."

But nothing happened then. Forewarned by the fate of his supporter, Bill dodged briskly around a table, caught up a sarsaparilla bottle, knocked the bottom off and held it out before him.

"You keep offa me!" he yowled.

Many and various weapons are more deadly than a jagged-edged bottle, but few are more unpleasant to confront. The stranger turned, put on his derby and walked to the door. As he opened it the bottle came hurtling through the air, ticked his hat, cutting a gash in it, and fell. The assailant darted out of another door in full flight.

"That's a nice young feller," remarked Andy Dunne to the assemblage at large. "He'll grow up to be a honor to yahr beautiful little garbage pile of a town, I wouldn't wonder. Good day, gents!"

"Is that fellow a professional, do you think, Andy?" I asked as we made our way up the sodden street.

"A ring pro? No, I don't hardly believe he is," answered the expert thoughtfully. "There's somethin'—I dunno—I don't spot him for a scrapper exactly. But he sure can make his hands mind what he says."

We saw him again just before our train pulled out. His lip was slightly and his overcoat badly split. Otherwise he was unruffled as he stood on the rear platform.

"Where's yahr fresh friend with the bottle?" asked Andy.

"His crowd are looking after him," answered the stranger, "back in the waiting room."

"A yeller pup if I ever saw one," observed Andy.

The other ruminated. "I don't know about that," he doubted. "When he's mad he'll fight."

"Been tryin' him out, have yah?"

"I met him outside and put him down five times, and here he comes for more."

At the door of the waiting room a struggle was going on. Presently the wreckage of Bill broke away from the committee of sorrowing friends and set out at a wild stagger after the train, now in motion. From the frantic splutters emerging from what remained of his face I judged that he still cherished an ambition to overtake our imperturbable acquaintance. But the train was too fast.

"Would yah mind tellin' me," said Andy, "what yahr line might be?"

"Certainly," replied the other. He produced a card. Andy Dunne read it slowly: "A. Gomph, representing Standing & Co. Sporting goods. Demonstrations a specialty."

"I punch the bag a little," explained Mr. Gomph modestly. "Sometimes do a bit on the stage."

"Pleased to meet yah," said Andy, shaking hands. "Demonstrations a specialty, huh? You demonstrated a specialty on young Smart-Ellick all right. The best thing ever happened to him, I guess, was not catchin' this train."

"Oh, he isn't much," said the composed Mr. Gomph, examining a swollen left hand with some solicitude. "But he's a hog for punishment when he's started. I've got to hand him that."

So closed the episode which memory brought back to me upon Andy's suggestion. He had returned now, carrying two small glasses of that doubtful fluid which prohibition has enhanced in price if not in rarity. Tipping back in his chair and fixing his eyes on the far corner whence I had been summoning visions, he took up the tale. As Andy's speech is too classic, too esoteric, too Rosicrucian in its higher flights and subtler implications for any but the elect of the cult, I shall construe the history of Doggy Martin's rise and subsidence into the vulgar tongue of them that know the ring only from the outside.

III

EVERY man has a blind spot somewhere in his courage. Such at least is Andy Dunne's theory. His own weakness, revealed to me in shamefaced confidence, is the terror of something rising at him out of the darkness and saying "Boo!" Which goes to show that Andy is a man of imagination, a quality carefully concealed as of no value in a trainer of prize fighters. For more than half a century this horrid experience had been spared him, and he had begun to hope that he might take his gray hairs, ungalvanized by that particular fear, to an honored grave, when ——

It was a wild, blustering, moon-haunted night, and Andy had come back late to his training camp. His foot was on the top step of the cottage, his key was in the latch. As the lock clicked he paused. Out of the blackness beside him came a rustle. A thing materialized, rose at him, towered, a portent and a horror in the gloom, and said "Boo!"

Andy gave a yell that waked every sea gull for a mile up and down the beach. He could hear them complaining about it long after the door had slammed behind him and his tremulous fingers had struck the fourth match, with which he finally succeeded in lighting the gas—all the gas in the place. If it be in the mind of any reader to think lightly of my friend's valor, let him consider Andy's next step. Shaken almost to a palsy by his terrors, he nevertheless forced himself to open the door again, step out and face the dread unknown.

He stepped on it, fell upon it, dragged it in, and with his fear superheated to wrath proceeded to drub it unmercifully. It was limp, rain sodden, shivery and at first unresisting, though it finally landed a blow that almost tore the top of the veteran's head off. Then it lay quiet, panting, with one hundred and seventy pounds of Andy Dunne upon its chest.

"What did yah say boo at me for?" demanded Andy.

"I dud-dud-didn't! I said, 'Who—who is it?'"

"Well, who are yah?"

"I'm Bill Martin."

"And who in hell is Bill Martin?"

"Bill Martin," repeated the violently unwelcomed visitor, "from Kinnicutt. Would yuh mind movin' a little, Mr. Dunne?" he added meekly. Andy obliged.

"I Got a Letter From Chet, Chet Parmly, That Keeps the Pool Palace on Dwyer Av'noo"

"Yah seem to know me, if I don't know you." He surveyed the limp lump on the floor. "What did yah come for?"

"I come to stay."

"Oh, did yah? Tha's nice!" commented Andy with intent to wither.

"I got a letter from Chet," explained the youth; "Chet Parmly, that keeps the pool palace on Dwyer Av'noo."

At this, recollection swept across Andy's brain. He stretched out his hand, and the caller, sitting up and delving in his pocket, brought forth a wet but still legible envelope. It was sealed. They do these things differently and with more caution in the higher sporting world. Andy read the letter:

KINNICUTT, N. J., May 26, 1917.

Friend Andy: Take this thing and kill it. I do not care. So no more at present from

Yours truly,
CHET PARMLY, *Prpr. & Mgr.*
Parmly's Pool and Billiard Palace,
Kinnicutt, N. J.

"I come pretty near doing as Chet ast, in advance," mused Andy. "Git up, young feller," he ordered. Martin rose. He looked extremely weary and frayed and muddied. "Did yah walk all the way from Kinnicutt?"

"No, I caught a coupla rides."

"So yah're thinkin' of stayin' here?"

"Yes, sir. I've quit Kinnicutt—for good."

"What's the matter?"

"Gomph came back."

"Oh, Gomph came back, huh? What happened?"

"The same thing," said Bill Martin disconsolately.

"Yah got perseverance, anyway," allowed Andy. "But Gomph—say, he knows too much for yahr kind to tackle."

"I trained fer him fer eight months in Chet's back room," muttered the youth.

A great light suddenly flooded the by no means torpid brain of Andy Dunne.

"And now yah want me to train yah?"

"Yes, sir."

"To lick this Gomph guy?"

"Yes, sir."

Andy burst into thunderous laughter. This was the kind of joke to appeal to his sardonic humor.

"Got any money?"

"No, sir."

"Then how the ——"

"I'll do odd jobs—anything. I'll work for nothin'. Gimme a chancet, Mr. Dunne. All I ast is to be learnt enough to do up Gomph," pleaded the ex-bully of Kinnicutt, trembling with eagerness.

"But yah might not be able to in a hundred years," warned Andy. "He's got the Indian sign on yah, I wouldn't wonder."

"I'm goin' to train an' work until I can hammer him to death with my bare hands," averred the youth with savage solemnity. "Just gimme a trial, Mr. Dunne."

"All right," said Andy, who has the Napoleonic genius of swift decisions. "There's the gymnasium." He threw open a door. "Pick out yahr mat and go to sleep."

Within a week Professor Dunne discovered that he had achieved not a pupil or a hireling but a slave. No job was too onerous, risky or distasteful for the newcomer. He would wait on training table, bury garbage or act as punching bag for the most ferocious man-eating heavyweight in the stable with the same unquestioning obedience. Nor did he ask anything in return, except the opportunity of picking up what he could of the culture which is the very atmosphere of Andy's quarters. In fact, so inconspicuous was he that Andy might have forgotten his own part of the implied bargain had he not, a fortnight after Martin's arrival, clapped his hat on too sharply and winced from the pain of an injury not yet whole, which reminded him of Martin's one blow in the informal nocturnal mix-up. He summoned the new serf and bade him strip.

Not often is Andy Dunne fooled in his estimate of the human machine's capabilities; but he has since confessed that Martin, with his clothes on, completely deceived him. Perhaps it was the forward slouch of the small-town lout; or perhaps the pasty complexion of the pie fed. In the buff the boy stood forth instantly to the adept eye as the possessor of real potentialities. As a devotee of the Big Feller, Andy cherishes a preference for massed muscle and bulky power, but he is far too fine and catholic an artist to withhold recognition from the other type, that which Bill Martin, in his yet undeveloped form, revealed—the loose-jointed, sinewy legs, the jutting shoulder blades, the long, flat biceps, the semi-concealed muscular equipment which, while of no possible use to, for example, a statue of Hercules, has been known to achieve distinct results in the case of a Bob Fitzsimmons.

"Yah got it on the outside," pronounced the expert. "But have yah got it on the inside? That's the question."

He put the slave on a small wage and began to work regularly with him. After two months of this Andy said to his protégé: "Yah'll go into the ring at about one hunderd and forty-eight."

"The ring, Mr. Dunne?" said Martin, gauping. "Have I gotta fight in the ring?"

"D'yah think I'm learnin' yah to play the piannah?"

Accordingly Bill Martin went into the ring in a six-round preliminary at a fourth-rate club. He went in without enthusiasm and came out without glory.

"Why didn't yah fight him?" expostulated the disgusted Andy. "Ain't yah got any fightin' spirit?"

"No, sir," said Martin.

"Yah ain't? Then what're yah wastin' my time fer?"

"I wanta lick Gomph," patiently explained the one-ideaed tyro.

"Oh, yah do, do yah? Well, lemme tell yah! Yah'll never lick Gomph till yah've put some guy out inside of four ropes. He's a bad bird, that Gomph."

Privately Andy surmised that with the training and experience which were already his Martin could have beaten his old enemy to a pulp in thirty seconds, for the professor has a low and perhaps not altogether just estimate of bag punchers who follow that art for the art's sake. But for reasons slowly developing within his busy and ingenious intellect he wished to preserve Gomph as a formidable though not unattainable goal.

"Yah get me?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Martin. "When do I fight again?"

Almost immediately he fought again, and frequently thereafter. He fought patiently, uncomplainingly, conscientiously, and with improving science, but without enthusiasm, lacking that intangible quality, the lust of battle. Even without it, he bade fair to become a high-class defensive boxer, possessing what few pugilists of that type can boast, a determinative punch. As he developed, Andy gave more and more time to him, but though he could and did inculcate in his pupil all the fine points of which he is past master, he could not inspire him with the essential desire to go after his opponent and knock his block off. All the destructive instinct Martin had was centered on Gomph.

"Look Out, Mister Pretty-Clothes!" He Warned. "That's a Bad Bird. What He'll Do ——"

At this point in his narrative Andy's face assumed an absent and slightly sheepish expression.

"Yah know, cully," he stated, "I got to kinda likin' that young hick. He was a pretty decent little guy as soon as he broke away from that gang of crossroads sewer rats up in Kinnicutt. Yah can talk all yah want about a fightin' stable bein' a tough joint. I'll grant yah it ain't any place for a sweet young Fauntleroy who's got his ambitions set on paintin' china cups or designin' corset covers; but I'll back it to make a man oftener than it spoils him. It made this Martin kid, all right. He began to look like something human—well, you seen him to-night—and he began actin' like a man. I—I sent him to school too. It was up to me to give him a chancet. A fighter ain't goin' to be a fighter forever, and he's got a right to have something to fall back on when he's through. It'd have made yah laugh to see the boy with me. Yah'd have thought I was his grandfather and the Big Feller and the president of Harvard College all into one, he was that meek and polite."

Andy worked the youngster hard in the lesser clubs through New Jersey and Philadelphia with the persistent hope that something would occur to rouse in him the will to conquest, without which no champion was ever made. When his first knock-out was achieved through the delivery of a short-arm jolt which started from nowhere, traveled a little more than a foot and landed under the heart, the trainer was expectant that this might awaken the dormant spirit. It did, but with results quite different from Andy's desires. The day after Martin's victory he asked for and obtained a day's leave to go to New York on business. When he returned Andy looked him carefully over from all points before voicing his wonder.

"Did the Woolworth tower fall on yah?"

"No, sir," said the ruin which had been Bill Martin.

"What hit yah, then—a Subway train?"

"Gomph."

"Did yah let that bag fusser lick yah again?" demanded Andy in profound disgust.

"I didn't let him. He just done it," said Martin pathetically.

"Well, he's sure got the Indian sign on yah," sneered the trainer, half believing it himself. "Did yah go there lookin' for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Boob! Did I ever tell yah yah could go scrappin' around fer fun like a mixed-ale bum? I'm glad yah got yours. What did yah want to tackle him for?"

"He's goin' away."

"Where to?"

"He's—he's goin' into the Army," gulped Martin.

Andy gave him a quick, curious look, and grunted.

"What's yahr game now?" he asked presently.

"I s'pose I'll go back an' fight some more till I can lick him," replied the blighted aspirant.

"Oh, yah do, do yah? Ain't yah never thought yah might have a more important engagement?" Martin looked this way and that way and any way but at Andy, and muttered something.

"Yes, yah do know," averred the implacable master. "Yah know there's a scrap on over in France, don't yah? For boys that ain't all yeller," he added.

He spoke bitterly, for he had been waiting with growing disappointment and disillusionment for Martin to prove his growing manhood by volunteering. The reply staggered him.

"I tried."

"Yah tried? When? Where?"

"A coupla months ago. In Newark. They turned me down."

"Turned yah down? What for?" roared the trainer.

"I dunno. Said there was somethin' wrong with me."

"Well, yah needn't blubber about it, yah baby," admonished Andy. But somehow his big hand found its way to the humped shoulder of the neophyte. "So yah reely wanted to go, huh?"

"Wanted to?" cried the young fellow.

"Now, there yah are!" Andy broke into his account to philosophize for my benefit. "What d'yah know about them examinin' boards? They'll pass some half-witted, one-legged consumptive that don't any more want to go to war than a tallow candle wants to go to hell, and they'll put the microscope onto some young husky that's just honin' to go over and chew the ear right off the Kaiser, and they'll give him the gate because his eyebrow is the wrong color or one of his toenails is a quarter of a squinximeter out of focus. Well, I went down to interview that bunch of cross-eyed game gummers myself, and offered to put my boy into a room with the whole lot at once and let him fight his way out into the Army; and what did I get for my patriotic efforts? A vote of thanks? I ast yah! They threatened me with the hoosgow!"

What hurt Martin worse than anything else was that the hated Gomph had got into the Army when he could not. He brooded over it until the astute Andy began to worry about his condition. The rancor of it was poisoning him, mind and body. Just at the point of sending him away for a change, Andy happened upon a bit of luck in the person of Bim Burke. Bim was a light heavyweight, a rusher, a foul fighter, with little science, great strength and a brutish courage, whose offenses were passed over by too complaisant referees because, like all his type, he was popular with the fight fans.

"Something doing every minute with Bim," said they.

He had blithely perjured himself out of the first draft, which had just been completed, and into a shipyard, to which he contributed nothing but trouble and an occasional exhibition fight. Andy Dunne he hated for a past but unforgotten episode of the ring, when the old expert, refereeing a fight, had disqualified him for a palpably

(Continued on Page 93)

The Biography of a Small Town

By JAY E. HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Judge Lee Astounded Everybody by Resigning

EARLY in January I spent a day back in Grigsby City. Grigsby City is a flat uninteresting country town, the market place of a commonplace Middle Western farming community. If one may take the most recent United States census as his guide, it has 1326 inhabitants. The town is typical of its kind. Every man who has gravitated from the clean dirt to paved streets knows a Grigsby City and recalls it, either with a feeling of resentment that grows dull and hazy in retrospect, or in golden memories softened and weathered by the years. I was reared in and adjacent to Grigsby City, but it is more than thirty years since I began to vouchsafe to it the beneficence of prolonged and indefinite absences, and nearly twenty-five since I permanently abandoned it to its fate.

The only tangible link that binds me to Grigsby City is the memory of those who lie within its hillside burying ground. To the town itself I am almost an alien figure. Only four or five of the many close intimacies of my boyhood survive the stretch of years which intervenes. With the others, particularly those of the second and third generations, I have no common meeting ground. I do not know what to say to them, nor they to me. And so the friends with whom I had forgathered for the holidays in the small city which was my home for many years could not understand why I wanted to go to Grigsby City. They painted in doleful phraseological pictures the tedious railway journey upon a succession of accommodation trains. And they pointed out that I must sacrifice two days of my brief holiday for a hurried glimpse of a community in which I had no vital interest.

I did not then understand it myself. I had never stopped to analyze the impelling motive of my recurrent visits to the town. But on the various small-time trains which bore me to my destination I had opportunity for meditation. And fortune favored me. No chance acquaintance came to sit beside me and harrow my soul with the small change of his mental processes. And given time and opportunity for thought, I solved the riddle of Grigsby City. I know now why it lures me back, and back again.

An Epic of the Prairies

GRIGSBY CITY—and when I speak of my own Grigsby City I speak for all of them—is the background against which I measure forty years of a nation's progress. It is all there—in miniature perhaps, but to the most negligible detail. It is the one community remaining in which the man who loves his country and believes in it may find a thrill. It is the only one as yet uncontaminated by disloyal thought or unseared by the acid of incendiary speech. No worm of discontent burrows in its core. Except in isolated instances the gutturals and massed consonants of alien speech do not fall upon its ears. It is the heart of a country. Out of it, through many channels and by diverse ways, to the ports of men on land and by sea, flows the lifeblood of a nation.

Such as it is or may prove to be, I got this story from Mason Janvrin. Mason yielded it unconsciously; the operation was both surreptitious and painless. I suppose the germ of it had long lain embedded in my inner consciousness. It flashed upon me in the half moment devoted to a hurried but comprehensive survey of Mason's hat. His hat is the link that binds him to his past, for though it is not the same one it is precisely such a hat as he would have worn to church or Sunday school or neighborhood festival thirty-five years ago.

I met Mason Janvrin in the lobby of The Farmers and Stockman's National Bank, whither I had gone to call on the president and cashier. Mason is vice president of the institution, but when I saw him he was at the receiving teller's window, pass book in hand. Mason Janvrin is the town rich man. He may be worth a quarter of a million dollars. Conceivably it may be a much smaller amount; I have no notion as to that. But whatever it is, it is the town's conception of wealth beyond dreams of avarice, and it is safely tucked away in farm lands and houses, lumber yards, bank stock and other channels of conservative investment which the small-town community presents to comparative opulence. Mason got it bit by bit, employing only the means with which Nature had endowed him, which were industry, a reasonable frugality and the accretive faculty. Mason Janvrin is somewhere in his sixties. He is a medium-looking, medium-sized man. The sophomoric influence on the sartorial investiture of the small town has touched him lightly, but it has touched him. He is better dressed than he was twenty years ago. But in habit, speech, demeanor, thought and manner he grades from medium to ordinary, and there is nothing distinctive about him.

For five minutes or so Mason and I talked the commonplaces which men who have been out of touch for years utter to each other. Then I said to him: "Do you work as hard as you used to work, Mason?"

"No," he replied, "I don't; they won't let me. If I went tearing around as I did when I was younger they'd say I was crazy to make more money, and the town would be down on me. I don't want any more money; I've got all I'll ever need. But it's awful hard to let up. It's harder still to do nothing." And then he added: "I wish I could play golf; I could be as active then as I liked without getting the town down on me."

The first time I saw Mason Janvrin he was plowing corn in the field south of his house. That was in the early eighties and he was then a man in his late twenties or early thirties. He wore a cotton shirt, a pair of disreputable-looking overalls, and was barefoot. He owned a little bottom farm of sixty acres, liberally incrusted with a mortgage. The farm may have been worth a thousand dollars; Mason's equity in it could not have amounted to more than five or six hundred. Mason Janvrin and his wife harked back to a common and obscure origin. They had been born to poverty in a humble rural region of Indiana. They had neither riches, education, special fitness for any calling, nor influential friends. The journey farther west in search of a new location was the longest they had ever made. No seductive red plush, the beneficence of an alert and enterprising railway, eased the journey. They made it in a covered wagon. And when they had reached their destination they faced the battle of life with bare hands.

The last week in January I read this item in the Grigsby City Weekly Clarion:

> Mr. and Mrs. Mason Janvrin have gone to Florida to spend the remainder of the winter. They will visit the resorts of the East Coast, Cuba, and other points of interest in the West Indies before returning.

Mason Janvrin's story might very well end here. It is an epic of the prairies. His translation from poverty and toil to ease and luxury is both romance and achievement. But as a matter of fact I have hastily and crudely sketched only the beginning of the story.

When Mason Janvrin's boys graduated from the Grigsby City High School they went away for a few months at business college. Thus fitted and equipped for life they came back to take their places in the enterprises their father had created. But they were more alert, more sophisticated and much better educated than the generation which had preceded them. They had gone a step forward. Life had been made easier for them and they knew its pleasures, its duties and its obligations better than the men whom they were to succeed.

The first week in January I noted this item in the society columns of the Grigsby City Weekly Clarion:

> The Misses Pauline and Penelope Janvrin, who were home for the holidays, have returned to school. Miss Pauline goes back to the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; Miss Penelope to Miss Monteith's Finishing School, at Fair Oaks.

Pauline and Penelope Janvrin are Mason Janvrin's granddaughters—his only grandchildren. When life asks them for an accounting they will have culture and refined tastes and the means with which to gratify them. They will have knowledge and grace and understanding. In the backwater of America a humble cocoon has spun another skein of silk. If the massed centers of population can reveal to me a spectacle which imparts a finer thrill I shall be very glad to look upon it.

Grigsby City in the Eighties

I FIRST knew Grigsby City in the early eighties. I got my first glimpse of the town from the lookout of a prairie schooner as we drove slowly through it on our way to the raw prairie farm, five miles distant, which the family had obligated itself to subjugate. The town then was a huddle of shabby wooden houses, widely spaced and set at irregular intervals along a country road. As I now recall it, the Grigsby City Hotel was the only business building to bear the insignia of a painter's brush. There was no railroad; there were no sidewalks. Three soft-maple trees struggled for life in front of the hotel. Farther up the street three others cast their shade upon the village wise men as they engaged in joint debate in front of Dunton's hardware and grocery store. These trees were Grigsby City's contribution to forestry.

Not more than two hundred persons found asylum in the town. Ten or twelve of these were county officials who lived off the taxpayers of the county. They were the opulent caste of the community. Some of them drew salaries of fifteen hundred dollars a year, or even more. As to the manner in which the most of the others managed to live, or why they lived, there is no definite record. Considering what they got out of life, they went to a good deal of unnecessary trouble to prolong it. In summer they warped and twisted under the rays of a merciless sun. In winter they fed bituminous coal into a barrel stove and froze their heels as they warmed their toes at its dull glow. Except for the fact that they sorely needed money, had no pleasures, lacked all the comforts and conveniences of life and most of the appliances of health and sanitation, the people of the town had everything.

The Bald Hornet Was Not Elected at That Time

Music found its expression in congregational singing and two cottage organs. Art was mute, and literature feeble and inglorious. The social yearnings of the town were manifested in the Mite Society of the church and in public dances at Guilford's Hall. There had been a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, an organization which concealed the propaganda of total abstinence under a mask of social jollity, but it had perished of inanition. There were not a sufficient number of easy-chairs in town comfortably to seat the more elderly of its people. Except in the more exclusive homes there was a bed in the parlor, or front room, as it was customarily called.

Aside from the professional caste, made up of half a dozen doctors and lawyers, there were only two college men in Grigsby City in the early eighties. Alonzo Rawlings, editor of the Grigsby City Weekly Clarion, had lived in Bloomington, where he attended Indiana University. His printer, Martin McCullar, had been his classmate at school. There was no reason and no business for a newspaper in Grigsby City, but Alonzo lived

and met his overhead off the county printing. He was a good deal of a traveler. He went occasionally to the state capital, had made several trips back to Indiana, and one spring after a long delinquent tax list and other legal publications had made the county printing unusually fruitful and productive he had gone to Washington, where he saw Congress in session. Alonzo's trip to Washington was something of a sensation. There had been mild excitement the autumn preceding, when Major Hollinger received a letter from the Commissioner of Pensions. It had been a very formal document, dealing officially and not at all intimately with the matter of the major's pension. But it bore the Washington postmark, was signed by a government official, and so, passing as it did from hand to hand, it was widely read and much commented upon. Coming, as it did, soon after the receipt of the major's letter, Alonzo's journey stirred the town. It was regarded as epochal.

The One Spring Suit in Town

EDITOR RAWLINGS was a neat and tasty dresser. He had the sophomoric instinct, relic no doubt of his days at Indiana University. He bought a gray spring suit to wear on his trip East. The suit was a sensation second in importance only to the journey itself. The men of Grigsby City did not buy spring suits; Alonzo's was the only one in the town. There was no such thing as seasonal dressing. If one needed and could afford a new suit he went to Hodge Brothers' store along in the fall of the year and bought one of dark heavy winter material. This he wore for best until it became too shabby and disreputable for public appearances. After that it served five or six years longer as a second best or light chore and weekday loafing garment. Tyrus Rogers, district attorney, wore a Prince Albert. So did Andrew Jackson Harmon. Harmon was a New Yorker by birth and a Democrat by profession, who farmed a little as a side line. He felt he owed some concession to his profession and dignified it by habitually wearing linen cuffs and a Prince Albert coat.

Men prominent in politics, in business and in a social way were nearly all ex-soldiers who had fought in the Civil War. The old soldiers, most of whom still were young men, ran the town and the county and filled all the county offices. It was considered permissible to elect as county superintendent of schools a younger man who had not served in the war. But the soldiers, who were just then beginning to be called old, regarded the other offices as their legitimate reward. There was a good deal of talk of the war, but most of its animosities had faded or were fading. In the decade between 1880 and 1890 two former Confederate soldiers were elected to office in Grigsby County, defeating acceptable Republican candidates who ran against them.

Partisan feeling mounted high and the clash of opinion ran along straight party lines. The battle was between the Republicans and the Democrats. James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling were popular heroes, and the tariff was the burning issue. There was, however, no general doubt about the future of the United States of America. Nearly everybody regarded it as the finest place in the world to live and die, and rear children, and the arrangement was considered permanent. A few who doubted that the Civil War had settled everything buzzed on the outskirts of politics. One of these was Asher Dunsmuir. In recognition of his almost total lack of hirsute adornment and out of compliment to his stinger they called him The Bald Hornet.

"I Fought for This Country; I Can't Stand the Skulking Cowards Who Try to Stab It in the Back"

Asher Dunsmuir made the first political speech I ever heard. I was a lad of only ten years or so, and probably it was perfectly natural that he should have frightened me half to death. Asher was greatly worried about the country and was running for the legislature on a platform which demanded that corporate power be curbed. At that time Asher regarded the railroads as the most menacing and dangerous of the corporate institutions. Grigsby City had no railroad; it merely hoped to have one. It would have voted bonds at any time to secure one, and subsequently did so. But Asher believed the railroads were out to throttle the country and that unless he were elected to the legislature they probably would succeed in doing so. He frankly said as much. I came away from the meeting with gloomy forebodings of the future. I now suspect I was gloomier about it than Asher. The Bald Hornet was not elected at that time, although subsequently he achieved his ambition and served his district at the state capital. The country has run along in some fashion, and Asher Dunsmuir still lives and has his being, a kindly but somewhat eccentric old gentleman. And he has lived to see the railroads which he strove to humble, beg for bread.

Intensive Readers

THEN as now the people of Grigsby City were intelligent and well informed. They took the papers and knew what was going on. It is understating the case to say they read them; they picked them to the bone. But the news traveled to them slowly and required a week in which to arrive. President Garfield was shot down on July second. It was a Saturday and we had driven into Grigsby City to do the weekly trading. But it was the busy season and only a few

(Continued on Page 101)

For More Than Twenty Years She Supported Herself and an Aging Mother on What She Got for Bending Daily Above a Washtub

SUNNY GOES HOME

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SUNNY was an actress. Having told this fact it is only fair to add at once that her story is not luxurious with furs and limousines, indigestible with midnight suppers or exotic with millionaires' orchids. One expects so much of an actress. Besides, her story begins where most stories stop, at the time when she had made up her mind to give up the stage and go back and marry her home-town sweetheart. This is such a wholesome, all-round satisfying ending that it seems a shame to waste it on a beginning. It is contrary to all traditions of good actress stories. But then, Sunny's probably misses being a good actress story by about the same margin that Sunny missed being a good actress.

If it hadn't been for her cheek she would not have been an actress at all. One does not step from the high-school class play in Benson, Iowa, to a part—even a child part—on Broadway without something besides Sunny's rather trifling talent. Cheek of a kind, of course, has played its part in the making of more than one dramatic success, but that is not the kind that Sunny had. Hers was soft and pink and—this was its real asset—amazingly childlike in its curve. It was a little-girl cheek—round, guileless, kissable. Properly played up, it could take an easy nine years off Sunny's nineteen.

"Why Aren't You Engaged?" She Asked. "Don't You Like Being Engaged?"

Sol Saffron, a theatrical agent, with an office just off Times Square, had been the first to recognize the possibilities of that baby cheek. He had been sitting there, his feet on his desk, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his checkered trousers, the day that Sunny, fresh from high school and the Middle West, blushing scarlet, had approached the haughty stenographer in his outer office.

Removing his feet from the desk, but neither his hands from his pockets nor the cigar from his mouth, the agent had strolled out and past Sunny. He knew that Travelers All needed a child for its first act, and noted with practiced eye the innocent, questioning way her lashes curled upward, her tangle of red curls, the fact that she stood a scant five feet even in her French heels. Then he saw her profile, the soft, guileless curve of her cheek. He had sent her over immediately to see the manager of Travelers All. Thus occurred Sunny's amazing, immediate step from Benson to Broadway.

You may have seen her yourself in that first act, in a little old-fashioned woolly coat and a gray pussy hood tied under her dimpled chin, looking like an old picture of yourself at eight, only in all likelihood prettier. You probably scarcely noted that after Travelers All had run a fairly successful six months and taken to the road you did not see her again. But this fact, trifling to you, was tragic to Sunny. She stayed near Broadway for a heartbreaking year and a half, vainly hoping that you would see her again. But you didn't.

It was not that Sunny had not been good in Travelers All. She had been adorably, surprisingly good for an untrained young person fresh from Iowa. Any other manager needing a red-haired child in his cast would have been eager to engage her for the part. But think back over the plays you have seen. How many of them have had red-haired little girls in them?

Sunny naturally thought she could play other parts besides red-curled children; that she could be an ingénue or even a soubrette. So for a year and a half, while her savings from the generous Travelers All salary seeped slowly away, she tried to find the manager who would think she could too.

There are, of course, plenty of managers; and Sunny, thanks to impressing the agents with her six-month engagement, managed to see a good many of them. There was the manager who engaged her at once to sing one of the Three Little Maids Who All Unwary, and in the chorus of the other operas of a Gilbert and Sullivan revival. This was a road company, and it had been out for two months and progressed as far as Winnipeg when it failed. Sunny's two months' salary had paid her expenses, with just about enough left over to take her back to New York. After three weeks of walking the weary trail from agency to agency another manager engaged her, this time to play Kid Sister in Good Morning, Ariadne.

Good Morning, Ariadne rehearsed for six weeks, the members of its cast living at their own expense, played—with pay—for one week and closed, a flat failure. It was nine weeks before Sunny secured her next engagement. This time it was a wonderful part, better than she had ever dared hope for. It was technically the ingénue part, but she was on the stage almost as much as the leading lady. She marveled at her good fortune. She accepted the leading lady's openly shown dislike as evidence of temperament, the slurring attitude of lesser members of the cast as possible jealousy. She had played her amazingly good part for six days before the string of the manager's kindness finally trailed itself into her guileless Benson-Iowa consciousness.

The next manager had been less tactful, but more sincere.

"Better cop off some nice young fellow and marry him," he advised with brutal kindness. "You'll never get anything but kid parts with that baby face of yours, and kid parts ain't as thick as vamps on Broadway. In a few years you'll be getting too old to play 'em anyway, and then where'll you be? Better get you a husband while the getting's good."

Sunny, with gay bravado, had turned her back to the writing on the wall and secured one more part, this time in The New Minerva. A lapse of twelve years occurs between the first act of this play and those that follow. The lovely heroine of the last acts is a child in the first; and Sunny, at a very good salary, was to play that child. During the four weeks of rehearsing—at her own expense, of course—she sometimes puzzled over the fact that Anne Watts, who played Minerva in the rest of the play, should have hair as flaxen as her own was red. But she feared to put her good luck to the test by mentioning this discrepancy, so she was utterly unprepared for the director's calm "Better get busy and bleach your hair. You got too much to wear a wig and you gotta be a blonde, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Sunny had protested. "I'd never get another part. Most plays haven't any kid part for a bleached blonde. Oh, I couldn't!"

The director had been laconic but firm, and this final disappointment, coupled with the fact that her money was gone, had brought Sunny to the point where so many good actress stories end. She decided to go back to Benson, Iowa, and marry James Taylor. She announced this decision to three friends at the Arts Club one snowy February afternoon.

Just returned from an unsuccessful tramp through the snow and slush, perched on the foot rail of her iron single bed, her damp suit coat hung carefully over the back of a chair, her smart little seal-brown hat still crushed down over her red hair, she outlined her future life.

"I shall join the Narcissus Bridge Club," she gleefully announced, swinging her feet with their low-heeled oxfords and wool stockings, "and embroider cross-stitch baskets on my bath towels and tall, twisty monograms on my sheets. And on a day like this, instead of walking the weary, my hand freezing to my umbrella and snow taking the press out of my suit, I shall have a fire in the grate and the young couple next door in for dinner."

"You'll miss New York and the change and the excitement and everything!" Isobel warned, looking up from the envelopes she was addressing at three dollars a thousand between engagements.

Sunny shook her head positively.

"Not a bit! I'm sick to death of it. Scrimping along when you're making money against the time when you won't be; coming home on the subway at midnight trying to look like a million dollars on a dollar ninety-eight; washing out your one waist at night and ironing it on a bureau drawer upside down in the morning; never having any home but the club here; never getting fond of a girl that she doesn't get a road job and leave you all alone the day before Christmas. Oh, if I had a real future like yours, Isobel, or even a past like Rosie's"—she dodged a flying pillow—"I suppose I'd stick it out. But for me it isn't worth it. I'm heartsick of living in a trunk. Traveling—I hope I never see a train again. I want a real home with a real kitchen and an oven you can bake muffins in and a front porch with a hammock on it and—and somebody who won't think I'm no good at all when I get too old to play kid parts."

"Well, I think you're sensible, at that," said Edna, practically, stacking Isobel's finished envelopes with capable hands. "Why don't you start to-morrow night and go as far as Chicago with me?" Edna was to join the Twin Soul company in Denver.

"I'll do it!" said Sunny. "The sooner the better. I put my fare home in the bank two years ago when I first came, and I've never touched it, except to draw out the interest last May when I was stone broke. Jim told me when I left that if I ever wanted to come back all I'd need to do would be to write or wire or wireless, 'I've changed my mind.'"

"What if he answers, 'So have I'?" Rosalie inquired languidly, helping herself to Sunny's nail buffer and polishing already-glittering nails.

Sunny giggled.

"That," she admitted, "is why I've got to hurry. I had a letter from Jim last night and, though he's still fond, he's slipping. He doesn't know it yet himself, and I've got to get there before he finds it out. There's a new kindergartner in Benson who—well, I'll start with you to-morrow night, Edna. It's safest."

"How much money have you got?" Isobel inquired. "You know fares to Benson have gone up since mother was a girl."

"My soul!" Sunny sat bolt upright. "I'd forgotten all about that!"

Edna produced time-tables and the figures for her own trip and made a rough estimate of what the fare to Benson would be. Sunny wailed.

"Oh, it can't be all that! Why, that's twice what it cost to come! I haven't more than half of that!"

"Can't you borrow some?" Rosalie inquired.

"Who from? You're the only girls I'd ask, and not one of you has a cent."

"Maybe you could get it from the club," was Isobel's suggestion.

Sunny wailed louder.

"Can't you imagine explaining to Miss Howard that you wanted to borrow money from the emergency fund to get home in order to be married? The emergency fund's for sickness, murder or sudden death. Would she understand that a new kindergartner in Benson is an emergency? I ask you, would she?"

"No," Isobel admitted, "she probably wouldn't. She'd think you could wait till you'd earned some more money."

"She'd tell me," Sunny rushed on, "that if I couldn't trust a man to wait for me he wasn't the right kind of a man to marry. That's all she knows about men! No, there's nothing doing with the emergency fund. And I simply can't wait. What shall I do?"

She swung her feet and tossed off her hat, running her fingers through her hair with a gesture of intense concentration as childish as the curve of her cheek. Nobody had any suggestion to offer, and in the silence the alarm clock on the dresser ticked loudly.

"I can stay at my married cousin's, once I get there. If I could just get the money some way! I suppose Jim would pay it back, but I'd hate to ask him the very first thing, as though he were getting me out of hock." She swung her feet again in thought. Suddenly she stiffened.

"Girls!"

The three looked at her.

"I have half enough money—why can't I travel half fare? I can wear my Good-Morning-Ariadne clothes. I don't look more than nine in them. The director who saw me as close as you are now thought for days that I was only nine. I don't weigh any more than as if I were nine. It wouldn't be any harder for the railroad to carry me than it would if I were nine. Why couldn't I do it?"

"You could!" The three were adventure-loving souls. "Why not?"

"You can sleep in my berth," Edna offered delightedly, "and I'm so tall everybody'll think I'm your mother."

"I'll call you Aunt Edna." Sunny paused a moment. "It seems a little dishonest," she said dubiously. But she added after a moment, brightening, "But then on my first birthday, when Jim asks me what I'd like for a present, I'll say, 'Money, please.' Or I can save it out of my allowance, little by little and bit by bit. I'll send it to the railroad then, with a letter explaining. That would make it all right. I'm sure if they knew the circumstances any railroad would be glad to lend me the money. Or at least"—she qualified honestly—"gladder than the emergency fund would be."

This silenced the only protest of Sunny's scruples. She gayly dragged her steamer trunk out from under her bed, jigged excitedly while the three dressed her in her Good-Morning-Ariadne clothes. Giggles rose into shrieks of glee as Sunny's modish coiffure was wrecked and a perky blue hair ribbon tied on the curl that dangled over the guileless curve of her left cheek.

This little-girl's wardrobe, all Sunny had gained from her expensive experience, proved its worth now. It was complete from a little knitted underwaist with dangling garters to babyish flat-heeled, one-strapped slippers. There was a little kilted blue serge skirt that ended just above Sunny's knees, and a middy blouse with a gay tie.

Isobel adjusted the crisp collar, tweaked at the bowknot tie and stood back, half in delight, half in honest amazement. The slim, fashionable young lady who had dangled her correct oxfords and clocked wool hose from the foot rail had vanished in the eternal feminine magic of another dress.

In her place stood a little girl. The young lady's face had been roguish, twinklingly mischievous. This little girl was rather serious-looking. She was a trusting, guileless little girl, the kind you know would have a grandpa and would slip her hand into yours when you came to a dangerous street crossing.

"Oh, Sunny, you're a scream!"

The three conspirators went off into shrieks of appreciation which finally called in all the tenants of their floor to see and admire. Then Sunny was taken upstairs, and completely fooled the girls who shared the double room above her own.

High rose Sunny's flame of excitement. Sometimes she pretended to be as guileless as she looked. Then she would burst out in some bit of caution to Edna or joking with the other girls, and each time they were caught with almost surprise at the sound of wisdom or raillery issuing from the mouth of a babe. Redder and redder grew Sunny's cheeks, brighter grew her eyes, readier her laugh. When, attired in her own burnt-orange cotton-crêpe kimono, she began to pack her trunk, she kept the girls helping her in gales of laughter; she was carried along on a high wind of excitement.

"Never again"—exultantly packing stockings around the edge of a summer hat—"never again shall I walk into an agent's office and say, 'Anything open along my line?' Never again shall I eat my Thanksgiving dinner in a hotel and get a lump in my throat just at the sight of Christmas trees for sale along Amsterdam Avenue. Never again shall I have to pull the shades down and put on the lights at the very first sign of twilight to keep from getting the blues. Benson isn't very exciting. When I was living there I used to think I wanted to travel, that I wanted adventures. Well, in these two years I've had all the traveling and the adventure I want for all my life. I want peace. I want a home and I want to stay in it!"

Excitement flamed in her face and tinkled in her laugh. As she packed she hummed jubilantly:

"But the best thing here
Is the first train, dear,
Back, back, back to Indiana!"

It was late before the trunk was packed.

"We'll leave it till morning to shut," said Sunny gayly. "It will be a ceremony—the last trunk lid I shall ever sit on!"

It was two or three hours later that Isobel awoke. It was dark and very still, except for the sound that had wakened her. From her roommate's bed came the unmistakable choking of muffled sobs.

Isobel sat upright.

"Sunny! What's the matter?"

"N-nothing." The sobbing stopped quickly. "I'm all r-right."

"You're not all right. You're crying. What's the matter? Have you been having another nightmare?"

"No! Oh, Isobel, I can't stay here! I'll live up my fare home and then things will go wrong—and what will I do? I don't know any other way to earn my living. I'll have to stick to the stage! And things will go wrong again and—what can I do? I'll keep having those awful nightmares, dreaming I'm in strange places and can't get out ——"

Isobel slipped across into Sunny's bed and cuddled her in her arms like a child.

"Hush, Sunny, everything's all right. You're just ——"

"I can't stay, I tell you—I'm afraid! What happens to girls when they haven't any money at all and no way to earn any more? It'll be the same a year from now, or ten years—I can't stay! I'm—I'm scared!"

"There, there, Sunny!" Isobel's voice was soft and soothing, her arms tight and reassuring. "You've been having another nightmare, that's all. You aren't going to stay, you know. Lie down, honey, and go back to sleep. Everything is all right. You're going home, you know—home to Jim."

The sobs stilled. Isobel lay for a few moments, and hearing nothing more was slipping back to sleep. She was just dozing off when she heard a queer, fearful, little "Isobel!"

"Yes, honey?"

A moment of silence.

"Isobel, girls always feel scared and—and kind of doubtful just before they get married, don't they? Get to wondering if they're going to like the man and things like that."

"I guess they all feel that way—that's nothing," said Isobel soothingly.

"I—I didn't think I'd ever want to marry Jim when he

(Continued on Page 80)

"When You Just Need the Price Side Looking for Something That's Only Thirty Cents It's So Likely to Be Ripe Olives or French Dressing"

PORTS OF EMBARKATION

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATION BY O. SCHMIDT

THERE were three young men from the American consulate sitting behind a long counter in a big room at a Northern European port of embarkation for America. Before them passed a constant stream of emigrants from Poland, from Czecho-Slovakia, from Lithuania, from Rumania, and from various other countries of Central Europe. The stream oozed in at a double door at the far end of the room, wound slowly past the three young men, and slowly trickled out of another double door far behind them. It had flowed steadily through the room from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, when it had been temporarily dammed to allow the three young men to get something to eat; and from early afternoon until two hours after nightfall.

That, incidentally, is the picture that anyone must carry away with him from European ports of embarkation—streams of humanity oozing slowly but ceaselessly out of Central Europe to America; streams of undersized, peculiar, alien people moving perpetually through consulates and steamship offices and delousing plants, on their way from the slums of Europe to the slums of America; streams trickling through Havre and Boulogne and Cherbourg; streams flowing through Antwerp and Rotterdam and Dantzic; streams gnawing at the temporary barriers which keep them from Bremen and Hamburg and Stettin; streams which swell to torrents just before the ocean liners sail and dwindle again to orderly and steady currents when the liners have departed, but which flow without cessation under all conditions.

Three Disgusted Officials

THESE three young men from the American consulate, then, were sitting on the line in one of Europe's ports of embarkation. They were watching for false passports or false American visas or counterfeit American ten-dollar consular-fee stamps. That was their sole duty. All the emigrants passing before them had come from other countries, and had no occasion to present themselves before American consular officers at the ports of embarkation. But the traffic in forged passports has become so great that our consulates are now forced to take men from their already overheavy duties and set them to watching at the very gangplanks of the ships. It was not until early 1921 that passports began to be examined at the ships for frauds, but fraudulent passports have been in use for months. There is no way of knowing how many thousands of persons have entered the United States during the past year with forged papers.

In front of the three young men there was a little pile of Polish passports bearing forged American visas, forged signatures of J. K. Huddle, American vice consul in Warsaw in charge of American visas, and counterfeit American ten-dollar consular-fee stamps. Some of the counterfeits were crude; some were practically perfect. The hands of the clock on the wall pointed to twenty minutes before six. The young man beside whom I was sitting had been scrutinizing visas for nearly eight hours. For nearly eight hours the stream of emigrants had crept past him slowly, steadily, endlessly. He was plainly very tired and very nervous and very much on edge from the stench of the emigrants, from their ceaseless efforts to better their positions in the line by little tricks and meannesses, and from their eternal and obvious falsehoods when questioned. In the space of ten minutes, as I sat there, he took three passports with forged American visas from three mean-faced, shifty-eyed holders of Polish passports. He threw them with the other fraudulent passports, motioned their bearers to come behind the counter for examination, and then swung around on his stool and faced me.

There were tears in his eyes—a fact which was no doubt due to the eight hours of exacting and unpleasant and wearying labor in which he had been engaged; and in repeating his words I would like to say again that the work had made him very nervous and very much on edge.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "My father wanted me to get my education out of a college. A college is a good thing, of course; but it never appealed to me very much. I had an idea that if I took a pack horse and a few books and got out into the country I could soak up as much education as I could get out of a college. It seemed to be all the same to my father; so when I had finished prep school he gave me my college money, and I went out to Colorado and got a saddle horse and a pack horse. I wandered all through that country, mountains and deserts and cañons. It's a wonderful country, like all the rest of our country. I loved it then and I love it still more now."

He hesitated at this point and looked around at the human stream which moved steadily on its serpentine course before us.

"When I think," he went on, "that these people are going to America to have a voice in the future of that country, it makes me see red!"

One of the other young men pushed back his stool and looked around at me.

"That goes for me, too," he said. "After you've seen these mobs pouring over to America for a few weeks you get so fighting mad that you can't talk about it." The third young man looked up from a scrutiny of a doubtful consular-fee stamp.

"What do they say about it at home?" he asked. "What are they letting this go on for? They can't know what's going on or they'd stop it in a second. What's the matter with them anyway? Are they crazy?"

"Yes; what do they say about it at home?" asked the first young man.

"A lot of people at home," I told him, "say that the reports from Europe concerning the undesirability of emigrants to America and the large numbers that wish to go to America are greatly exaggerated."

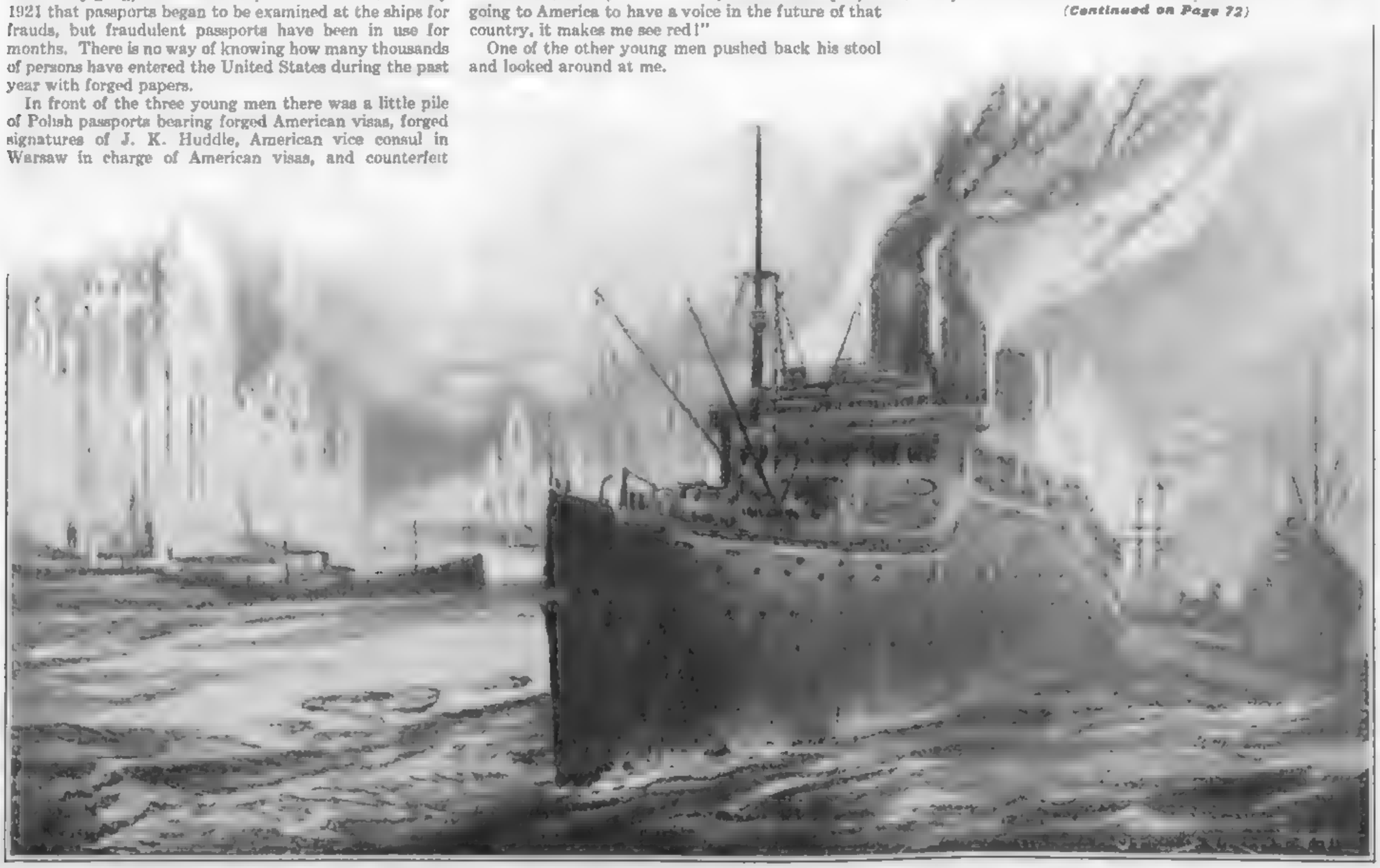
Ignorance of Real Conditions

NOW I very much wish that those persons in America who are prattling so cheerfully about the desirability of European emigrants and about the exaggeration which characterizes the reports of the large numbers which wish to emigrate could have seen the look of disgust and contempt that marred the features of the three young men at these glad tidings. Two of them could express themselves only by swearing violently. The third—the young man who had picked up his education among the mountains and deserts and cañons of Colorado—glared intently at a passport on the counter in front of him and growled hoarsely: "The people who say such things either don't know anything about the conditions that exist in every port of Europe or they're poor Americans."

That statement may seem a trifle harsh; but so far as I can find, it is the condensed opinion of every American consular official, every American diplomatic representative and every American official and relief worker and business man who has had an opportunity of observing conditions in Europe during the past year and whose racial and business affiliations do not make him hold contrary opinions.

The discrepancy between the opinions held by the officials of large steamship lines and those held by competent employees of the same lines is usually very great—as great, in fact, as the discrepancy between the opinions of prohibitionists and of brewers. I interviewed a director

(Continued on Page 72)



FIFTY CANDLES

It Was the Beginning of the Road That Must Lead Chang See Back to China and a Most Unpleasant Death

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

FROM the records of the district court at Honolulu for the year 1898 you may, if you have patience, unearth the dim beginnings of this story of the fifty candles. It is a story that stretches over twenty years, all the way from that bare Honolulu court room to a night of fog and violence in San Francisco. Many months after the night of the tule fog I happened into the Hawaiian capital, and took down from a library shelf a big legal-looking book, bound in bright yellow leather the color of a Filipino house boy's shoes on his Saturday night in town. I found what I was looking for under the heading: "In the Matter of Chang See."

The Chinese, we are told, are masters of indirection, of saying one thing and meaning another, of arriving at their goal by way of a devious, irrelevant maze. Our legal system must have been invented and perfected by Chinamen—but is this lese majesty or contempt of court or something? Beyond question the decision of the learned court in the matter of Chang See, as set down in the big yellow book, is obscured and befuddled by a mass of unspeakably dreary words. See 21 Cyc., 317 Church Habeas Corpus, 2d Ed., Sec. 169. By all means consult Kelley v. Johnson, 31 U. S. (6 Pet.) 622, 631–32. And many more of the same sort.

Here and there, however, you will happen on phrases that mean something to the layman; that indicate, behind the barrier of legal verbiage, the presence of a flesh-and-blood human fighting for his freedom—for his very life. Piece these phrases together and you may be able to reconstruct the scene in the court room that day in 1898, when a lean impassive Chinaman of thirty stood alone against the great American nation. In other words, Chang See v. U. S.

I say he stood alone, though he was, of course, represented by counsel. "Harry Childs for the Petitioner," says the big yellow book. Poor Harry Childs—his mind was already beginning to go. It had been keen enough when he came to the islands, but the hot sun and the cool drinks—well, he was a little hazy that day in court. He died long ago—just shriveled up and died of an overdose of the Paradise of the Pacific—so it can hardly injure his professional standing to intimate that he was of little aid to his client in the matter of Chang See.

Chang See was petitioning the United States for a writ of habeas corpus and his freedom from the custody of the inspector of immigration at the port of Honolulu. He had arrived at the port from China some two months previously, bringing with him a birth certificate recently obtained and forwarded to him by friends in Honolulu. This certificate asserted that Chang See had been born in Honolulu of Chinese parents—that he had first seen the light on a December day thirty years before in a house out near Queen Emma's yard, on the beach at Waikiki. When he was four years old his parents had taken him back with them to their native village of Sun Chin, in China.

If the certificate spoke the truth, then Chang See must be regarded as an American citizen and freely admitted to Honolulu, with no wearisome chatter about the Chinese Exclusion Act. But the inspector at the port had been made wary by long service. He admitted that the certificate was undoubtedly founded on fact. But, he contended, how was he to know that this tall, wise-looking Chinaman was the little boy Chang See who had once played about the beach at Waikiki?

Thus challenged, the petitioner brought in witnesses to prove his identity. He brought twelve of them in all—shuffling old men, ancient dames with black silk trousers and tiny feet, younger sports prominent in the night life of Hotel Street. Some of them were reputed to have known him as a baby out near Queen Emma's yard; others had been the companions of the days of his youth in the village of Sun Chin.

Chang See's witnesses had begun their testimony before the inspector confidently enough. Then under the inspector's stony stare they had weakened. They had become confused, contradictory. Even the man who had obtained the birth certificate gave as the name of Chang See's father an entirely new and unheard-of appellation. In a word, the petitioner's friends one and all deserted him. Something seemed to have happened to them.

Something had happened to them. That something was the vivid remembrance of a little old lady with a thin face and cruel eyes, who was at the moment sitting in Peking, the virtual ruler of all China. Chang See had been lately active in fields that did not appeal to the Dowager Empress. He had been one of the group of brilliant reformers who had come so near winning the young emperor to their way of thinking, until that day in September when the empress had put down her foot, with its six-inch Manchu sole, made the emperor practically a prisoner in the palace, and announced that those who wished to change the existing order in China would please see her first. And if she saw them first ——

She didn't see many of them. They fled for their lives, Chang See among them. His witnesses knew this. They knew that the little old lady was sitting waiting in the midst of her web at Peking—waiting and hoping for the return of Chang See. They knew that the dear old thing had virtually promised to have a man ready with a basket to catch Chang See's head as it fell. Overcome with fear for themselves, for their people at home, they became foggy of mind, uncertain of names and dates. And Chang See's case went to smash on the rock of their indifference.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the inspector of immigration was not convinced of the petitioner's identity. Following the usual formula, Harry Childs appealed the case to Washington.

The officials there, with unexpected promptness, agreed with the inspector, and Chang See was driven to his last resort. He besought the district court in Honolulu for a writ; and on a certain morning in December, '98—as a matter of fact it must have been Chang See's birthday, provided he was Chang See—he stood awaiting the decision of the judge.

I can picture that scene in court for you, partly from the records, partly from the story of one who was there and remembers. Judge Smith was presiding; "H. Smith," he has it in the yellow book, with the modesty required of judges by custom. He was a big, blond, cool-looking man with a rather peevish manner not uncommon among whites in a tropic country. He sat there thumbing the pages of his decision. There were a good many of them, he noticed. The languid hour of noon was approaching, and there flashed through his mind a vision of his *lanai*, close by the white breakers at Waikiki. An easy-chair and magazines just in from the mainland awaited him there; also bottles, glasses and ice, all of which were capable of being brought into delightful touch with one another by an able Chinaman who had not been excluded.

H. Smith took a sip from a glass at his elbow—indubitably water—and began to read. He had, he said, studied with great diligence the petition submitted by counsel, which, he added with a disapproving glance at Harry Childs, was unnecessarily long and involved. The petitioner, as he understood it, based his application for a right to land on the assertion that he was Chang See, born of Chinese parents in Honolulu thirty years before, in a house near Queen Emma's yard at Waikiki. If the assertion were true, if the petitioner were Chang See, then as an American citizen he must be granted all he sought. But was this petitioner Chang See? The matter was clouded by grave doubts. Pass over the fact that he had waited more than twenty-nine years before asking for his birth certificate. Pass over as well the fact that the man who had obtained the certificate had later, by his testimony, appeared uncertain of the name of Chang See's father. Turn to the testimony of the petitioner's other witnesses.

He analyzed that testimony. He tore it to shreds. All at once he was reminded of the case *in re* Wang Chi-tung, 3 U. S. District Court, Hawaii 601-610. He was reminded of other anecdotes of a like nature. His voice droned on and on. The clerk of court fumbled sleepily at his watch fob and scowled at Chang See, the petitioner. All this time wasted on a Chinaman!

H. Smith grew more genial when he came to the final page of his decision. After all, it had not taken so long as he expected. Summing it all up, quoting a few more authorities, he admitted at last that he shared the doubts of the inspector and the officials at Washington. He therefore, he added quite pleasantly, remanded the petitioner into the custody of the inspector of immigration for deportation to China.

The petitioner was a student who understood many languages, and he needed no interpreter to translate for him the words of H. Smith. He heard them, however, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash. We know now that he was Chang See. There was no justice in the world for him that day; but no one could have read his despair in his face. Harry Childs, on the other hand, was not a nerveless Oriental. His tobacco heart ablaze with anger, the lawyer leaped to his feet. He did a most unprofessional thing.

"With all due respect to the dignity of this court," he cried, "I wish to advise Your Honor that you have sentenced this man to his death. Owing to his activities for reform in China there is a price on his head there to-day. I wish to add—I wish to say"—he faltered under the angry glare bent upon him by H. Smith—"I wish to repeat and emphasize—you have sentenced this man to his death!"

Harry Childs had never been in high favor in that court, and if looks could kill he would then and there have preceded his client into eternity. Outwardly, however, the judicial calm was unruffled.

"The matter brought up by the learned counsel," said the judge—and legal verbiage sometimes lends itself admirably to sarcasm—"is not one involved in the petition as presented. I need hardly add that I regard it as a matter with which this court has no concern. The court is adjourned."

Chang See stood waiting not far from the judge's bench. Into his eyes had come an expression of amused contempt which might have annoyed the learned judge had he seen it. But H. Smith was already on his way to the cottage at Waikiki. He waited, did the Chinaman, until the inspector came for him, and they started down the aisle together. It was only a narrow path between the benches, but it was the beginning of the road that must lead Chang See back to China and a most unpleasant death. Yet he set out on it with his head held high and with a firm brave step.

Did Chang See tread that path to its logical and bitter end? Did he come in time to the edge of the web in the center of which the Dowager Empress, spiderlike, sat waiting? The story, as has been said, stretches over twenty years, and the succeeding chapters may seem, at first glance, irrelevant. But before we finish we shall be able to put together the pieces of our Chinese puzzle and know the end of the path that led at first between two rows of benches in a Honolulu court.

II

TWENTY years later, toward the close of 1918, I stepped from the gangplank of a China boat and for the first time in my life set foot in San Francisco. If you have always thought of San Francisco as the bonny, merry city, the gay, light-hearted city, I advise you not to enter it first when it is wrapped in the gloom of a tule fog. You will suffer a sad disappointment, such as I knew on landing that dark December afternoon.

Heaven knows I ought to have been a happy man that day, fog or no fog, for I was coming back to my own land after four dreary years in China. Birds should have been singing, as the Chinese say, in the topmost branches of my heart; I should have walked with brisk, elated tread. Instead I crossed the dimly lighted pier shed, where yellow lamps burned wanly overhead, with lagging step, dragging my battered old bags after me. The injustice of the world lay heavy on my heart. For I was young, and I had been unfairly treated. Four years earlier, just graduated from the engineering department of a big technical institution in the East, I had set sail from Vancouver to take charge of a mine in China for Henry Drew. I met the old San Francisco millionaire in Shanghai—a little yellow-faced man with snapping black eyes and long thin hands that must have begun, even in the cradle, to reach and seize and hold.

The mine, he told me frankly, was little better than a joke so far. Its future was up to me. I would encounter many obstacles—inadequate pumping machinery, bribe-hunting officials, superstitious workmen fearful of disturbing the earth dragon as our shaft sank deeper. If I could conquer in spite of everything, accomplish a miracle and make the mine pay, then in addition to my salary I was to receive a third interest in the property. I suppose he really meant it at the time. He said it more than once. And I was very young, with boundless faith. I did not get that part of it in writing.

Through four awful years I labored for Henry Drew down there in Yunnan, the province of the cloudy south. One by one the obstacles gave way, and copper began to come from the mine. Now and then ugly disquieting rumors as to the sense of honor of old Drew drifted to me, but I put them resolutely out of my thoughts.

I might seem guilty of boasting if I went into details regarding the results of my work. It is enough to say that I succeeded. Again I met Henry Drew in Shanghai, and he told me he was proud of me. I ventured to remind him of his promise of an interest in the property. He said I must be dreaming. He recalled no such promise. I was appalled. Could such things be? Angrily and at length I told him what I thought of him. He listened in silence.

"I'll accept it," he said when I paused for breath.

"Accept what?" I asked.

"Your resignation."

He got it, along with further comments on his character. I went back to my hotel to take up the difficult task of securing accommodations on a home-bound boat.

All liners were crowded to suffocation in those days, but I finally managed to get a November sailing. I was informed that I, along with another male passenger, would be put into the cabin of the ship's doctor. Rumor had told me that old Henry Drew was sailing on the same boat, but I was hardly prepared, when I went on board and entered my stateroom, to find him there, bending over an open bag. Fate in playful mood had selected him as the third member of our party.

He was more upset than I, and made a strenuous effort to be assigned to some other room. But with all his money he could not manage it, and we set out on our homeward journey together. I would see him when I came in late at night, lying there in his berth with the light from the deck outside on his yellow face, his eyes closed—but wide awake. I think he was afraid of me. He had reason to be.

Anyhow, I was rid of his slimy presence now, there in that dim pier shed. It was one thing to be thankful for. And already the memory of what he had done to me was fading—for I had suffered a later and a deeper wound. In the midst of the trouble with Drew I had met the most wonderful girl in the world, and only a moment before, on the deck of the China boat, I had said good-by to her—forever.

I left the pier shed and stepped to the sidewalk outside. The air was heavy and wet with fog, the walk damp and slippery; liquid fog dripped down from telegraph wires overhead. I saw the blurred lights of the city, heard its ceaseless grumble, the clang of street cars, the clatter of wheels on cobblestones. Weird, mysterious figures slipped by me, stranger faces peered into mine and were gone. This was the Embarcadero, the old Barbary Coast famed round the world. Somewhere there in the mist were its dance halls, where rovers of the broad Pacific made merry after a sodden fashion. I stood, straining to see.

"Want a taxi, mister?" asked a dim figure at my side.

"If you can find one," I answered. "Things seem a bit thick."

"It's the tule fog," he told me. "Drifts down every year about this time from the tule fields between here and Sacramento. Never knew one to stick around so late in the day before. Yes, sir—this is sure unusual."

In reply to my query he told me that the tule was a sort of bulrush. And little Moses amid his bulrushes could have felt no more lost than I did at that moment.

"See what you can dig up," I ordered.

"You just wait here," he said. "It'll take time. Don't go away."

Again I stood alone amid the strange shadow shapes that came and went. Somewhere, behind that tule curtain, the business of the town went on as usual. I made a neat pile of my luggage close to a telegraph pole and sat down to wait. My mind went back to the deck of the boat I had left, to Mary Will Tellfair, that wonderful girl.

And she was wonderful—in courage and in charm. I had met her three weeks before in Shanghai; and it was her dark hour, as it was mine. For Mary Will had come five thousand miles to marry Jack Paige, her sweetheart in a sleepy Southern town. She had not seen him for six years, but there had been many letters, and life at home was dull. Then, too, she had been very fond of him once, I judge. So there had been parties, and jokes, and tears, and Mary Will had sailed for Shanghai and her wedding.

It has happened to other girls, no doubt. Young Paige met her boat. He was very drunk, and there was in his face evidence of a fall to depths unspeakable. Poor Mary Will saw at the first frightened look that the boy she had known and loved was gone forever. Many of the other girls—helpless, without money, alone—marry the men and make the best of it. Not Mary Will. Helpless, without money, alone, she was still brave enough to hold her head high and refuse.

Henry Drew had heard of her plight and, whatever his motive, had done a kind act for once. He engaged Mary Will as companion for his wife, and on the boat coming over the girl and Mrs. Drew had occupied a cabin with a frail little missionary woman. For husbands and wives were ruthlessly torn apart, that each stateroom might have its full quota of three.

As I sat there with the fog dripping down upon me I pictured again our good-by on the deck, where we had been lined up to await the port doctor and be frisked, as a frivolous ship's officer put it, for symptoms of yellow fever. By chance—more or less—I was waiting beside Mary Will.

"Too bad you can't see the harbor," said Mary Will. "Only six weeks ago I sailed away—and the sun was on it—it's beautiful. But this silly old fog ——"

"Never mind the fog," I told her. "Please listen to me. What are you going to do? Where are you going? Home?"

"Home!" A bitter look came into her clear blue eyes. "I can't go home."

"Why not?"

"Don't you understand? There were showers—showers for the bride-to-be. And I kissed everybody good-by and hurried away to be married. Can I go back—husbandless?"

"You don't have to. I told you last night ——"

"I know. In the moonlight, with the band on the boat deck playing a waltz. You said you loved me ——"

"And I do."

She shook her head.

"You pity me. And it seems like love to you. But pity—pity isn't love."

Confound the girl! This was her story, and she seemed determined to stick to it.

"Ah, yes," said I scornfully. "What pearls of wisdom fall from youthful lips!"

"You'll discover how very wise I was—in time."

"Perhaps. But you haven't answered my question. What are you going to do? You can't stay on with the Drews—that little rotter ——"

"I know. He hasn't been nice to you. But he has been nice to me—very."

"No man could help but be. And it hasn't done that young wife of his any harm to have a companion like you—for a change. But it's not a job I care to see held by the girl I mean to marry."

"What girl is that?"

"The girl who has it at present."

"If you mean me—I shan't go on being a companion. Mr. Drew has promised to find me a position in San Francisco. They say it's a charming city."

"I don't like to see you mixed up with Drew and his kind," I protested. "I'll not leave San Francisco until you do."

"Then you're going to settle down here. How nice!"

I could have slapped her. She was that sort of stubborn, delightful child, and loving her was often that sort of emotion. The port doctor had reached her now in his passage down the line, and he stared firmly into her eyes, hunting symptoms. As he stared his hard face softened into a rather happy smile. I could have told him that looking into Mary Will's eyes had always that effect.

"You're all right," he laughed, then turned and glared at me as though he dared me to make public his lapse into a human being. He went on down the line. After him came Parker, the ship's doctor, with a wink at me, as much as to say: "Red tape. What a bore!"

The foghorn was making a frightful din, the scene was all confusion, impatience. It was no moment for what I was about to say. But I was desperate—this was my last chance.

"Turn round, Mary Will." I swung her about and pointed off into the fog. "Over there—don't you see ——"

"See what?" she gasped.

"How I love you," I said in her ear, triumphing over the foghorn and the curiosity of the woman just beyond her. "With all my heart and soul, my dear. I'm an engineer—I say—engineer—not up on sentimental stuff—can't talk it—just feel it. Give me a chance to prove how much I care. Don't you think that in time ——"

She shook her head.

"What is it? Are you still fond of that other boy—the poor fellow in Shanghai?"

"No," she answered seriously. "It isn't that. I've just sort of buried him—away off in a corner of my heart. And I'm not sure that I ever did care as much as I should. On the boat coming out—I had doubts of myself—but ——"

"But what?"

"Oh—can't you see? It's just as that old dowager said it would be."

"What old dowager?"

"That sharp-tongued Englishwoman who gave the dinner in Shanghai. She saw you talking and laughing with me, and she said: 'I fancy he'll be just like all the other boys who are shut up in China for a few years. They think themselves madly in love with the first white girl they meet who isn't positively deformed.'"

"The old cat!"

"It was catty—but it was true. It's exactly what has happened. That's why I couldn't be so frightfully unfair to you as to seize you when this madness is on you and

bind you to me for life—before you have seen your own country again, where there are millions of girls nicer than I am."

"Rot."

"No, it isn't. Go ashore and look them over. The streets of San Francisco are filled with them. Look them over from the Golden Gate to Fifth Avenue."

"And if, after I've looked them all over, I still come back to you? Then what?"

"Then you will be a fool," laughed Mary Will.

The voice of the ship's doctor announced the end of inspection, and at once the deck was alive with an excited throng, all seeking to get somewhere else immediately. Carlotta Drew passed and called to Mary Will. The girl held out her hand. "Good-by," she said.

"Good-by?" I took her hand, perplexed. "Why do you say that? Surely we're to meet again soon."

"Why should we?" she asked.

That hurt me. I dropped her hand. "Ah, yes, why should we?" I repeated coldly.

"No reason at all," said Mary Will. "Good-by and good luck!" And she was gone.

As I sat now on my battered bags, leaning against a very damp pole in the middle of a very damp fog, it occurred to me that I had been wrong in permitting myself that moment of annoyance. I should have taken, instead, a firm uncompromising attitude. The cave-man rôle—I was quite capable of it—and it was the only way to impress girls like Mary Will. Too late now, however. She had gone from me, into the mystery of the fog. I should never see her again. Hang it all, where was my taxi?

A tall slender figure loaded with baggage came and stood on the curb not two feet from where I waited The light that struggled down from a lamp overhead revealed in blurred but unmistakable outline the flat, expressionless face of Hung Chin-chung, old Henry Drew's faithful body servant. I turned, for the master could not be far behind, and sure enough the fog disgorged the dapper figure of the little millionaire. He ran smack into me.

"Why, it's young Coolidge," he cried, peering into my face. "Hello, son—I was looking for you. We've had some pretty harsh words—but there's no real reason why we shouldn't part as friends. Now, is there?"

His tone was wistful, but it made no appeal to me. No real reason? The presumptuous rascal! However, I was in no mood to quarrel.

"I'm waiting for a taxi," I said inanely.

"A taxi? You'll never get one in this fog." I suppose it was the truth. "Let us give you a lift to your hotel, my boy. We'll be delighted."

I was naturally averse to accepting favors of this man, but at that instant his wife and Mary Will emerged into our little circle of light, and I smiled at the idea of riding uptown with Mary Will, who had just dismissed me for all time. A big limousine with a light burning faintly inside slipped up to the curb, and Hung was helping the women to enter.

"Come on, my boy," pleaded old Drew.

"All right," I answered rather ungraciously, and jumped in. Drew followed, Hung piled my bags somewhere in front, and we crept off into the fog.

"Taking Mr. Coolidge to his hotel," explained Drew.

"How nice," his wife said in her cold, hard voice. I looked toward Mary Will. She seemed unaware of my presence.

Like a human thing the car felt its way cautiously through the mist. About us sounded a constant symphony of automobile horns, truckmen's repartee, the clank of hoofs, the rattle of wheels. From where I sat on a little chair in front I could see the clear-cut beautiful silhouette of Carlotta Drew's face against the window, shrouded in fog. I wondered what she was thinking—this woman whose exploits had furnished the gossips of the China coast with a serial story running through many mad years. Of her first lover, perhaps; her first husband, that gallant army man whose heart she had soon broken as she passed on her way to the arms of another. They had come and gone, the men, until, her beauty fading, she had accepted the offer of old Drew's millions, though she hated him in her heart. What a fool the old man had been! On our trip across the gossips had played once more with her rather frail reputation, linking her name with that of the ship's doctor, handsome hero of many a fleeting romance.

"Home again," chuckled old Drew. An unaccustomed gayety seemed to have taken hold of him. "I tell you, it's good—good. This is my town. This is where I belong. The history of our family, my boy, is woven into the story of San Francisco. By the way—what I wanted to see you about—er—I want to ask a favor."

He stopped. I said nothing. A favor of me! Well, one had to admire his nerve.

"That is—nothing much," he went on. "Only—I'm giving a little dinner party to-night. A birthday party, as a matter of fact. I'd like to have you come. One of my guests will be my partner in the mine. We can talk over that little matter of business."

"Hardly the time or the place," I suggested.

This was like him. A gay party—plenty to eat and drink—and my affair hastily disposed of amid the general conviviality. I was not to be trapped like that.

"Well, perhaps not," he admitted. "We won't talk business, then. Just a gay little party—to brighten up the old house—to get things going in a friendly way again. Eh, Carlotta?"

"Oh, of course," said Carlotta Drew wearily.

"You'll come?" the old man insisted. I have often wondered since why he was so eager. He had wronged me, he knew, but he was that type of man who wishes to be on friendly terms with his victim. A plentiful type. "I'm sure Miss Mary Will wishes you to accept," he added.

"She hasn't said so," I suggested.

"It's not my birthday," said Mary Will, "nor my party."

"Not your birthday," cackled old Drew. "I should say not. But your party, I hope. Everybody's party. What do you say, my boy?"

Mary Will's indifference had maddened me, and nothing could keep me from that party now.

"I'll be delighted to come," I said firmly. It was to Drew I spoke, but my gaze was on Mary Will's scornful profile.

"That's fine!" cried the old man. He peered out the window. "Where are we? Ah, yes. Post and Grant there's a shop near here." He seized the speaking tube and ordered his Japanese chauffeur to stop. "I'll only be a minute," he said as the car drew up to the curb. "Must have candles—candles for my party." And he hopped out. We stood there in the fog with the Wagnerian symphony fierce about us. It was after five now, and all San Francisco, to say nothing of Oakland and Berkeley, was stumbling home through the murk.

"Your husband seems in a gay humor to-night," I remarked to Carlotta Drew. She nodded, but said nothing. "Probably the effect of San Francisco," I went on. "I've always heard of it as a merry town. Life, and color, and romance ——"

"And dozens of beautiful girls," put in Mary Will.

"I don't see them."

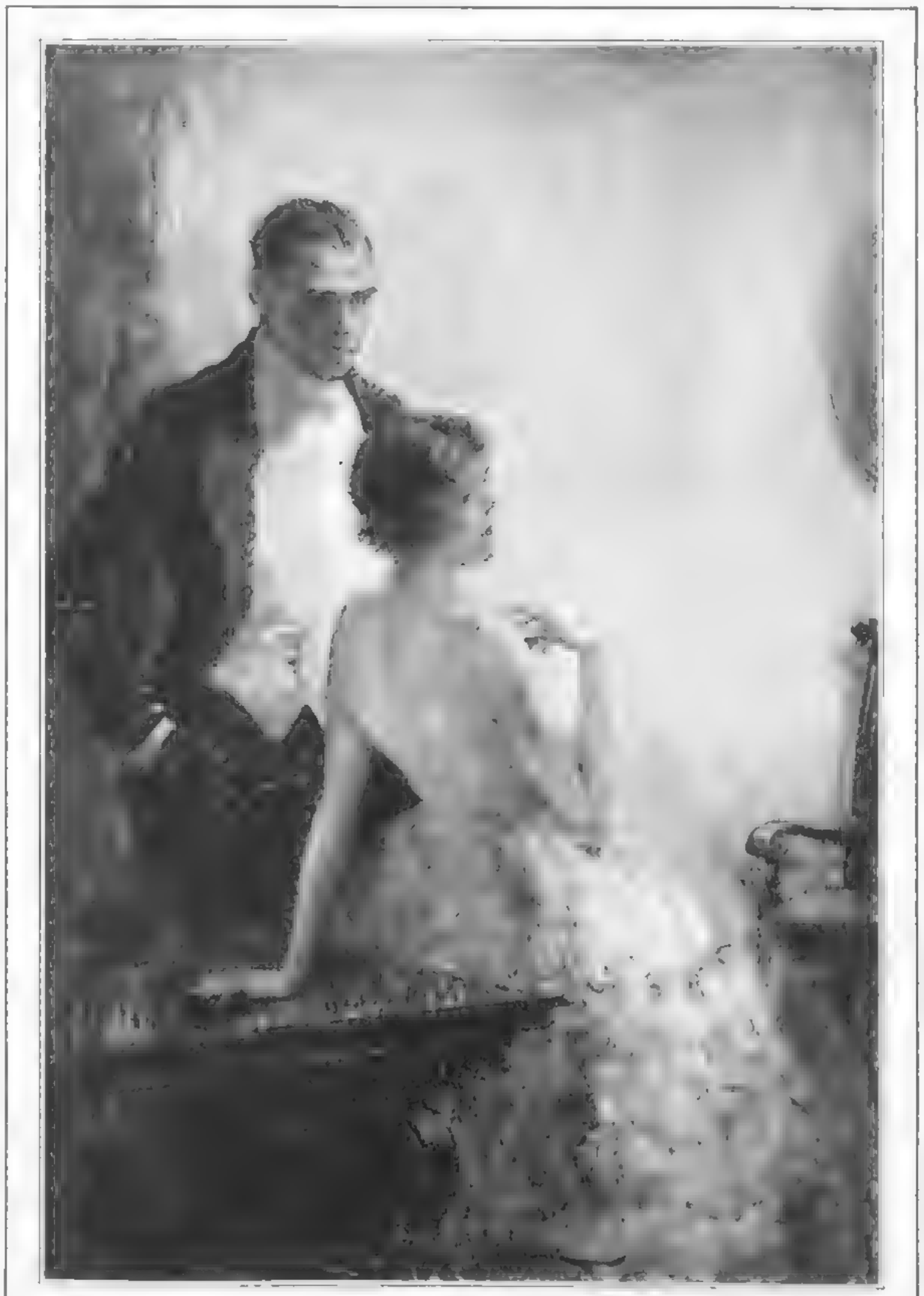
"Wait till the fog lifts," she answered.

Henry Drew was again at the door. He ordered the driver to stop at my hotel, then popped back into his seat. In his hand he carried a small package. He held it up.

"Candles for the party," he laughed. "Fifty little pink candles."

Fifty! I stared at him there in that dim-lit car. Fifty—why, the old boy must be seventy if he was a day. Did he hope by this silly ruse to win back his middle age, in our eyes at least? Or—wait a minute! Was he only fifty, after all? If rumor were true he had lived while he lived—a wild,

(Continued on Page 60)



"I'll Go on Popping, and Popping, Until You're a Sweet Gray-Haired Old Lady, So You Might as Well Take Me and Have Done"

The Salvaging of Civilization

The Schooling of the World

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NOW I am going on to a review of the broad facts of the educational organization of our present world. I am myself a very undereducated person. It is a constant trouble to me. Like seeks like in this world. I propose to ask the question whether the whole world is not very undereducated, and I warn you in advance that I am going to answer in the affirmative.

I am going to discuss the possibility of raising the general educational level very considerably, and I am going to consider what such a raising of the educational level would mean in human life.

I propose to adopt a rather vulgar, business-like tone about all this. I am going to apply to the human community much the same sort of tests that a manufacturer applies to his factory. His factory has some distinctive product, and when he looks into his affairs he tries to find out whether he gets the utmost quantity of the product, whether he gets the best possible quality of the product, whether he gets it as efficiently and inexpensively as possible, and constantly how he can improve his processes in all these matters.

The Test of a Nation

NOW, the human community may be regarded as a concern engaged in the production of human life. And it may be judged very largely by the question whether the human life it produces is abundant and full and intense and beautiful.

Most of the tests that we apply to a state or a city or a period or a nation resolve themselves, you will find, into these questions:

What was the life it produced?

What is the life it produces?

Now, I will further assume that as yet the community has little or no control over the raw product, over the life, that is to say, that comes into it. I admit that from at least the time of Plato onward the possibility has been discussed of breeding human beings as we do horses and dogs. There is an enormous amount of what is called eugenic literature and discussion to-day. But I will set all that sort of thing aside from our present discussion, because I do not think anything of the sort is practicable at the present time.

Quite apart from any other considerations, one has to remember one entire difference between the possible breeding of human beings and the actual breeding of dogs and horses. We breed dogs and horses for uniformity, for certain very limited specified points—speed, scent, and the like. But human beings we should have to breed for variety; we cannot specify any particular points we want. We want statesmen and poets and musicians and philosophers and strong men and delicate men and brave men. The qualities of one would be the weaknesses of another.

It is really a false analogy, that between the breeding of men and the breeding of horses and dogs. In the case of human beings we want much more subtle and delicate combinations of qualities. For any practical purposes we do not know what we want, nor do we know how to get it. So let us rule that theme out of our present discussion altogether.

And I also propose to rule out another set of topics from this discussion—simply because if we don't do so we shall have more matter than we can handle conveniently in the space at our disposal. I propose to leave out all questions of health and physical welfare. There is, as you know, a vast literature now in existence, concerned with the health and welfare of children before and after birth, concerned with infantile life, with social conditions and social work, directed to the production of a vigorous population. I am going to assume here that all that sort of thing is seen to—that it is all right, that somebody is doing that, that we need not trouble for the present about any of those things.

This leaves us with the mental life only of our community and its individuals to consider.

In the Primitive Ages of Our Race the Parent, and Particularly the Mother, Restrained and Showed and Taught

Now, the human mind in its opening stages in a civilized community passes through a process which may best be named as schooling. And under schooling I would include not only the sort of things that we do to a prospective citizen in the school and the infant school, but also anything in the nature of a school-like lesson that is done by the mother or nurse or tutor at home, or by playmates and companions anywhere. Out of this schooling arises the general mental life. It is the structural ground stuff of all education and thought.

Now, what is this schooling to do—what is it doing to the new human being?

Let us recall what our own schooling was.

It fell into two pretty clearly defined parts. We learned reading and writing, we made a certain study of grammar, the method of language; perhaps we learned the beginnings of some other language than our own; we learned some arithmetic, and perhaps a little geometry and algebra; we did some drawing. All these things were ways of expression, means of expressing ourselves, means of comprehending our thoughts in terms of other people's minds, and of understanding the expressions of others. That was the basis and substance of our schooling: a training in mental elucidation and in communication with other minds. But also, as our schooling went on, there was something more: we learned a little history, some geography, the beginnings of science. This second part of education was not so much expression as wisdom. We learned what was generally known of the world about us and of its past. We entered into the common knowledge and common ideas of the world.

Now, obviously this schooling is merely a specialization and expansion of a parental function.

In the primitive ages of our race the parent, and particularly the mother, out of an instinctive impulse and practical necessity, restrained and showed and taught; and the child, with an instinctive imitativeness and docility, obeyed and learned. And as the primitive family grew into a tribe, as functions specialized and the range of knowledge widened, this primitive schooling by the mother was supplemented and extended by the showing of things by companions and by the maxims and initiations of old men.

It was only with the development of early civilization, as the mysteries of writing and reading began to be important in life, that the school, qua school, became a thing in itself. And as the community expanded the scope of instruction expanded with it. Schooling is in fact, and always has been, the expansion and development of the primitive savage mind, which is still all that we inherit, to adapt it to the needs of a larger community. It makes out of the savage raw material which is our basal mental stuff, a citizen. It is a necessary process of fusion if a civilized community is to keep in being. Without at least a network of schooled persons, able to communicate its common ideas and acts in intelligent coöperation, no community beyond a mere family group can ever hold together.

As the human community expands, therefore, the range of schooling must expand to keep pace with it.

I want to base my inquiry upon that proposition. If it is sound, certain very interesting conclusions follow. I have already shown in the preceding discussions that the range of the modern state has increased at least ten times in the past century, and that the scale of our community of intercourse has increased correspondingly. I want now to ask if there has been any corresponding enlargement of the scope of the schooling—either of the community as a whole or of any special governing classes in the community—to keep pace with this tremendous extension of range. I am going to argue that there has not been such an enlargement, and that a large factor in our present troubles is the failure of education to keep pace with the new demands made upon it.

The Ideal Education

NOW I will first ask: What would one like one's son or daughter to get at school to make him or her a full living citizen of this modern world? And at first I will not take into consideration any questions of expense or any such practical difficulties. I will suppose that for the education of this fortunate young citizen whose case we are considering we have limitless means, the best possible tutors, the best apparatus and absolutely the most favorable conditions. The only limits to the teaching of this young citizen are his or her own limitations. We suppose a pupil of fair average intelligence only.

Now, first, we shall want our pupil to understand, speak, read and write the mother tongue well. To do this thoroughly in English involves a fairly sound knowledge of Latin grammar and at least some slight knowledge of the elements of Greek. Latin and Greek, which are disappearing as distinct and separate subjects from many school curricula, are returning as necessary parts of the English course.

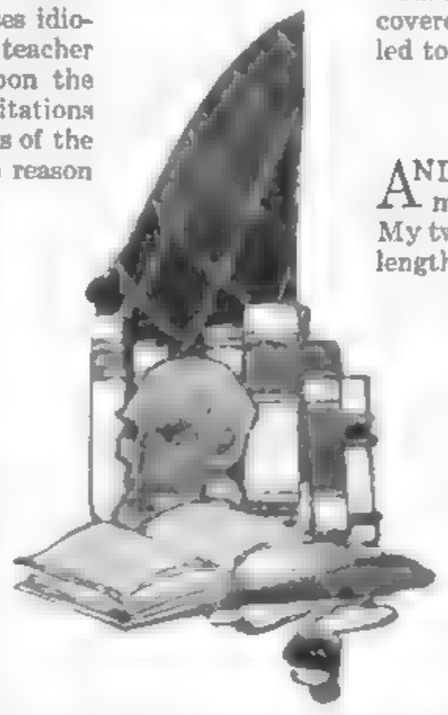
But nowadays a full life is not to be lived with a single language. The world becomes polyglot. Even if we do not want to live among foreigners we want to read their books and newspapers and understand and follow their thoughts. Few of us there are who would not gladly read and speak several more languages if we had the chance of doing so. I would therefore set down as a desirable part of this ideal

education we are planning two or three other languages, in addition to the mother tongue, learned early and thoroughly.

These additional languages can be learned quite easily if they are learned in the right way. The easiest way to learn a language is to learn it when you are quite young. Many prosperous people in Europe nowadays contrive to bring up their children with two or three foreign languages by employing foreign nurses and nursery governesses who never speak to the children except in the foreign languages. In many cases what is known as the alternate-week system prevails. The governess is Swiss, and for one week she talks nothing but French, and for another nothing but German. In this way the children at the age of eight or nine can be made to talk all three languages with a perfect accent and an easy idiom.

Now, if this can be done for some children it could be done for all children, provided we could find the nurses and governesses or some equivalent for the nurses and governesses, and if we could organize the business efficiently. That point I will defer. I note here simply that the thing is possible, if not practicable.

Children, however, who have made this much start with languages are unable, in England and America at least, to go on properly with the learning of languages when they pass into a school. Our schools are so badly organized that it is rare to find even French well taught, and there is rarely any teaching at all of modern languages other than French and German. Often the two foreign languages are taught by different teachers employing different methods, and both employing a different grammatical nomenclature from that used in studying the mother tongue. The classes are encumbered with belated beginners. The child who has got languages from its governess, therefore, marks time—that is to say, wastes time in these subjects at school. The child well grounded in some foreign tongue is often a source of irritation to the teacher and gets into trouble because it uses idiomatic expressions with which the teacher is unfamiliar or seems to reflect upon the teacher's accent. These are the limitations of the school, and not the limitations of the pupil. Given facilities, there is no reason why there should not be a rapid expansion of the language syllabus at thirteen or fourteen, and why language generally should not be studied. Some Slavonic language could be taken up—Russian or Czech—and a beginning made with some non-Aryan tongue—Arabic, for example.



The object of language teaching in a civilized state is twofold. One is to give a thorough, intimate, usable knowledge of the mother tongue and of certain key languages. But if teaching were systematic and no time were wasted, if schooling joined on and were continuous instead of being catastrophically disconnected, there is another side of language teaching altogether—now entirely disregarded—and that is the acquisition in skeleton of quite a number of languages clustering round the key languages. If at the end of his schooling a boy knows English, French and German very well, and nothing more, he is still a helpless foreigner in relation to large parts of the world. But if, in addition, he has an outline knowledge of Russian and Arabic or Turkish or Hindustani—it need be only a quite bare outline—and if he has had a term or so of Spanish in relation to his French, or Swedish in relation to his German, then he has the key in his hands for almost any language he may want. If he has not the language in his head he has it very conveniently on call; he needs but a sensible conversation dictionary, and in a little while he can possess himself of it.

Training in Mathematics

YOU may think this a large order; you may think I am demanding linguistic prodigies; but remember that I am upon my own ground here; I am a trained teacher and a student of pedagogic science, and I am a watchful parent; I know how time and opportunity are wasted in school, and particularly in language teaching. Languages are not things that exist in water-tight compartments; each one illuminates the other, and—unless it is taught with stupefying stupidity—leads on to others. A child can acquire the polyglot habit almost unawares. This widening grasp of languages is, or was, within the capacity of nearly everyone born into the world—given the facilities.

I ask you to note that qualification—given the facilities.

And now let us turn from the language side to the rest of schooling. A second main division of our schooling was mathematical instruction of a sort. It fell into the three more or less water-tight compartments of arithmetic, algebra and Euclid. We carried on in these closed cells what was, I now perceive, a needlessly laborious and needlessly muddled struggle to comprehend quantity, series and form.

In all these matters, looking back upon what I was taught, comparing it with what I now know, and comparing my mind with the minds of more fortunate individuals, I cannot resist the persuasion that I was very badly done indeed in this section. And it is small consolation to me to note that most people's minds seem to be no better done than mine.

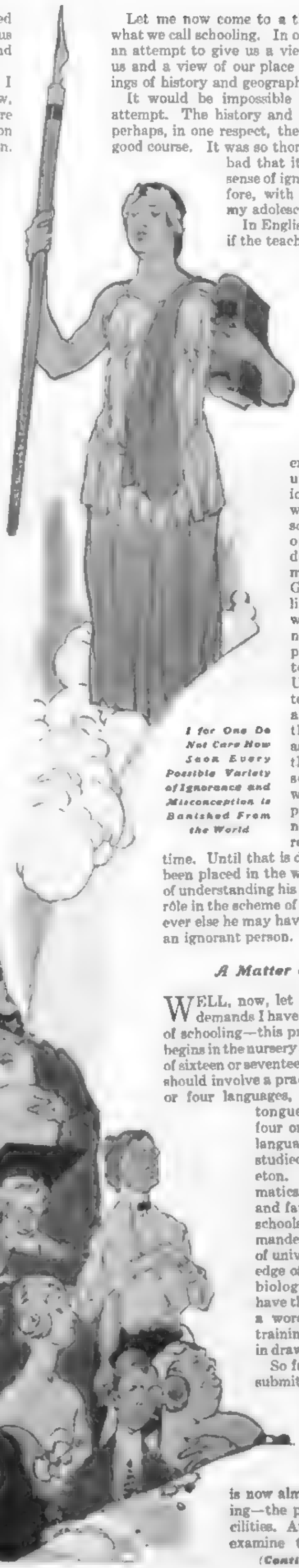
My arithmetic, for instance, is very mediocre. It is pervaded by inaccuracy. You may say that this is probably want of aptitude. Partly, no doubt, but not altogether. What is want of aptitude? Bad as my arithmetic is now, it is not so bad as it was when I left school. When I was about twenty I held a sort of inquest upon it and found out a number of things. I found that I had been allowed to acquire certain bad habits and besetting sins—most people do. For instance, when I ran up a column of figures to add them I would pass from nine to seven quite surely and say sixteen; but if I went from seven to nine I had a vicious disposition to make it eighteen. Endless additions went wrong through that one error. I had fumbled into this vice, and—this is my point—my school had no apparatus and no system of checks to discover that this had occurred. I used to get my addition wrong, and I used to be punished—stupidly—by being kept in from exercise. Time after time this happened; there was no investigation, and no improvement. Nobody ever put me through a series of test sums that would have analyzed my errors and discovered these besetting sins of mine that led to my inaccurate arithmetic.

History Badly Taught

AND another thing that made my arithmetic wrong was a defect in eyesight. My two eyes have not quite the same focal length, and this often puts me out of the straight with a column of figures. But there was nothing in my school to discover that, and my school never did discover it.

My geometrical faculties are also very poor and undeveloped. Euclid's elements, indeed, I have always found very simple and straightforward, but when it comes to anything in solid geometry—the intersection of a sphere by a cone, let us say, or anything of that sort—I am hopelessly at sea. Deep-seated habits of faulting and fogging, which were actually developed by my schooling, prevent my forming any conception of the surfaces involved.

Here, again, just as with the language teaching, hardly any of us are really fully educated. We suffer, nearly all of us, from a lack of quantitative grasp and from an imperfect grasp of form. Few of us have acquired such a grasp. Few of us ever made a proper use of models, and nearly all of us have miserably trained hands. Given proper facilities—and here, again, I ask you to note that proviso, given proper educational facilities—most of us would not only be able to talk with most people in the world but we should also have a conception of form and quantity far more subtle than that possessed by any but a few mathematicians to-day.



I for One Do Not Care How Soon Every Possible Variety of Ignorance and Misconception is Banished From the World

Let me now come to a third main division of what we call schooling. In our schooling there was an attempt to give us a view of the world about us and a view of our place in it, under the headings of history and geography.

It would be impossible to imagine a feebler attempt. The history and geography I had was perhaps, in one respect, the next best thing to a good course. It was so thoroughly and hopelessly bad that it left me with a vivid sense of ignorance. I read, therefore, with great avidity during my adolescence.

In English schools now I doubt if the teaching of history is much better than it was in my time, but geography has grown and improved—largely through the vigorous initiative of Professor Huxley, who replaced the old dreary topography by a vivid description of the world and mingled with it a sort of general elementary science under the name of physiography. This subject, with the addition of some elementary biology and physiology, does now serve to give many young people in Great Britain something like a general view of the world as a whole. We need now to make a parallel push with the teaching of history. Upon this matter of the teaching of history I am a fanatic. I cannot think of an education as even half done until there has been a fairly sound review of the whole of the known past, from the beginnings of the geological record up to our own time. Until that is done the pupil has not been placed in the world. He is incapable of understanding his relationship to and his rôle in the scheme of things. He is—whatever else he may have learned—essentially an ignorant person.

A Matter of Facilities

WELL, now, let me recapitulate these demands I have made upon the process of schooling—this process of teaching that begins in the nursery and ends about the age of sixteen or seventeen. I have asked that it should involve a practical mastery of three or four languages, including the mother tongue, and that perhaps four or five other additional languages shall have been studied, so to speak, in skeleton. I have added mathematics, carried much higher and farther than most of our schools do to-day. I have demanded a sound knowledge of universal history, a knowledge of general physical and biological science, and I have thrown in, with scarcely a word of apology, a good training of the eyes and hands in drawing and manual work.

So far as the pupil goes, I submit this is an entirely practicable proposal. It can be done, I am convinced, with any ordinary pupil of average all-round ability, given—what is now almost universally wanting—the proper educational facilities. And now I will go on to examine the question of why

(Continued on Page 69)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

In Witness Whereof

What Was the Truth Behind This Rather Grisly Tableau? What Was the Old Man's Real Condition?

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"WHAT I want is a lawyer who can deliver the goods; I don't care what it costs. Can I talk business with you?" The grim-visaged woman sitting opposite Mr. Ephraim Tutt, the senior partner in the celebrated firm of Tutt & Tutt, attorneys and counselors at law, looked across the desk at him significantly.

"I don't know why not," replied the lawyer affably. "Business is what I'm looking for; what every lawyer is after, I guess!"

"Well"—she hesitated, striving to penetrate the sphinxlike mask of his wizened old face, which had defied lawyers and judges and poker players alike for half a century—"you drew Cabel's will, and you're the executor named in it. I know that much, because he's told me so. Now, it's this way: Cabel wants to make some changes in that will of his, but, besides being old and feeble, he's crotchety and cantankerous and suspicious of almost everybody. But he'll listen to you. You're his executor and the proper one to do it anyway."

"Well," hazarded Mr. Tutt blandly, "as I said before, why not?"

"So naturally I've come to you. Besides, I've heard quite a lot about your firm; and I guess you and I can get along pretty well together."

"I'm sure we can," smiled the attorney. "I always strive to please."

"What's more, I'll see that your fee is promptly paid—with maybe a little besides!" she concluded meaningly.

Mr. Tutt searched her face.

"Am I to understand then that you—and not Mr. Baldwin—are my client?" he inquired pointedly.

Mrs. Alfreda Baldwin smiled to herself. She wasn't going to let the old fox catch her—put her in a position where maybe she would have to pay his bill.

"Not at all!" she retorted. "It is my husband who wants his will changed. He's your client—not me. All I say is that you don't need to worry about getting paid. Anyhow, I don't see what difference it makes which of us is your client."

Mr. Tutt fumbled in a long box upon his desk and selected a cigar resembling in shape and general appearance what a coiffeur would refer to as "a rat."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he inquired ceremoniously. "Answering your question—it might make a lot of difference which of two persons happened to be one's client."

"How do you mean?" she demanded. "Of course I don't mind if you smoke."

Mr. Tutt carefully ignited the attenuated stogy which he had excavated from its stratified brethren.

"A lawyer has to be faithful to his retainer—even if sometimes he doesn't get it," he announced, exhaling a poisonous cloud of greenish-gray smoke. "It is the duty of the attorney to be loyal to the interests of the person who employs him and to carry out his wishes to the best of his ability, just as it is the duty of the client to compensate him for his services.

"Now, if those interests conflict with those of any other person ——"

"Oh, I understand all that!" she interrupted. "That doesn't enter into it here. Mr. Baldwin is your client. I am only his agent—his messenger, if you choose. He will pay your bill. But, as it happens, our interests and wishes are identical."

Mr. Tutt nodded behind his smoke screen.

"That's all right, then!"

She returned his glance fixedly. He had not put anything over on her and he had, she opined, absorbed her hint about the "little besides" and all the rest of it.

"I don't want to have Mr. Baldwin disturbed any more than is absolutely necessary," she continued. "We both thought that I could tell you what he wanted to do with his money and that you could draw up a codicil here in your office and bring it up to the house for him to sign. That's the simplest, easiest way, isn't it? A codicil?"

"Quite so!" agreed Mr. Tutt. "I can easily do that if you really know what changes he wants to make in the disposition of his property. But there's no use preparing a codicil and having it engrossed only to find you've got to do it all over again."

"You won't have to do that in this case. I know—that is, Mr. Baldwin knows—exactly what he wants to do. I've been over it with him most carefully. It's all written down right here."

She produced from a black bead bag several sheets of folded note paper covered closely with handwriting. Mr. Tutt drew toward him a yellow pad, regretfully laid down his stogy and took up a pencil. Mrs. Baldwin put on a pair of heavy spectacles, which intensified her already hawkish appearance, and settled back in her chair.

"First, he wants to bequeath outright ten thousand dollars each to the Museum of Art, the Museum of Natural History, the Children's Aid Society, the Charity Organization Society, St. Luke's Hospital and Columbia University."

"That makes sixty thousand dollars," commented Mr. Tutt, jotting down the names. "What next?"

"Then he wants to leave thirty thousand dollars to Alvin H. Spearman, of Englewood, New Jersey."

"Who is he?" asked the lawyer, his pencil poised.

"An old friend of his," she answered. "And thirty thousand dollars to his wife, Rowena Howell Spearman."

"That makes another sixty thousand dollars," said Mr. Tutt.

"Twenty thousand each to Alfred Spearman, the son of Alvin Spearman; Esther S. Bowman, of Trenton; Anna S. Rawson, of Scranton; and Josephine S. Briggs, of New York City."

"Now you've got one hundred and forty thousand."

Mrs. Baldwin eyed him a trifle suspiciously.

"What's that?" she snapped.

"In personal legacies, I mean," he explained quickly. "He's disposed of two hundred thousand in all."

Mrs. Baldwin checked off something on the sheet of note paper in her lap.

"Then he wants to leave ten thousand each to the following: Almina Bostwick, of Jersey City; Georgina H. Hibbard, of Flatbush, Long Island; Isabel F. Hawkins, of Flushing, Long Island; Mary P. Daly, of Riverdale, New York; Edith L. Mills, of Yonkers, New York; and Althea W. Rose, of Ringwood, New Jersey."

"Sixty more," scored Mr. Tutt. "Makes two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Then what?"

"Twenty-five thousand to The Nurses' Benefit Club."

"What's that?"

"A charitable corporation," she answered shortly. "Then fifteen thousand each to his physicians, Dr. Samuel Woodman and Dr. Richard Aspinall."

"I have it," said the lawyer.

"Then there are a few smaller legacies: Five thousand dollars to Bridget Mulcahy, the cook; five thousand to Patrick Moynahan, the butler; five thousand to Pierre Larue, the valet; and five thousand to Agnes Roony, the parlor maid. He believes in being liberal with servants."

"So I see!" observed Mr. Tutt. "And with the medical profession as well!"

"Oh, he's very fond of both Doctor Woodman and Doctor Aspinall!" she assured him. "They have been lifelong friends!"

"Anything more?"

"Only his legacy to me—two hundred and fifty thousand—and, of course, I'm also to be the residuary legatee," said Mrs. Baldwin, folding up her notes. "You'll continue as executor. How soon can you have the codicil ready?"

"By to-morrow afternoon," he replied. "It's quite simple."

"Then bring it up to-morrow evening so that Mr. Baldwin can sign it," she directed. "About nine o'clock, say?"

"As you like," he agreed. "If that will be more convenient for your husband than to have him come here."

"Oh, he couldn't possibly come here!" she asserted. "He's sick in bed!"

Mrs. Baldwin arose and pulled down her black jacket, which had a tendency to ride upward upon her ample figure; and Mr. Tutt arose also. There was something about her—which inspired in him more than dislike, he could not say exactly what, whether it was the beetling nose, the compressed lips, the expansive, tightly corseted bosom, the flabby brown skin beneath her chin, which merged into the pendulous cheeks—like an old mastiff he decided. A full-rigger! How could any man in his senses have married her? And the thought quite naturally suggested that perhaps the man hadn't been.

II

"WHERE did you get little Eva?" chirped Tutt, peering at his partner over his goggles through the door after the lady's departure. "I was quite worried at first over leaving you alone with her!"

Mr. Tutt's long wrinkled face wreathed itself in an expansive grin.

"Isn't she terrible!" he ejaculated.

"Some crocodile!" asserted the lesser Tutt. "I can see now what the fellow meant when he said that the female of the species is more deadly than the male! What kind friend passed her on to us?"

"Nobody—she came herself," replied the senior partner. 'I think she must like my looks!"

"B-r-r-rh!" shivered Tutt, shielding his face with his hands. "I hope she won't take a fancy to me!"

"You're safe!" laughed his partner. "Mrs. Georgie Allison has rendered you immune to the attractions of the opposite sex for all time."

"Who told you about that?" queried Tutt rather peevishly.

"Never mind! Never mind!" returned the old lawyer airily. "You can't keep all your little peccadillos concealed from the public eye."

"I know! Miss Wiggin must have told on me!" growled Tutt. "Well, reverting to the subject we were discussing, what was the Lady Gorgon's name?"

"Mrs. Cabel Baldwin."

"Wife of the old fellow that married his trained nurse?"

Mr. Tutt gave a fervid start of surprise.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Really?"

"Don't you recall the case? 'Nurse Spearman'—and all that? It was in the papers," Tutt reminded him. "He got out of bed when he had the pneumonia or something and beat it over to Jersey and married her before a J. P. without telling even his own daughter. That was about three years ago. He was seventy-two; she was forty-seven. He'd be over seventy-five now, and she'd be fifty."

"She would! She is!" assented Mr. Tutt. "Or stronger!"

"There was a grand row about it!" said Tutt. "But nobody could do anything. The Constitution guarantees to every man the inalienable right to marry his trained nurse. But she was such an old chisel face that it seemed as though she must have chloroformed him first. She'd been married before, too; twice, I mean!"

"So that's it!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "Did you say there was a daughter?"

"I have an idea there was, but if I remember correctly she was away at college or somewhere. I don't recall all the details. But look out for her! What did she want?"

"To have us draw a codicil to her husband's will."

"Oho!" piped Tutt. "And does little birdie get the big fat worm?"

"She gets half of it; the other half of the worm goes to various individuals and charities."

"That's funny!" commented the junior Tutt, pursing his lips. "If she was after the kale why should she let anybody else have a rake-off?"

Mr. Tutt took a turn up and down his office, then he amputated another stogy, lit the remains, leaned back in his swivel chair, crossed his Congress boots upon his desk and folded his hands behind his head.

"That's the artistic way to do it," said he. "Don't you remember the Blodgett case? Blodgett was ninety-one and dead at the top; he'd had senile dementia for fifteen years. A woman got hold of him—only that time it was a young one—and induced him to make a will in her favor. All she had to do was to take him out to concerts and ride him round the park in a victoria. Well, when he died it was discovered that he'd left her the greater part of his fortune; a couple of millions; but—and here was the clever part of it—he'd apparently divided another million between Harvard, Yale and Princeton, with the result that, although the heirs at law and next of kin contested the probate, they found three of the most influential universities in the country lined up against them, with all their counsel, naturally including the leaders of the bar, alongside Little Bright Eyes—who succeeded in probating the will, got her two millions and bought a foreign prince and a château on Lake Geneva with them."

"Pretty good!" nodded Tutt. "And is that the game our old battle-ax is trying to pull?"

"Here's the horoscope. Read it for yourself," answered Mr. Tutt, pushing the yellow pad toward his partner with his foot. "You'll note that the very first thing she did was to square a few of our more select public institutions like the Museum of Art and St. Luke's Hospital."

"Holy crickets!" mused Tutt. "I wonder if she could be the same girl—tired of living on Lake Geneva with her prince—and looking for further adventures!"

"No," declared his partner. "You couldn't give this one away with a bonus of two million dollars."

"Aha! What's this?" suddenly cried Tutt, scanning the prospectus of Mr. Baldwin's proposed benefactions. "Here's another little joker! Twenty thousand dollars to the domestics and thirty to the doctors! She's got all the witnesses signed, sealed and delivered! He could be a raving maniac and there'd be nobody to prove it. No doctor—that is, no bug doctor—is going to admit that any patient of his can have senile dementia who has sense enough to leave him fifteen thousand dollars! We ought to take Alfreda into partnership!"

"But you haven't covered it all yet!" said Mr. Tutt. "I'll wager that if we looked into it we'd find she's not only given herself a quarter of a million and the residuary, but in order to prevent any possible slip-up she's salted a quarter million around where she can get hold of it afterward if she misses out on her own legacy. She's left her father and mother thirty thousand each, and the four little Spearmans eighty more; to say nothing of half a dozen of her intimate female friends and a nursing society of which she probably controls the board of directors."

"Rather a speedy client!" affirmed Tutt.

Mr. Tutt shook his head.

"She's not our client."

"Who is, then?"

"Her husband."

"It's all the same thing," affirmed the lesser Tutt. "You can soak her a thousand or fifteen hundred just for drawing a codicil like that! And think of the fight we'll have on our hands when the old boy dies! Makes no difference to us which way the cat jumps. If she gets him to execute your codicil we'll have to defend it against the heirs on the ground of mental incapacity; and if he won't execute it we'll be attacking all his prior wills in her behalf on the same ground. Coming and going! Both ends against the mid. It'll take six months in court—after we finally get there! Why, it's worth thirty thousand dollars to us!"

"Do you really think so, now?" murmured his partner. "Thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money—a powerful lot of money!"

The morality—or rather the immorality—of lawyers has been the subject of jest since the days when the bare fact that a man could read and write rendered him immune to punishment for crime. "Benefit of clergy" was felt to be a joke; and so was the law. The pun that made "lawyer" and "liar" indistinguishable dates doubtless from considerably before the days of Falstaff. Not only, as Bumble said, was the law "a ass, a idiot," but lawyers were natural-born pettifoggers, crooks, thieves, tricksters and rascals. An honest lawyer? There was no such animal!

We have no desire at the present writing to enter into a general defense of the conduct of our brethren of the bar, but merely take occasion to point out that in many instances the lawyer is really no more deserving of censure than the layman, the product of whose skill is subsequently used by another for an unlawful or immoral purpose. Shall no more whips be manufactured because some ruffians use them upon their wives? Or chisels, lest burglars avail themselves of them in their unholy business? Shall the cobbler cease from cobbling for fear that someone may hurl his shoe after a blushing bride? Tut-tut! There is nothing under the sun that cannot be made subject to the devil's ingenuity. We have even heard of two murders committed within a single month by means of oyster shells. Yet, shall we be forbidden oysters?

The reader has already grasped our analogue. Shall there be no cakes and ale because a custard pie can be used as an instrument of assault? And, similarly,

(Continued on Page 37)

"Why Don't You Answer When You're Spoken to?" Snapped the Older Woman. "One Would Think You—and Not I—Was the Mistress of This House!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7, 1921

The Great American Myth

IF WE should ever erect a monument to the Abbé Mendel it should be not because he taught us to breed the black sheep out of our flocks and to produce hens with unrivaled laying records but because he supplied the data that have enabled scientists to study intelligently the beginnings of our racial degeneration and to utter those authoritative warnings which must be presently heeded if we are not, as a people, to forfeit our high estate and join the lowly ranks of the mongrel races.

In the past our ideas of immigration were largely drawn from a group who wrote in catchwords of our industrial necessities and invented the rose-colored myth of the all-powerful melting pot. These writers have had their day in court, and a long day it has been; but the time has come when the evidence of their own pet creation, the mythical magical melting pot, warranted to make Americans out of any racial scrap-humanity cast into it, throws their case out of court and gives the scientific writers a chance to be heard in a counteraction.

These newer writers on immigration do not turn out pleasant, sirupy books like those of the older school. There is no sugar coating upon their bitterness, no veiling of the stark and ugly facts. Their works teem with jolting ideas, solemn warnings and predictions; and yet the clear ring of truth is in them. There are two books in particular that every American should read if he wishes to understand the full gravity of our present immigration problem: Mr. Madison Grant's The Passing of the Great Race, and Dr. Lothrop Stoddard's The Rising Tide of Color. The former recounts in glowing words the waxing and the waning of the unsurpassed Nordic race, from which sprang Lincoln and Washington and the finest of our early stock. The latter attacks other phases of the same subject and shows in the most impressive manner how white supremacy throughout the world is threatened by the yellow, brown and other colored races. These books should do a vast amount of good if they fall into the hands of readers who can face without wincing the impact of new and disturbing ideas. Both these writers base their theses upon rather recent advances in the study of heredity and other life sciences.

Many a good soul taught from childhood in the Pollyanna school of immigration literature is genuinely puzzled by the newer views of its problems, and is inclined to think that all this hue and cry about the alien peril is the outgrowth of a passing hysteria or the lurid fiction of sensation mongers whose main object is to startle their readers without regard for truth or poise or that sense of personal responsibility that should stiffen the moral code of every publicist.

There is no process more disagreeable than the repudiation of an ancient and boasted policy, and those who are asked to make hairpin turns of program must be confronted with overwhelming evidence of past error and equally potent testimony in support of the wisdom of the new policy to which their adherence is asked. Fortunately there is no lack of such evidence.

Thirty years ago science had not perhaps sufficiently advanced to make us fully aware of our dangers; but we cannot say we have not been warned when authorities of Mr. Madison Grant's standing write as follows: "These immigrants adopt the language of the native American; they wear his clothes; they steal his name; and they are beginning to take his women, but they seldom understand his ideals, and while he is being elbowed out of his own home the American looks calmly abroad and urges on others the suicidal ethics which are exterminating his own race. As to what the future will be it is evident that in large sections of the country the native American will entirely disappear. . . . New York is becoming a *cloaca gentium* which will produce many amazing racial hybrids and some ethnic horrors that will be beyond the powers of future anthropologists to unravel. . . . We Americans must realize that the altruistic ideals which have controlled our social development during the past century, and the maudlin sentimentalism that has made America 'an asylum for the oppressed,' are sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss. If the melting pot is allowed to boil without control, and we continue to follow our national motto and deliberately blind ourselves to all 'distinctions of race, creed, or color,' the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles and the Viking of the days of Rollo."

Government as Is

SUPPOSE that you and your friends after much discussion decide that you are preeminently qualified to fill one of the vacancies on the new Federal Retail Commission. Of course there is no such body, but like children at play, let us suppose. There are no doubt many stranger things in Washington. Suppose that Congress decides that the retail business of the country is so important and so vitally bound up with public interest that a Federal commission is urgently needed to regulate and control the prices, wages, profits and all other details connected with every retail-merchandise establishment in the country. Imagine that Congress, besides handing over sweeping powers to this new body, provides relatively large salaries and a long term of office for the commissioners.

You and your friends decide that you are well fitted to fill one of the positions. You have had long experience, stand high in the trade, have studied the subject from every angle and have proved out by your success. But how shall the President's attention be drawn to your qualifications? By letters from your associates or from the trade at large? Well, they might not do much harm except to litter up the mail cars between your home and Washington.

If you really want the position, the way to get it is to find a favorable avenue of approach to certain United States senators, and if you know a friend of a friend of one of these great men your chances are probably better than if every merchant in the country wrote a letter in your favor.

This is not said in criticism of the Harding, the Wilson, the Taft, the Roosevelt or any other administration. It is not due to any one man, nor is it the result of any intentional willful or oligarchic ambitions on the part of any small group of senators. It is not partisanship or the theory of political science taught in the schools and colleges; it is a fact, a condition, an actual system of government which exists and operates. Vice President Coolidge in his inaugural address said that the Senate is the bulwark of our liberties. It is no doubt all that, but it is something very much more. It has another function, which the textbooks do not say much about, but which every wise office seeker takes into account unless he prefers to remain a private citizen.

Not so many years ago it was necessary for nine of the most influential bankers, lawyers and business men of the country to see a member of the cabinet on a delicate negotiation then pending. One of the party was not only the leading banker in his part of the country but a man far advanced in years. To find a date agreeable not only to the cabinet member but to all the nine negotiators it was decided to set the hour for meeting at ten in the morning several weeks in advance. All the men arrived on time and took their seats in the outer office.

But the secretary did not see them until three that afternoon, although many times as they sat there congressmen and senators wandered in and out, apparently unannounced and having in tow office seekers of distinctly minor importance and all manner of odds and ends of political acquaintances and constituents who were visiting Washington and wanted to meet the secretary.

The business man rages at what seems to him such inefficiency in government, such waste and mediocrity. It is all these things, but how can it be otherwise? The business man, the laboring man, the clerk, the merchant, the farmer, the professional man—do they as a rule put anything into government except their taxes? They expect economical, efficient government, but they pay no attention to politics, the only instrument by which government can be conducted; mostly they do not vote in primaries and caucuses, and often they do not vote even in school-board elections. Is it any wonder that power concentrates in the hands of the few men who are interested in the machinery by which political power is generated?

The business man—and he is typical of other classes—washes his hands of politics until he wants something from the Government or the expenses of the Government become so vast as to amaze him. Then he wonders why it is. But Presidents, members of cabinets and of various Federal boards and commissions handle such a vast volume of business that they must have advisers, confidants. They cannot listen to everybody and know everything. The men from whom they naturally seek advice, whose suggestions they follow, are those who have helped them reach the positions they hold and who can render these positions wholly ineffective by holding up appropriations and appointments.

There are two ways of looking at a senator. There is no use in merely railing at him. He is with us to stay, for better and for worse, a part of the Constitution. But he is like other men; he will rise to the standards to which he is held if they are advanced. If the citizens of a state take no interest in the activities of their senators except when they want a job for a friend, how can they expect their senators not to be, to a certain extent, at least, patronage purveyors? But if the people demand a more vital concern for the larger interests of the Government from their senators they are likely to get it, for these men, though perhaps not always the ablest in the country, represent on the whole a high level of ability and intelligence.

There is one other way of looking at a senator. Or rather there is a way in which he needs to look at himself. He says with truth that the people put nothing into politics and expect to get everything out. But through course of circumstances, through a sort of political evolution, the Senate has come to have a power greater than is generally recognized, greater than can be safely endured without corresponding service. Senators must prove to the public that they are first of all interested in the larger policies of the Government, in eliminating waste and duplication, in establishing a budget system, in making the Government businesslike. The public regards the average United States senator as honest, but it also is cynically convinced that he is perhaps more interested in getting a post-office building or a fourth-class postmastership in Four Corners for the second cousin of his friend Bill than he is in putting the Federal Government on a business basis. And it is this cynicism and the distrust which goes with it—which like rust is eating away at the foundations of our Government.

THE CHIMNEY

By Henry C. Rowland

AS THE great dam rose higher and higher James O'Connor began to be conscious of the dread presence of his ancient enemy. For about three weeks he had been wondering uneasily how much longer he might be permitted to perform his work in peace, and hoping against hope, as he always did on such jobs, that perhaps this time he might be spared, and that as each successive tier of masonwork was laid the increased height would be so gradual that his bondage might be overlooked and the tithe taken from his nervous force be spared him. Yet he felt in his heart that any such fulfillment was vain. It had never happened so. Never had he been overlooked. Sooner or later, whether so imperceptibly that he hardly observed the stealthy approach, or in a sudden advent to transfix him with a stab of terror, he knew that it had come to lurk there at his elbow, sap his strength, make his days fearful with reality and his nights frightful with dreams.

And sure enough it came, abruptly this time, and with horrid promise. It was on a windy day when the rush of air up the valley funneled through the gorge below and struck the curving masonwork façade short, buffeting blows at divers angles. It glanced from the sheer, precipitous sides of the cañon, appeared to ricochet across, to be shunted up from beneath, so that even the planks of the scaffolding rattled and the liquid cement was blown from the masons' trowels.

James knew that he was destined henceforth to work in a state of nervous tension which wore down gradually even his powerful physique. But the job was a good one; and more than that, his little home was so snug and happy, and the splendid climate of the Southwest was so good for Mary and the kiddies, after the enervating climate and unhygienic conditions of the Southern city where for nearly a year he had been employed in levee work under the same contractor, a good man and a just.

There was every reason for James to stick to the job, and but one, and that a temperamental and, as he saw it, an unmanly one, for quitting. He liked the place itself and its wholesome cleanliness, so great a change from the ugly and semisqualid surroundings of the town. First a bricklayer, he was now a mason by trade, a steady, sober union man with sound, sensible views on labor questions and asking no more than to do his honest day's work, enjoy the contents of his full dinner pail and on Saturday night hand over his pay envelope to Mary, who rewarded him with a hearty hug and kiss.

But here was the enemy again, and although James did not tell his wife of the arrival, she was quick to discover that it had come. She felt at once the difference in her husband's spirits from what they had been during the caisson work, sinking the mason core of the great dam into the deep alluvions, then raising its beautiful crescent of solid masonry which was destined to make the desert blossom like the rose.

Mary began first to notice her husband's restless sleep. He would twitch and gasp, sometimes grip her soft and comforting body with painful force, often waking with a stifled cry of terror. "Just a little nightmare, dearie," he would mutter; but Mary thought these little nightmares were forming too large a herd. Their pointed hoofs were stamping the stamina from James' strong body as the great dam reared itself across the cañon.

For this enemy, which time and again had hounded James from his job, was a constitutional dread of altitudes, and as the years passed and he found himself unable to overcome it he was often in despair. Small wonder. A stonemason or bricklayer or riveter or any other skilled artisan of construction work who cannot stand a height is in much the same unfortunate position as a naval officer unable to overcome seasickness or a soldier who discovers too late that the hum of a bullet or whistle of a shell draws the courage from his heart, to leave him weak and nerveless.

Such physical reactions must not be confounded with cowardice. They belong to the same class as those which occur in many natures otherwise resistant to all but some single specified note in a scale of impulses, running from a mountain in labor to the mouse which it gives forth. One who might face the volcano undismayed might be stampeded by the mouse.

Thus, as the edifice on which he worked rose higher James suffered as only those subject to height vertigo can understand. Unless the scaffolding was very wide and solid, and sometimes even then if the day were windy or the barometer low, he worked in a perspiration, with an uneasy diaphragm. So now, on this day of gusty eddies, his enemy arrived with the very first, borne as it were on the wings of the wind. A back draft thrust against his broad chest like a malicious hand, seemed striving to catch him off his balance and push him over the edge of the scaffolding to fall down, down, with fluttering garments and gyrating limbs, to the jagged stones over which the water foamed.

His trowel slipped from his nervous fingers, spun and glittered, and he heard the faint clink far beneath. The blood seemed sucked from his heart, from his face. For a moment he gripped the upright, sick and giddy, and felt it tremble in the rush of air. The cold sweat burst out all over him. What if a

"We Can't Jimmy the Window. I'll Ask the Old Boy for a Hand-Out and You Beau Him"

sudden and more violent gust were to rip the flimsy structure away?

"Hey, Jimmy, what's the matter, boy?"

"Oh, nuthin'."

"Say, you look like hell! Feelin' sick? Set down and rest a mite."

"Oh, I'm all right," said James, and looked round for another trowel. "It's just my fool head. Bein' up high gets me sometimes when I ain't thinkin'."

"Say, that's funny, Jimmy. My old man was like that. Had to quit when he got up a ways. There's others too. You ain't the only one. Set still a minute. I'll git you a spade."

He passed James on the outer edge of the scaffold, leaped across an intervening gap like a mountain goat and whisked down a ladder with a sheer drop under him which made James faint to contemplate.

Certain others were not so kind, but James took their chaff without resentment. He felt it to be merited, believed it unmanly to grow green about the gills at knocking-off time when forced to face the descent, clung to the ladder with a grip to support the weight of four men and walked away on shaking knees.

He was, in fact, the last person one would have picked as the victim of any sort of nerves. In the prime of life for one whose toil is about fifty-fifty, hands and brain, lean, big boned, with clear, thoughtful gray eyes and a resolute jaw, he was such a type as an artist loves to depict as emblematic of the spirit of labor. Honesty, unselfishness and clean living had decorated him with invisible medals. The student of humanity would have said that in this man fear was a negligible quantity, and he would have been right. It was not fear, but a constitutional dread of heights, a continual protest against altitudes from the nerve centers of equilibrium. When at a height James felt unstable, ill balanced, reeling and ready to fall. But if this had been fear he would not have forced himself to endure it for the welfare of those he loved.

But Mary understood; and, loving him, she would not accept the sacrifice. Each day's work had now become a torment for James and, although he did not complain, she knew what he was suffering and that it was wearing him out. So she went to the contractor, a good friend, and explained the situation. The grizzle-haired Irishman nodded.

"There are many men like that," he said. "Sometimes they get over it and sometimes they do not. Often it comes with age, or when the sight is failin'. 'Tis seldom they fall, but no one knows what they do be sufferin'. I have seen Jim's face when the lads were scamperin' about like squirrels. 'Tis such as them that hop on a loose plank end and come down on the run. But bein' what he is, ye are right, me dear. He had better quit. I will give ye a letter to me ould friend Clancy, a master mason in Philadelphia. He writes me they do be payin' top wages, and there should be no trouble of this sort. He will be glad of a rale skilled artisan and steady worker like your mon Jim."

So the little family had gone to Philadelphia, arriving when the pandemic scourge was at its worst. Robust Mary was the first to be stricken with the flu; then the children were attacked. His family, a fortnight ago so strong and well, was now lying at death's door.

He was the first to get the punch of it. Those of us in comfortable circumstances know what the domestic-servant problem amounted to at the time. Think, then, what it meant to the laborer or artisan whose helpmate was running a temperature of a hundred and four degrees, children choked and struggling for their little breaths, rooms a nasty mess, landlord skimping coal, the streets full of crazy fools tearing dementedly about instead of sticking on their jobs. James was forced to pay a slattern a dollar and a half a day to make things worse at home while he cruised about in search of work, for the contractor to whom he had his letter was laying off men.

The result of all this on James was that he soon found himself running out of cash, and he was still out of a job. Those of us who are cursed with credit in a community can hardly realize what it means to a family man whose credit lives in his pocket to find this rapidly receding to the vanishing point.

So here was James, out of work, in a strange city, builders laid off their jobs, the future black, not jobs enough to go round. And here was Mary, the strong and helpful, lying at death's door; little Jimmy and Molly, so round and apple-cheeked in the mountains, now pinched and white and listless, the slattern hireling banging things about, and not even her next week's hire yet in sight. James cursed his giddy head and wished himself high up on the flank of that dam or the façade of a skyscraper or any other place where he could haul down his eight dollars a day.

Three days before Christmas he went out in a desperate frame of mind, determined to take anything that was offered him, and at any wage. There was a big ice-cream factory hard by, and on reaching it he stopped to ask the doorkeeper if there was any chance of a job. The old fellow shook his head.

"Been layin' off right smart of hands," said he. "Christmas orders ain't up to what was reckoned on. This here boom is over, and workin' folks don't go down so free into their pants pocket."

A big limousine drew up before the gate and a fat fussy-looking man got out. The watchman touched his cap.

"Good morning, sir." The man shot a swift, inquiring look at James. "Mason lookin' for a job, sir."

The fat man raised his eyebrows, pursed out his lips, glanced across the yard. James, following his eyes, saw three small signs inscribed roughly, "Danger—Keep Away." These were set in a rough arc about thirty feet from the base of a very high and rather slender brick chimney with a slightly expanded top, and as he caught this against the cold blue glittering sky James saw that it had a gnawed, eroded appearance.

Immediately he understood. The crownwork had loosened up, and the gusty northwest wind had whisked off some of the bricks, to the serious danger of anybody passing close beneath. The proprietor was staring up at his chimney with a scowl.

"There's a job that's got to be done right off," said he. "I can't have loose bricks flying round our ears. It got struck by lightning last summer and needs pointing up before it gets any worse. I can't seem to get anybody to tackle it on the spur of the moment. To tell the truth, I sort of hate to send a workman up there. Instead of putting a regular iron ladder on the side, they just let in those loops or staples or whatever you call 'em. No telling how solid they may be."

James' eyes ran up the slender column and his blood seemed to freeze. Merely to examine the prospective task from below made him faint and giddy. It was such as required a head absolutely incapable of height vertigo to undertake. Any experienced steeple jack or rigger or iron-construction worker would have thought nothing of running up the side of that chimney, but there were no steeple jacks to be had.

"Well," said the proprietor, "I guess there's no great danger for the right man. You fellows in that business don't seem to mind it. I wouldn't climb up there myself for a million dollars, much as I need the money. The top of a stepladder is about my limit. It's got to be capped up with cement to stand the vibration. A chimney man that looked at it said there was about four days' work, single-handed. It don't need a scaffold. All you got to do is to rig a hoist on the cap, and they can haul up your cement from below."

James' first instinct was to bolt. But he held himself in hand and heard, as if from a distance, the voice of the proprietor offering him one hundred dollars for the job provided he could show him due credentials of his ability.

"I want it done right off," said he, "and I don't mind saying that I consider it a mighty dangerous bit of work, 'count of the bricks being all loosened up and there being only that hand ladder to get up by. Of course I'll want you to give me a release in case of accident."

"Sure thing, sir," croaked Jim with a dry mouth. The proprietor shot him a keen look.

"Don't fancy it much, do you?" said he. "Married man?"

"Yes, sir. That's all the reason for my tacklin' it. Wife and kids down with the flu. I brought 'em on from the West, and no sooner we get here than they commence to lay off." He drew out his wallet. "Here's my recommend, sir."

The proprietor glanced at the paper and handed it back.

"All right, O'Connor," said he. "That's good enough. Now, let's see, this is Friday. We'll draw the fires tomorrow afternoon and you can start in Sunday morning. Maybe there'll be a little premium if you do a good job. William, step round to the delivery room and get our friend a quart of ice cream for the wife and kids."

As James walked slowly back to the shabby flat the gift of frozen confectionery he carried could have been no more cold and heavy than his heart.

There was a grim irony about the business, a sinister warning not to shirk. Here he had thrown up a perfectly good job in a healthful, splendid country and brought his family to Philadelphia, because the elevation at which he worked was beginning to annoy his delicate sense of equilibrium. With due caution he had not been exposed to any actual danger at all. Instead of continuing to fight his infirmity he had given in to it, with the result that he was now required to make an ascent which even a specialist in that sort of work might shrink from tackling.

James' position, of course, was by no means that of a novice climber whose height vertigo is an unknown quantity and might result in sudden panic or a reeling brain to precede a fall. As a matter of fact this hardly ever happens, the clinging instinct being far stronger than a fear which might produce collapse or the perverse impulse to fling oneself down. Sailors have a proverb to the effect that a green hand never falls from aloft. Alpine guides maintain the same. What happens to the suddenly stricken height victim is rather a stasis of voluntary effort—a sort of tetanic contraction which binds him to the spot, unable to move a foot, whether to go up or down. Sometimes this passes automatically after a certain interval and through a powerful effort of will. At others he has to be rescued.

Nothing of this sort had ever happened to James. He was unusually strong and active, with good reflexes, sound muscular coördination and splendid tonic nervous control. He had always been able to go ahead and get out of a precarious position, but at the cost sometimes of a mental anguish which left him weak and clammy when the ordeal was over. Like a desperately seasick person of high moral force he could drive himself along to perform what the exigency of the moment required, though physically unable to master his obsession.

Having thus the benefit of experience, his capacity for the task which he had undertaken to perform was not an unknown quantity. He was conscious of the will adequate to drive himself through to its accomplishment, but he felt that every minute of it was destined to be a ghastly, soul-racking nightmare.

This infuriated him, principally with himself and what he considered to be the flaw in his cosmos. Reason told him that the whole trouble and danger lay in his unsteady head; that any part of the climb or the work at the top of it would be nothing with the ground about ten feet under him. Merely because it happened to be about twenty times that, the undertaking became appalling.

But he set his teeth and determined to see it through, come what might. He felt that the money to be earned would see his little family through the crisis. Four days of torture and it would be over. It was not the fear of death which dismayed him. It was the fear of fear, the dread of that frightful, sickening sensation of being suspended over the abyss, the swooning hollowness which afflicted him at seeing the ground so far beneath and feeling himself to totter on the verge of the soaring plunge to oblivion.

Against this James arrayed the benefits to be obtained—the necessities and little luxuries which he might purchase for Mary and the children, a jolly Christmas instead of a bleak and wretched one. Oddly enough, he was comforted more by the thought of the kiddies' presents than actual indispensables.

"Blast it all!" he swore to himself. "What's climbin' up a chimney, anyhow, for a sober, husky feller like me? Might think I was a young gal or a feather-headed dude, 'stead of a man that's worked all his life in the buildin' trade. 'Tain't no worse than what the fire lads are doin' all the time in their drills, swingin' out on them flimsy scalin' ladders." And a cold shudder rippled through him.

He did not tell Mary the sort of job he had found, merely stating that he had fallen on some skilled mason-work which had to be done in a hurry and high pay offered. She was still too weak to be unduly inquisitive. Then passed a dreadful span of hours for James. A condemned convict could not have suffered more, especially through the long, sweating nights. He fell from that chimney times enough to finish the nine lives of a cat. In actual stress of mortal agony the man died over and over again.

Just how this might have reacted on different natures it is impossible to say, but on that of James it began to develop a smoldering rage. Mary watched him curiously, puzzled and at a loss to account for his state of nerves. She knew that he had not been drinking; first, because he was not a drinking man; and, also, as he tended her, because there was no reek of alcohol about him. She ascribed his condition to strain and worry over their circumstances, and tried feebly to comfort him. He hardly seemed to hear her, to be conscious of what she was trying to express.

Early Sunday morning James rose wearily from his couch and looked out. The dawn was breaking smokily over the city, but the weather was moderate and promised a fine day. The wind appeared to have dropped; and James, in a savage mood from his sustained struggle with himself, noted with a sort of apathetic indifference that the conditions could not promise much better for his task.

"Well, I'll be gettin' along on the job, dear," he said. "If it turns out like I hope we'll be fixed all right for the next month or so, and somethin's bound to turn up by that time. Don't you worry none. I guess we're through the worst."

Contrary to the doctor's orders, he kissed her before going out. The slattern had not yet arrived, and feeling disinclined to bother about getting his breakfast James stopped at a little lunch counter and had a cup of coffee and some corn muffins. To his surprise he found himself hungry.

"Murderer ate a hearty breakfast," he muttered to himself as he went out into the street and turned toward the yard.

The proprietor of the big ice-cream factory had told him that he would have everything in readiness. On reaching the place James found this to be the case. Under the direction of old Murphy the necessary equipment for the job had been cast loose and provided. Two Italians were standing by with the bags of cement ready to mix and be sent up in a sheet-iron bucket. There was a coil of rope which James would have to carry to the top of the chimney, reeve through a block attached to one of the iron rods let into the crown, when such material as he might need could be supplied him from beneath.

(Continued on Page 97)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Satisfy that man-sized hunger!

The man who works and comes home hungry gets just what he wants in Campbell's Beans. Hearty, substantial food made tasty by the famous Campbell's tomato sauce. The kind of good food that not only satisfies at meal-time but builds strength and muscle for the whole day's work. Campbell's Beans are digestible because they are slow-cooked.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE MONKEY WRENCH

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THERE were no preliminaries leading up to it—absolutely none. Of course, all through the hour they had been riding together there had been little exchanges of smile and banter, and maybe a glint of tenderness now and then, just enough to suggest the potentialities that might be lying beneath the surface of their souls; but nothing definite; nothing until Billie Houseman turned at the door and the moonlight fell across her upturned face.

You can't get away from it! There's something spooky about moonlight spring moonlight. Call it superstition to say so if you wish; call it silly mush, rot, piffle—go the limit; but no matter. You let the moonlight fall on a pretty face at just the right angle, and if you don't go crazy you're not human. Cole Channing caught Billie in his arms, and in that blinding moment the correct vision of a wise destiny became perfectly plain to them.

"You're coming in?" asked Billie after a while.

"Surely!" said Cole. "Is your father at home?"

Billie gasped, "Must you see him—to-night?"

Cole nodded resolutely.

"I'm going to nail the whole wonderful proposition down right away," he declared. "You see," he went on, smiling tenderly—and Cole Channing's smile was pretty good in the moonlight too—"you see, I'm a real-estate man. When the time comes to close a big deal, why, it's absolutely sinful to delay a moment!"

Together they tiptoed into the house. Billie left the young man standing in the hall while she explored. Breathlessly she returned and reported.

"He's in the den!" she whispered. She said "den" as though it had been a grim cavern carpeted with bones and presided over by a particularly horrific chimera.

"All right!" said Cole, and drew a long breath.

"Had I better go with you?"

"No!" said Cole firmly.

If it came to the worst, why, it were better that one lose his life than both. And heaven knew that Billie was too sweet to die! He kissed the little girl and started for the awful door. Halfway there, he came back and kissed her again.

"I'll be outside," she whispered tremulously, "listening through the keyhole!"

Cole knocked.

"Come in!" barked a hoarse voice.

Cole went in. The door closed behind him and he stood in the presence of the controller of destiny.

"Sit down!" invited old George W. Houseman, and Cole did. "Business, or friendly call?" demanded old George W. with disconcerting bluntness. He always prided himself on being blunt.

"Both," said Cole.

The older man shoved the cigars across the table. Cole took one and lighted it. He leaned back as he did so and looked over the table into the famous business eye. Squinted slightly, it glared along the cigar like the eye of a hungry hawk.

"Shoot!" said George W.

Immediately Cole became more or less self-possessed. It had many of the aspects of a business deal, and Cole was a born business man. George W.'s attitude made him feel at home. With equal bluntness he went to the point.

"I want to marry Billie," he said.

George W. did not smite his brow or grow apoplectic. He took his cigar slowly from between his teeth and stared in surprise.

"Hey?" he said. "You want to marry Billie?"

"Yes, Mr. Houseman. We've got it all arranged."

"When you want to marry her? How soon?"

"Now."

"Oh, Cole!" Quavered Billie. "Why Didn't He Ask You to Get the Moon?"

Old George W. nipped the cigar between his strong teeth again and leaned back, smiling through the smoke. His eye was squinted still, but it was no longer the business eye. In fact, the regard he bestowed upon the enamored applicant was not only tolerant, it was friendly.

"Now I don't blame you," he said. "I'm no fool. I was young once. I can understand perfectly well how a young fellow like you might want to marry Billie. And I can also understand how Billie might take a fierce shine to you. You're good-looking, and that football record of yours last year was enough to make more'n one girl look at you through smoked glasses and gurgle feebly. You're a good boy, too, and I like you. I knew your father and mother and their fathers and mothers. All good, clean people. But poor! Poor and struggling, Cole. No business sense. Absolutely! I was poor myself once, and I don't like it; don't like any member of my family hooked up for life with poverty."

Cole struggled with his dry tongue while something crept round his heart and squeezed all the hope out of it, leaving it a dry shell.

"Do you mean I can't have Billie?" he asked huskily.

Old George W. blew forth a remarkable cloud of smoke and watched Cole through it. Once more it was the business eye.

"I mean," he said, "to see if you've got any get-there genius."

"Why, I've made a good start in the real-estate business, Mr. Houseman," suggested the young man, "I'm averaging three hundred a month on commissions. Seems to me it isn't so rotten for a young fellow only about a year out of college."

"How long," queried George W. from behind his cloud—"how long do you think it would take you at that rate to buy Billie a home like the one she was born in?"

Cole forgot that he was talking to the controller of destiny.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" he exclaimed. "You hadn't a dollar when you started either! I've heard you say so!"

"But six years after that sad day," said George W., grinning like a wolf, "I had a million and a half! At three hundred dollars a month, minus the overhead and everything, how long will it take you to get that million and a half?" There was a sick silence. "There's that!" said Billie's father, and grinned again.

It sounded faintly like a very unhappy forsaken little puppy sniffing at the keyhole. On the other hand it might have been a stifled sob. Perhaps George W. heard it too. At any rate, his next words had lost some of their deadly finality.

"I'll make a counter proposition, Cole," he observed. "You jazz up a trifle—show signs of a little business genius, and—and—we'll talk again."

"Make your proposition definite."

"All right!" George W. straightened suddenly in his chair and slapped a heavy hand upon the table. "You pull off just one real-estate trade and make twenty-five thousand dollars on the deal—and Billie's yours!" Another sick silence. "Well, what d'you think of it?"

"I think it's a mighty poor joke!" croaked poor Cole, wrestling with his anger and despair. "Why couldn't you be a sport and give me at least a blind man's chance?"

"I've given it to you!" insisted George W. stubbornly. "When I was your age I wouldn't have waited to have it given to me. I'd have taken it!"

"You haven't given me anything but the wrong end of a hundred-to-one shot!" declared Cole hotly. "You know darned well there isn't a property in this town that would show a quarter that much commission—that is, outside of a few of the biggest and most exclusive properties, and they're all tied up with the banks and the old-timers. No, sir, it can't be done, and you know it—not inside the circle of the best business ethics."

"Well," observed George W. softly, "anything hindering you from going outside the circle of best business ethics?"

"I suppose," said Cole bitterly, "you mean for me to take a piece of gas pipe and hide behind a telephone pole and bean some poor bank messenger."

"Oh, no!" George W. was shocked. "No, no, no, Cole! But believe me, white-browed youth, there are other ways! Oh, very, very many other ways! Not criminal, but shrewd. I doubt if you'd believe me if I told you how shrewd some of 'em were. I know! I've tried a few of

(Continued on Page 26)

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

C A D I L L A C

The thought most often uppermost in the Cadillac owner's mind is that his car will never fail him.

He has learned that if he treats it with anything like the consideration with which it treats him, he can safely stop thinking about delay, or repair, or adjustment.

This wonderful dependability, which seems to set the Cadillac above and apart, remains steadfast and constant.

Thousands of miles of travel, years of use, do not diminish it; and it does not vary from day to day or month to month.

Such reliability, after all, is the greatest comfort that can come from the ownership of a motor car.

The entire Cadillac organization is working toward a single end—that it shall never be said that this car has yielded one iota of that rare quality which makes it a great car.

All that inventive ingenuity can devise in the way of machinery and other facilities is now available in the new Cadillac plant, to play its part in making this ideal come true.

These new works have been termed, by engineers and manufacturers, the most modern and efficient automobile plant in the world.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

(Continued from Page 24)

'em—and I've got several million. I've got this house. I'm about to get the Crosbie property that lies down in front of my lawn. I'm not even suggesting anything. I'm merely trying to beat into your young and plastic mind that the business life is not a Sunday school."

"I can believe that!" said Cole.

"Far from being a Sunday school," pursued the older man, "the business life is a dark alley; and whenever you walk in it, why, if you want to succeed you'll carry a monkey wrench and whang the other fellow over the head—figuratively, of course—and grab his roll before he whangs you and gets yours."

Some more sick silence.

"All right," said George W. with the tone of one dismissing a worn-out subject. "I admit that it's a strenuous life—down the dark alley. Always a chance that the other fellow will get the jump on you and whang first. Takes brains to walk into the dark alley and come out at the other end with a fat roll. Maybe you're right, after all, Cole. It's easiest and safest to be a piker."

"Where d'you get that stuff?" demanded Cole hotly. "Who says I'm a piker?"

"Nobody—nobody in the world! I was just sort of thinking aloud—generalizing, you know."

George W. had squinted again, and was shooting a shrewd gaze along the cigar out of the corner of the business eye.

"Well, you're on!" said Cole grimly. "I'll pull off that deal and clear twenty-five thousand! Rough and tumble—no barred holds?"

"Kickin', gougin', bitin'," grinned the old man. "Anything short of murder!"

Again a muffled sound at the keyhole. But when Cole went out of the den there was no one in the hall. Puzzled, he waited a full minute; and then he took his hat and left the house. At the foot of the walk he met Billie.

"Oh, Cole!" quavered Billie. "Why didn't he ask you to get the moon?"

"I'd have tried my best, at that!" said Cole, his own voice trembling. "You'd be worth two moons, Billie girl!"

"He—he was mean to you, Cole."

"I'd like to punch him in the ear!"

"No, Cole!" Billie rose loyally in the defense of her father. "He tries to make people think he's ferocious, and he does scare some folks dreadfully. But, Cole, really he's a good daddy, and tender-hearted. You wouldn't believe! Why, a few days ago I hurt my finger, and he kissed it! There were tears in his eyes!"

"Which finger?"

Billie showed him and he kissed it.

"No," she said, "I think it was this one."

Cole kissed that one also, including the others in order that there might be no possibility of mistake. He ended by leaving a last kiss in the middle of the palm and closing the little hand over it tightly to keep it safe.

"Cole!" An inspiration had come to Billie. "I've got fifty thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. Can't we use them somehow?"

"No!" said Cole decidedly. "He stipulated that it must be a bona fide deal. Skin some poor chap out of twenty-five thousand if necessary, but skin him in a real-estate deal. That was the bet. I'll play square with your dad. Then if I win I'll know I won in a fair scrap."

"But what if—if you lose, Cole?"

The idea was too horrible for words, even though the words did come from Billie's lips. Cole stopped them in the proper way, and the benevolent old man in the moon saw and approved blandly.

II

THE next day was Sunday. Cole was sitting in his apartment brooding over the thing and wondering where he could see even the blind man's chance that he had suggested to old George W. Why couldn't he have been born rich, like Telfair Brent and Corwin Van Meter and the rest of the bunch? That would have simplified the thing. For the first time in his life Cole felt the disadvantages that surround the poor man. Always before his popularity had taken all the sting out of poverty. But now it was different.

A timid knock sounded, and Hamilton Crosbie put his round, boyish face into the room, a deprecating look in his infatuated eyes. Ever since their high-school days Hamilton Crosbie had been Cole Channing's adoring man Friday.

"'Lo, Cole!" he said. "Thought maybe you'd let me come in and visit with you li'l' while."

"Sure, come in, you big wampus, and tell me what's ailing you. You look tired or somepin'."

"Ain't tired, Cole. Mad!"

"Hey?"

"That's it, Cole—madder'n hell."

"Why, who went and talked harshly to little Hammie and got him all steamed up like this?"

"Old George W. Houseman," complained the fat boy, his hurt blue eyes timidly pleading for sympathy, gazing out above round red cheeks that seemed bursting with the strain put upon the skin. "Cole, he's a wolf, George W. Houseman is—a regular ravening wolf! He bit little Hammie, Cole—here!" He laid a pudgy hand vaguely somewhere above his stomach, presumably over his excellent heart, the location of which, however, was problematical. "And it hurts!"

Cole was suddenly interested. The ravening wolf had bitten him, too, but he did not tell Hammie so.

"What was the matter?" asked Cole sympathetically. "Did you pull the wolf's tail and make him mad? Tell us all about it, old onion."

The fat boy's face brightened. He had been telling his troubles to Cole Channing for ten years.

"It's that dinky four acres," he explained. "You know—that little patch of ground that slopes down to the alleyway from George W.'s front lawn. It was a kind of a sort of a fraction from some subdivision or other in the old days when land didn't amount to much. Dad was so busy with other things he didn't pay it any attention. But now that George W. Houseman and a lot of other iron-jawed old highbinders have bought up all round it and built their little thirty-room playhouses here and there, why, that fraction is worth regular money. See? Say, Cole, what's that four acres worth?"

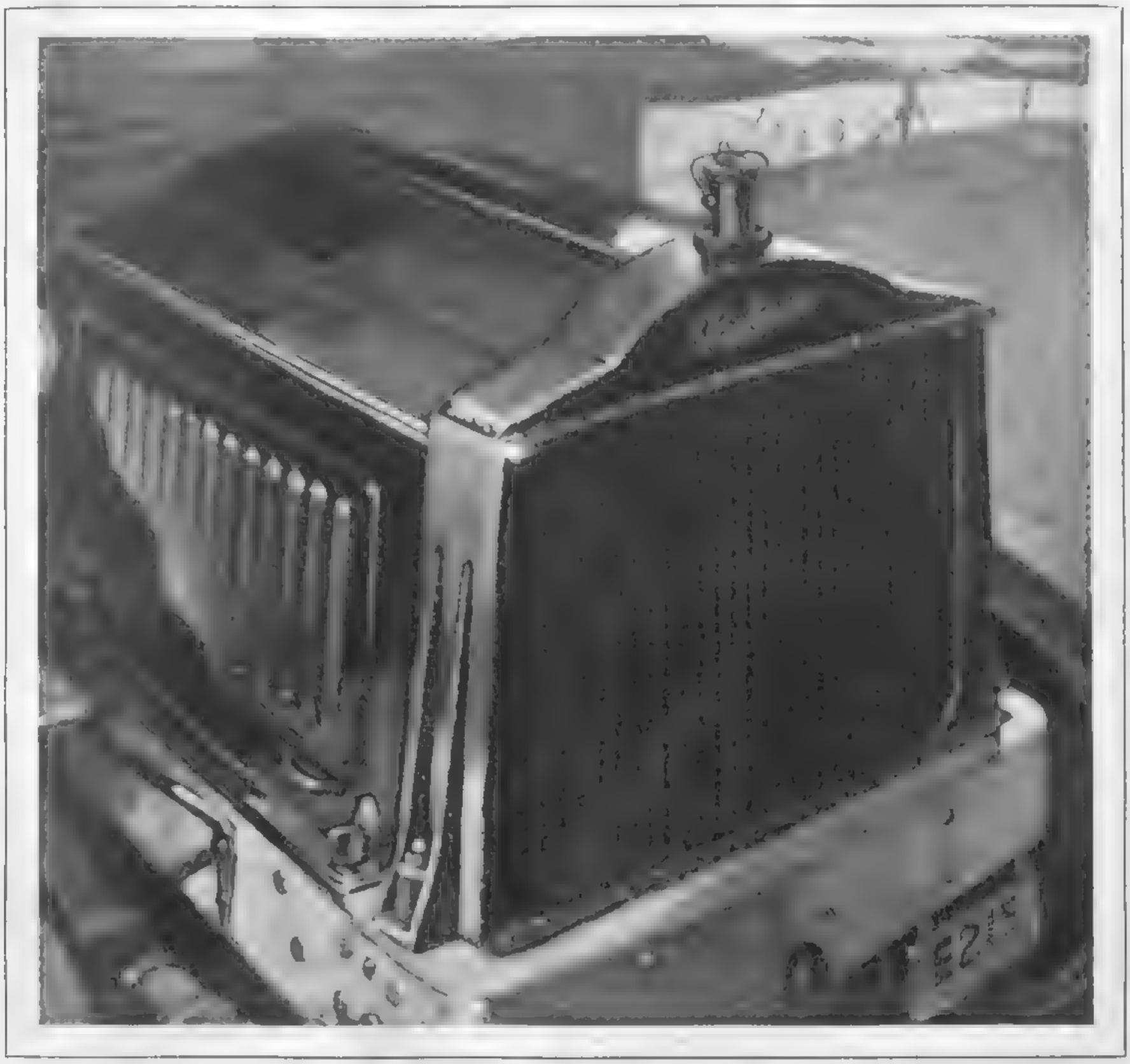
Cole considered for a moment.

"Well," he observed, "as you have just said since they've improved all about it, why, that little tract ought to be worth anyway thirty thousand dollars. If it occupied a more commanding place it would bring two or three

(Continued on Page 28)

"No, Sir, I've Got Hammie Crosbie's Four Acres Right Here in My Hand! When I Get Ready I'll Close My Hand—and It's Mine!"

PACKARD



THE Packard Truck makes its records for economical hauling by being consistently on the job. It keeps up its powerful performance trip after trip, day in and day out, with a minimum of attention and cost.

This demonstrated ability of the Packard to work steadily and long, and to stay in working order, is the product of sound design, tested materials, and precision manufacture.

Additional insurance for trouble-free operation is provided by the Packard method of rating the truck to its work, and by the Packard system of schools for training Packard drivers in the proper care of their trucks. How all these combine to guarantee a performance that is both reliable and economical is shown in the record of a Packard in the exacting service of the Raritan Transfer Company, of Raritan, N. J.

It was on the road 304 days out of the 365, covered 14,700 miles, and saved $3206 over the Company's previous outlay for transportation. It did all this at a repair cost of only one and six-tenths cents per mile.

All Packard Trucks in their everyday performance have the advantage of the uniform and countrywide service facilities established for their maintenance and care.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

(Continued from Page 26)

times that as a building site. But it's worth thirty thousand dollars as it lies."

"That's what I told George W.," said the young millionaire, "and what d'you s'pose? He laughed at me! Yes, sir, laughed like a ravening wolf! He said I'd be lucky to get seven thousand. I asked him how did he get that way, and he said all right, he'd wait till the rain had washed off about twenty thousand dollars' worth of earth, and then he'd buy what was left, and grinned at me, Cole! You know, that wolfy grin, when he knows he's got your goat. It made me so mad ---

"Say, Cole, it ain't any snap havin' a whole mess of property and money and responsibilities dumped on your childish hands before you've got old enough to enjoy keepin' your nose on the grindstone. If poor old dad had lived it would have been different. He'd have tied into George W. about that four acres good and plenty! Yes, sir, dad would have poked his finger in old George W.'s eye and made him squeal."

Cole did not reply. He was thinking deeply. Upon the horizon of his mind was appearing a sinister idea about the size of a man's hand, but rapidly growing bigger.

"It ain't that I need the money," went on the sufferer plaintively, after waiting for Cole's comment, which did not come. "But I hate to have that four acres lying there doing nobody any good—but George W. Houseman. Say, Cole, he wants that land so badly he itches! It lies right below his front door and—what do you think, Cole? You know what a wild-flower lizard he is? Plumb bugs on the li'l' dinky daisies and Johnny-jump-upses and daffydoodles and California poppies and lupines and everything. Well, he's sowed that whole four acres to 'em! Fact! I've seen him doin' it!"

"I know," said Cole absently. He was still contemplating the rising idea, and now it was filling his whole mental sky.

"I admit they're beautiful," went on the fat boy, still yearning for sympathy. "But I'm not there to admire 'em. Who is? Why, this old wolf, George W. Houseman! He sits on his front veranda and drinks in all that beauty for days at a time. And who furnishes the land for his dodgasted wild flowers? Me! And who pays the taxes? Me! Yes, sir, poor li'l' Hammie Crosbie! And it makes me so mad, Cole—it makes me madder'n a cross-eyed rattlesnake with a gum boil and a bellyache!"

"He knows he's got you sewed up, doesn't he?" commiserated Cole.

"Tighter'n a gas tank!" agreed Hammie gloomily. "He owns everything all round me. No outlet except one dinky alleyway. Can't build in a hollow either, with high buildings all round me, and no way of reaching the place but through an alley. Why, Cole, way it looks now I'll have to give it to the ravening wolf for a Christmas present! It worries me, Cole!" He mopped his face, and his round, red cheeks gleamed.

Cole Channing leaned suddenly across the table.

"Listen, Ham," he said. "George W. stung me too. Say, Hammie, are you willing to throw honesty, reputation, human kindness and all scruples and things of that kind into the ash can and help me hang one on George W. that he won't forget till it thunders?"

"Cole," Hammie assured him eagerly, "I'd walk up and call the devil a wall-eyed cockroach if it'd help me soak old George W. Houseman!"

"All right! Your car outside?"

"Sure! Never go anywhere, you know, without the old tin gravy dish."

"Well, you go over to Chinatown and bring Bill Wing here. I'll phone Tel Brent and Corry Van Meter. I think we five can dope it out together. Roll on, old bleeding heart! How soon can you get back?"

"Fifteen minutes—if I don't get pinched."

"I was under the shower when Peters brought me your S O S, Cole," said Telfair Brent, hurrying in. "I bumped into Corry at the front door, and so we came up together. I call that hanging up a record for speed. What's it about, Cole? Been in a fight or somepin'?"

"Nothing like that, old woolly worm," said Cole. "I'm going to be married."

Now some people congratulate their friends with suave speech and low, rich words that come straight from the heart dripping with sirup and goose gravy. But here and there you will find a bunch of roughnecks who when they wish to express their great joy at a friend's good fortune spring upon him and manhandle him to a degree that makes the expectant undertaker leap high in the air and shriek for sheer appreciation. The room was a wreck when it calmed somewhat. Cole was trying to untangle the remnant of his collar from his left ear when the door flew open again and Hammie Crosbie came charging back. Behind the fat boy came a handsome young Chinaman, slender, elegant, dressed modestly but irreproachably. His black hair was close clipped and he wore glasses.

"What's it?" he inquired, viewing the dismantled room. "Must be somepin' serious, since you've sent for the best lawyer that you'll find between breakfast and supper."

"Crawl under the house!" scoffed Corry Van Meter. "I bet you haven't handled a case since you graduated!"

"You have insulted the son of my father!" said the Oriental. "And if Cole will show me where the gloves are I'll undertake to pop you in the eye seventeen times while you're falling once."

"Boys," said Cole, suddenly serious, "there's a heap more than a rough-house to this thing. Now listen here!" And he told them all about it, beginning with Billie and ending with George W. Houseman and his scandalous challenge. "There's it!" he finished. "One real-estate trade! Twenty-five thousand profit! Billie! Easy, ain't it?"

"But look here!" Telfair's Brent's eager young face was confident. "Sure, it's easy! Easy as chasin' a yellow dog into a meat shop! Tell you what we'll do, Corry. I'll sell you that row of flats over on Highland Avenue and let Cole handle the transaction. Pay him twenty-five thousand commission. Then you sell 'em back to me and pay him another quarter century—see? Why, it's a cinch!" he said, growing more and more enthusiastic as the possibilities of his scheme grew and broadened. "Old George W. will wilt like a stricken pansy when he learns that Cole has seen his measly little twenty-five thousand and gone him twenty-five thousand better."

"You're on, son!" said Corry Van Meter with equal enthusiasm. "I wonder how you thought of that. Almost human!"

"Shut up!" ordered Cole Channing sternly. "What d'you think this is, anyway—a conspiracy?"

"Aw, say, Cole," begged Corry, "have a heart!"

"Say, I got here first!" bawled Hammie Crosbie excitedly. "Why wasn't I let in then instead of having to skate across after this cross-eyed Celestial? Now ——"

"You, too, poor fish!" said Cole, freezing Hammie with a discouraged eye. "What's the matter with you birds, anyway? You've lost sight of the real heart of the thing. My insignificant affair is merely a by-product. Our real labor is to see poor Hammie's wrongs righted."

"Who cares what happens to Hammie?" demanded Corry, getting heated under the collar. "Who ——"

"Sure! Who cares what happens to me?" wheezed Hammie, still panting from his hurry. "Main thing is you and Billie, Cole. Who cares for four acres of dirty ground, anyhow? Well," he shouted, seeing Cole shaking his head, "why can't it be done?"

"In the first place," said Cole, "I'm not that kind of an egg. In the second place, it would be playing rotten ball. I accepted old George W.'s challenge, and I'll fight square if it takes a leg. See?"

Sitting on the corner of the dresser, Bill Wing began slapping his hands together in a frenzy of applause.

"Cheers! Cheers! Cheers!" he yelped hysterically.

"Now listen a minute and I'll tell you my scheme," said Cole.

He talked for several minutes to a most appreciative audience. Bill Wing, enthusiastic and keen-witted, saw the point coming before Cole reached it. Again he shocked the street with his high, falsetto applause.

"That's my scheme," said Cole after his story was finished. "Now it's up to the legal phenomenon. Whatcha think of it, Bill?"

"It's a pip!" Bill said promptly.

"And yet we're going outside the ethics of legitimate business. What I want to know, Bill, is—are you game?"

"White man," said the Chinaman, "the history of my family's gameness can be traced back to the time when my earliest known ancestor shed his tail and quit living in a tree."

"Understand now," warned Cole, "old George W. may get your hide!"

"It's the only part of me that's yellow!" grinned the young Oriental. "Let him have it—if he can get it!"

"All right! But remember, you're cast for the part of the fall guy, Bill!"

The young Mongolian did not hesitate.

"I'd stand quite a fall for you, old son," he smiled. "So would the rest of the gang."

Cole's eyes softened as he glanced about him.

"Big dishes of tripe!" he sneered affectionately. "All right then; let's go!"

III

A WEEK passed, and came a wonderful May Saturday. Cole Channing marched up to the Houseman front door and rang the bell. Strangely enough, it was Billie herself who came to the door.

"Oh!" she whispered. "Aren't you scared?"

"Not a bit!" said Cole, though his eyes looked about him nervously. "Haven't I got you here to protect me?"

"Here, here, here!" boomed a heavy voice down the hall.

It was the voice of the ravening wolf. Cole wasn't scared, perhaps, but he did start violently, and Billie stifled a yell. George W. came slowly down the hall. He stopped and glared at Cole, and the young man glared back, though his teeth wanted to chatter, for you can't help feeling awe of your dearest girl's old man. It can't be done. All you can do is bluff, and it was hard to bluff the ravening wolf.

"What you mean by it?" demanded old George W. "Didn't you agree to accept my proposition? Hey? Twenty-five-thousand-dollar deal first ——"

"And then Billie!" the young man finished for him. "Sure I did! But there weren't any provisos. There wasn't a word said about me seeing Billie in the meantime—or loving her!"

Billie gasped. Old George W. considered a moment, chewing savagely upon his cigar and glaring at the presumptuous youth.

"Huh!" he grunted, and continued on his way to the front veranda, where he sat down in a porch chair and smoked and regarded his field of wild flowers. The beautiful day invited the young people, and they, too, went out, but continued on down to the edge of the field, walking knee-deep in wild flowers. Presently they turned and sat down together—close together—upon the stone wall.

A long time they sat there, talking in low, happy tones. Old George W. watched them. His cigar went cold in his fingers, and still he watched them. The butterflies flitted across the field and meadow larks gurgled from the thick grass, where the yellow poppies flamed like live coals in a tangled net of green silk.

Billie turned suddenly and glanced toward the veranda. Old George W. caught himself up, jammed the dead cigar fiercely between his teeth and looked away toward the city. But Billie had seen.

"He likes you!" she giggled delightedly. "Cole, he likes you! I saw it in his eyes!"

But at that moment their attention was attracted by two Chinamen who at the far northwest corner of the field had left the alley and were entering the four acres, jabbering together in the strange gibberish which the benighted creatures call language. Straight into the blue, green and yellow loveliness they waded, till a furious bull bellow from the veranda stopped them dead in their tracks.

"Hey, you!" shouted George W. "Get out! Whaddya mean by tramping across those flowers? Beat it! Hear me?"

Still the two Chinamen stayed, irresolute, their blue shirt tails fluttering in the light breeze.

"Whash mallee?" called one timidly.

Silently the ravening wolf sprang from the veranda, plunged past the two young people and started down the slope running. That was plenty for the scared Chinamen. They fell over the stone wall and vanished down the alley, their funny shoes popping on the ground in a frenzy. The old man came back up the slope, mopping his brow and panting.

"Whaddya think of that?" he said. "Walking all over my best wild pansies! Just gettin' 'em started good too!"

"Now, isn't that strange?" said Cole with a frank smile. "Here I've been in the real-estate business for a whole year, and I always thought this property belonged to the Crosbie estate."

George W. looked at Cole suspiciously, but the young man's face was innocently serious.

"Does belong," he said. "Won't very long, though. Going to take it over soon's that fat Ham Crosbie gets ready to sell. In the meantime I'm lookin' out for it."

"But what if young Crosbie should take it into his head to sell it to someone else?"

"No chance!" replied the ravening wolf. "No, sir; I've got Hammie Crosbie's four acres right here in my hand! When I get ready I'll close my hand—and it's mine!"

The lovers wandered away, and George W. didn't see them any more that day. He went back up on the veranda and settled himself once more to the peaceful contemplation of his lovely prospect. After a while he went in and took a nap. His nap lasted three hours. When he came outside again he took one look and stopped, paralyzed. Half a dozen young men in khaki and putties were tramping up and down the Crosbie four acres carrying a chain and a rod and a surveyor's instrument and driving stakes. Something cold hit the ravening wolf in the pit of the stomach and made him sick, and he hurried down there. He lost no time in diplomatic endeavor, but went straight to the young man who was squinting through the tube.

"Hey!" he said. "What you doing here?"

"Plotting the place," said the young man abstractedly. "Hey, Red, pull up that weed! No, not that one—the big one with the blue flowers on it. That's right! Now ——"

He squinted through the tube, and George W. felt that cold sickness strike at the pit of his stomach again as the Red youth pulled up one of his most cherished lupines.

"What's doing out here?" he asked.

"Don't know, sir," said the busy young man. "Orders read to plot the piece—emergency job. Thassall we know about it. Little to the right, Red."

"Who gave you the orders?"

"Orders instruct us to secrecy, sir. That's right, Red, drive her there."

George W. climbed back up the slope and charged into his den. Frenziedly he called up Ham Crosbie. Presently Hammie's voice came over the wire. It was a sour, disgusted voice, for Hammie had been asleep.

"George W. Houseman talkin'!" rasped the ravening wolf. "Say, what you doin' to that four acres?"

(Continued on Page 44)

Not Enough Hudsons

Its $2400 Value is Unequaled

Already a Hudson shortage is felt.

Most dealers have waiting lists.

And we face the summer demand with the smallest stocks we have ever had at this season.

Automobile shortage with all wanted cars is likely this summer because productions were so greatly curtailed last winter.

But with the Super-Six the situation is even more acute. It is because this market gives such emphasis to Hudson value.

Saves You $1000 or More

The Super-Six open models cost $2400. Cars of similar type with which you associate Hudson in appearance, fineness, performance and reliability cost at least $1000 more.

And it is because men know this that Hudson demand is so great.

Yet this is not a new situation with Hudson. For five years it has been the largest selling fine car.

Its owners are its real salesmen.

Thus 100,000 daily give evidence of their appreciation of the Super-Six. And Hudson value is made known to every buyer.

It Has Exclusive Advantages

Remember the Super-Six motor is exclusively Hudson. Nothing has been developed to challenge its greater efficiency. Records it made five years ago, for the most part remain unequaled. And individual cars that have traveled upwards of 80,000 miles establish its long life. In lines and appearance it has been the pattern car for other makers, and everyone acclaims its style leadership.

No wonder Hudson is included in your thought as one of the great automobiles of the time. And can there be any hesitancy in its choice when values are compared with costs?

Selective buying is the rule this year. The most wanted cars will be the most difficult to get. So make your choice early rather than take a chance on having to accept a car that costs more for qualities that Hudson gives.

7 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400 *4 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400* *Sedan . . $3400* *Coupé . . $3275*
Cabriolet . . $3000 *Touring Limousine . . $3625* *Limousine . . $4000*

F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Facts About Foreign Trade

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THERE are still many people in America who hold the idea that our foreign trade is carried on largely with the nations of Europe. Knowing that Europe is in bad shape financially because of the ravages of war, these individuals look with disfavor on America's efforts to increase its overseas business, assuming that we are only adding to the debts owed us. The truth is that four-fifths of the exports of the United States in 1920 went to countries outside of Europe. One-half of the total exports were in manufactured materials and only one-fourth of the total foreign trade of this country was in raw commodities, exclusive of foodstuffs. The increase in the quantity of exported materials between the years 1915 and 1920 is estimated to be 40 per cent, while the increase in value was approximately 220 per cent.

One of the greatest needs in America just now is for a better understanding of world geography. In this way we shall learn that our great opportunities for building up a foreign trade lie in other parts of the world than Europe. Without doubt our most interesting and nearest field is that which includes the countries bordering the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. These companion bodies of water constitute what is known as the American Mediterranean. The land lying contiguous to this water, exclusive of the United States, forms an important area of some 2,000,000 square miles, and supports a population of 40,000,000. Thirty islands and countries are included in this group, and because of their tropical climate and many favorable physical conditions the productivity of the area is tremendous. The exports from these countries last year totaled more than $1,000,000,000, while these nations imported goods having a value of more than $900,000,000.

There is no doubt that the United States is the great market place for the countries of the Caribbean. What these countries produce is chiefly what we do not produce, and the things they need are mostly the manufactured products we are desirous of selling. The same system that now permits us to pass a railroad car by ferry to Cuba without breaking bulk, and after loading the same car with products pass it back into the United States and discharge its freight thousands of miles into the interior, can easily be extended to some of the other islands of this region.

Twenty years ago our imports from the countries in question were only $100,000,000, while they now total upward of $600,000,000. Our exports twenty years ago were only $95,000,000, while our present sales to the Caribbean countries total $500,000,000 annually.

This foreign trade with our nearest neighbors on the south can be doubled and tripled in a short time if we will only give careful attention to the matter and coöperate in the development of these lands. The introduction of modern methods and machinery in the tropics will greatly increase production, for machines, unlike men, are not affected by the enervating climate. That we are laying the foundation for a substantial foreign trade in the Caribbean is evidenced by the fact that one great American bank already has established forty branches to help take care of the trade of American firms doing business in this district.

The countries of South America constitute the next market that should come under our consideration. During the year ended June 30, 1920, our trade with South America, imports and exports included, totaled $1,351,888,479, with a balance of $370,000,121 against us. It will require a tremendous effort on the part of United States business men to retain America's share of this trade. If the balance against us should grow larger in coming years this condition will threaten our gold reserves. South Americans are bound to Europe by historical development as well as racial ties, and America will be able to keep its South American business only through rendering the Latin countries superior service. Before the war Europe laid the foundation for its trade in South America through investing in South American bonds and public utilities of many kinds. American capital will probably have to do likewise.

South America was not seriously injured by the war, and the business depression now prevalent there will likely be of short duration. South Americans are optimistic, and in view of the youth and potential resources of their countries they have splendid reasons for looking hopefully to the future. Some of the South American countries—Chile, for example—reduced their national debts during the war period. Few regions in the whole world are richer in minerals and present greater opportunities for investment than does Chile. That we occupy anything but a strong position in South America is clearly evidenced by the fact that in Asunción, the capital of Paraguay, there is only one American mercantile house. This can hardly be considered a good showing, in view of the fact that Paraguay has a population of 1,000,000 people.

Though South America has great virgin areas awaiting development, and for this reason is an attractive field in which to build up an overseas business, we must not overlook our opportunities in Asia, the starting point of world civilization. The international trade of Asia doubled in value during the period 1914–20, while its commerce with the United States increased sixfold in the same period. In the year before the war our exports to the Far East totaled only a little more than $100,000,000, while last year our shipments to these same countries amounted to $850,000,000. Our imports in 1914 were $250,000,000, while in 1920 they totaled $1,350,000,000. Here again we are provided with an opportunity to reduce the balance of trade now running against us.

In thinking of the Far East we should bear in mind that Asia as a whole has nearly one-third of the world's land area and more than one-half its population. It stretches 7000 miles east and west and 5000 miles north and south. Nine-tenths of the 900,000,000 people of Asia live on the narrow frontage of fertile land bordering the ocean from India to Japan. The average population per square mile in this low coast country of Asia is 200, against an average of two persons per square mile in the great Asiatic interior, which lies at an average level of about 15,000 feet above the sea and is largely a barren desert due to a lack of moisture. We hear about the density of population in Asia, but this is purely a matter of locality. Certain parts of India have a population of more than 500 per square mile; some of the provinces of China have 400 per square mile; in Java there are 680 people per square mile; but compared with this, there is Mongolia, with only one person per square mile; Chinese Turkestan with two, Siberia with two and Tibet with four persons per square mile.

Before the war only 6 per cent of China's imports came from the United States, while last year America furnished approximately 12 per cent of China's imports. During the same time India's imports from the United States increased from less than 3 per cent to more than 9 per cent of her total purchases. The Dutch East Indies doubled the percentage of their imports drawn from the United States, and Japan, which took only 17 per cent of her imports from us in 1913, took nearly 40 per cent from us in 1920.

Africa is another portion of the world's surface which American producers should not neglect. Though South Africa has a comparatively small white population, this region has recently purchased large quantities of electrical goods and mining equipment. In 1919 South Africa imported more than $5,000,000 worth of electrical and allied material. Before the war Germany controlled a large part of this trade. Twenty years ago Johannesburg, the logical base of operations in South Africa, was little more than a mining camp, while to-day it is a modern city with a thriving business district.

Since foreign trade is vital to the welfare of the United States, it is essential we determine the best methods to pursue in building up an overseas business. Few lines of endeavor offer a more attractive career to the young man of health, energy and intelligence. It is one vocation that is not overcrowded. To succeed he must have imagination, no restricting home ties and be possessed of that spirit of adventure which led our ancestors to sail over unknown seas and settle in a new continent. When a man has won success in the foreign field he is directly in line for one of the coveted executive positions in the foreign-trade department at home.

He must have a liking for people of different nationalities and a sympathy for their problems, but this sympathy must be appreciation, and not take the form of pity or condescension. He must not only be familiar with the psychology of the people he is to deal with, but must understand their economic and social problems. He should know his goods thoroughly and the factory methods employed in producing them. Most authorities are agreed it is better to start with an intimate knowledge of the goods handled than to know the language of the people. The ideal man is the one who knows both. Foreigners are more punctilious about social amenities than we are, and the salesman must be able to hold his own in a social way.

The man who cannot sell goods here at home will certainly not be a success abroad. Some firms holding this idea follow the practice of selecting one of their best domestic salesmen for the work in foreign lands. But we are coming more and more to recognize that foreign trade is a profession just as engineering is, and years of training must be devoted to preparing for the work. The college-trained man will probably succeed sooner than one lacking such an education. The course should include accounting, languages, commercial law, foreign exchange and foreign money, world markets, foreign commerce, international transportation, advertising and selling, commercial geography, national tariffs, marine insurance and the history of Latin and Oriental countries.

French and Spanish are the languages that will likely be most useful. French is not only used throughout Europe, but is spoken by many in a number of South American countries. If the salesman need only deal with importers, commission men and jobbers he may be able to get by with English alone. Experience has shown it is unwise to employ a salesman simply on the strength of his ability to speak foreign languages. It is easier for a man to pick up a language than to acquire proficiency as a salesman.

Great Britain and Germany have made a closer study of foreign-trade practices than any of the other nations, and as a consequence America would do well to profit by their experiences. British and German firms frequently follow the plan of picking bright young men and sending them first as clerks to other countries, where they become thoroughly familiar with the language and customs of the people, as well as their business practices. Later these young men are brought back to the home office, where they receive special training in factory methods and salesmanship. If they make good in the test at home they are again sent to the foreign field, this time going abroad as full-fledged trade representatives.

These men are particularly taught that the hours outside of business are crucial, and that they must be able to spend these hours to advantage as the social equals of their customers if they are to achieve success. The foreign salesmen who make the best showings in South America are those who have taken the time to learn something of the literature, drama and other cultural arts of the countries. A majority of Latin-American business men trade by favor and friendship. They do not relish the practicality and

(Concluded on Page 58)

The Sheetrock used throughout for the walls and ceilings of these 6 and 7 room houses cost about $275 for each house

THE builders of entire new subdivisions save time and money, and gain the values of permanent construction, by using Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. Sheetrock makes standard walls and ceilings. It is quickly and easily erected by the same labor you employ on the framework, floors and trim. As soon as the Sheetrock is up, the decorating can be started, with wallpaper, paint or panels, to suit the individual taste. There is no delay anywhere. The day the decorating is finished, the house that is walled and ceiled with Sheetrock is all ready for occupancy.

Sixty dwellings just completed in Fairport Harbor, Ohio, have Sheetrock walls and ceilings throughout. The accompanying drawing, made from an actual photograph, shows the attractive, substantial character of these homes. Sheetrock comes in broad, ceiling-high sections that can be sawed and nailed. It is made of rock, and is therefore rigid, non-warping and fireproof—inspected and approved by The National Board of Fire Underwriters. The uses of Sheetrock in new construction, remodeling and repairs are pictured in "Walls of Worth." Write us for a free copy.

SHEETROCK

The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products

SALES OFFICES: New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Minnesota, St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas City, Missouri, Omaha, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Los Angeles, California

MINES AND MILLS: Oakfield, N. Y., Plasterco, Va., Cleveland, Ohio, Gypsum, Ohio, Genoa, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., Alabaster, Mich., Grand Rapids, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rapids, Kas., Southard, Okla., Eldorado, Okla., Piedmont, S. D., Loveland, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, Arden, Nevada, Amboy, California

WHY DOES RETAILING COST SO MUCH?—By Albert W. Atwood

THE vital question concerning retailing is why it is so ignorant, wasteful and inefficient, not why it is so immensely profitable to those who carry it on. It is true, of course, that in 1919 and portions of 1920 many merchants made outrageous profits. It is true also that there are always a few retailers who make fortunes. But in the main there is no business in which the rate of failure is so high and none in which competition so effectively keeps down the rate of profit.

Exact facts regarding the failure rate among merchants are hard to get, but it is well known that great numbers are constantly fizzling out. They seldom reach the bankruptcy stage, but are closed out in an informal manner and a new man slips in quietly with new capital. As long ago as 1840 it was claimed that only three per cent of merchants succeeded, and A. T. Stewart said that only two per cent of those who engaged in mercantile lines were a success.

A careful inquiry made in a large town in Michigan by Dr. Paul H. Nystrom, a leading authority on the subject, showed that in twenty-two years 354 merchants had quit. Of these, six had gone through bankruptcy, 124 had been failures or fizzles, twenty-four had died, twenty-seven had sold out at a loss, fourteen had sold out at a gain, five had retired with competences, and 154 could not be accounted for. Nystrom assumes that most of these latter must have slipped out quietly, because if they had been very successful they would have attracted attention, while if they had failed with great losses the wholesale houses which he interviewed and from which they had made purchases would have remembered them.

This investigation only confirms common everyday observation and belief. Everyone is well aware of the fact that the ranks of retailing are constantly being filled by men with tiny capital, and that though it is rare for a retailer to fail with a great crash it is the commonest thing in the world for him to find himself slipping backward and eating up his capital. It is assumed that anybody can keep store in a small way, and the business is constantly recruited by those who are old and feeble or do not have the requisite training for other lines of work.

Great Risks and Small Profits

EVEN where the store belongs to a young or middle-aged man it is often tended by his wife and children. Even though customers be few and far between, the store continues for a long time because the family can live in the back of the building and use up some of the goods which are not sold. It is supposed to be so simple to sell a loaf of bread or pound of nails that thousands enter retailing without giving any thought to the intricate problems of buying, stock handling, accounting and managing.

Even the largest of retail establishments often make exceedingly low net profits in proportion to the enormous volume of their business. One large Boston concern which recently published in detail its expenses for 1920 showed that its net profits were three and a half cents out of each dollar. An exhaustive investigation of grocery stores in 1918 by the Harvard Bureau of Business Research showed the most common figure for net profits to be 2.3 per cent of sales. Large department stores are by no means always successful, and some of the best known do little more than make ends meet.

Perhaps then the main reason for the high cost of retailing lies in the fact that there are too many small stores. But if the ranks of retailing are kept full by little fellows from other lines, who bring in their small bits of capital and fizzle out, does this not tend to increase competition, keep prices down and in a sense subsidize the consumer?

Besides, though it is easy to say that there are too many retailers, what is to be done about it? Who is to keep them out? After all, the retail merchant sells in exceedingly small quantities, and the closer he is to his customers, the more of a neighborhood institution he is, the better he can gauge their wants.

Consider groceries: Many housewives go in person to the chain stores and buy a big assortment when they have the time to shop, pay cash and carry the goods home. But when they want something more fancy they telephone the fancy grocer in the center of town and have him deliver goods on a charge account. Then when unexpected guests suddenly appear for luncheon one of the children is sent out with a handful of change to the near-by tiny corner store, kept by an old woman with a shawl over her shoulders, to buy a loaf of bread.

In other words, there are always times when the housewife prefers to use the near-by store, although it is a poor, inefficient one, rather than take the time or trouble to go a greater distance to a better or more economical store. Thus the consumer keeps the small store alive.

Then, too, the ease with which a small store may be opened makes for opportunity and democracy in one of the most important branches of business. As long as we have such enormous numbers of independent and competitive merchants monopoly will continue to meet a serious obstacle. Such at least are some of the arguments advanced by those who believe that innumerable small stores will remain permanently.

For all that, the duplication of small stores has become in places almost a scandal. As far as anyone can see, two or three establishments on a single block could sell candy and cigars more efficiently than a dozen separate places. Competition may be overdone, and the duplication of facilities reach a point almost of the farcical.

It is difficult to say whether the public is more benefited by excessive competition or whether in the long run it pays more heavily to keep a multitude of weak merchants whose ability is small. But it would almost seem as if retailing were in a sense parasitic, that capital is constantly being drawn in from other lines and lost. The question arises whether each industry should not stand on its own feet.

Just how the number of retailers can be reduced to a point which combines in the highest degree efficiency with democratic opportunity no one knows. Indeed, no one knows where that point is located. But it is known that many merchants without adequate training, knowledge or capital are constantly going into business. It has been suggested by one of the trade papers that the retail associations themselves might in time be able to guide the beginner, without shutting off the avenue of free opportunity to the man of small capital. Such associations might at least inform the beginner as to which localities are oversupplied and which are in urgent need of additional stores.

In our search for a method by which retail costs can be reduced to the consumer we are at once baffled by the profound ignorance which exists as to whether the large or small store is the more economical. Practical men and theorists alike are at sea on this point.

There is no commoner assumption than that a big unit is more economical than a small one. But also there is no greater fallacy. It depends upon many circumstances. The small neighborhood store is often in a low-rent section of the town, whereas the big store is in a high-rent section. Managerial and clerical work in the small store is of a lower and less intelligent grade, but also it is far cheaper. The big store accumulates a huge volume of business, but it usually accumulates high-priced help just as rapidly.

When Competition Comes High

IN GENERAL, any large unit runs up against the difficulty of getting competent managers for its departments. It is always hard to get a man to work for you as diligently as you work for yourself. Somehow the big organization must do a lot of accounting and statistical work which the little fellow gets along without. Each department in the big store tries to make a showing for itself, which is often at the expense of other departments, and the general management is put to heavy expense to bring about the necessary coördination.

Now why does the housewife ever desert the convenient neighborhood store and go to the more distant but also larger, more elaborate and centrally located establishment? Not primarily or in the majority of cases because the prices necessarily are lower, but because she will be offered a greater variety of goods along with better and more complete service. But these are exactly and precisely the elements which make for the high cost of retailing. Thus there is no necessary economy or prospect of reduced prices in mere size so long as the large store is often the very one which has the heavy expense.

A little old store with narrow aisles and simple furnishings may be able to sell an article for seventy-one cents which a big new store across the street with wide aisles and elaborate furnishings cannot afford to sell for less than eighty-five cents. But if the public likes the new store it will go there.

Especially in the case of the department store, which was founded on the promise of economy through the combination of departments, there has been a constant increase in costly services which must be paid for by someone. I do not question for a moment the fact that department stores have been extremely useful to the consumer. That, however, is not the question we are discussing. We are talking about high costs and the consequent high prices.

It is possible that one large store in a town might effect great economies as compared with a small store, but when competition springs up and we begin to have elaborate free services the expense involved becomes a burden upon society. The merchant says that if elaborate services bring a great volume of trade to his store his costs are reduced, and that is no doubt true when his is the only large store in town. But where several stores in the same city compete for business by allowing anyone who comes into the place to write his personal correspondence on letter paper furnished free by the firm and do almost everything else except carry off the goods on sale, competition is carried to a point which is dangerous.

Frills That Someone Must Pay For

SUCH service may make for goodwill, ease and comfort, as well as give to our larger stores an important institutional character. That is all right if the public has no objection to paying the prices which the stores must charge to pay for all these free services. One authority, in speaking of the cost of delivery, charge accounts, rest rooms and the like, says:

"There is another service which probably costs even more money, and that is the policy of exchanging goods and allowing customers to make their selections at home. Mrs. Brown, after making her selection, will say, 'Will it be all right if I bring that gown back if it does not suit my husband?' Several days later she discovers that it does not suit her husband, and the gown is returned. Sometimes she just has it taken off her account; other times she gets another gown. Either way the gown has been out of stock for several days and the chances of a turnover are reduced. Someone must pay for this in the end.

"Another practice which amounts to almost the same thing is making selections at home. Some clerk—and it may be said for her that she has a large total of sales at the end of the month—is really losing money for the store because she allows customers to make their selections at home.

"It happens like this: When a stock of new lounging robes comes into the store she calls up several of her customers and asks if she cannot send them out several from which to make selections. These may be the newest robes in town, and the demand may be heavy for them for the first two weeks. During the time one of these customers has the gowns out there is no chance of selling them. At the end of a week or ten days, after she has tried them on and perhaps soiled them to some extent, she returns them, perhaps keeping one that strikes her fancy. But the store has really lost money. All this is charged against the overhead.

"If a footman opens the door of your automobile and opens the store door for you, someone is paying for that. There are a hundred and one little services about a store which someone must pay for in the end. The customers demand them. If they can't get them in that store they go to another store. The manager must put them in and the public must be charged for them in the form of overhead."

But anyone who supposes that retail costs are to be easily and substantially reduced by a mere offhand elimination of such services or privileges as delivery, charge accounts and adjustment—the right to exchange articles—is doomed to disappointment. The problem is more complicated than that. Superficially it might seem as if the privilege of exchanging goods were wholly evil. But the other side of it is that this adjustment or exchange of goods gives the merchant a line on public taste which he could not otherwise obtain. Some of them agree that it is the best check they have on their own selective process, the best evidence of whether the public really wants certain goods or not.

A large department store experimented not long ago with an extra charge on all articles which were not paid for in cash. It took the attitude that, charge accounts being more expensive to the store than purchases for cash, the charge customers, who constituted only one-third of the total, should pay for the privilege. But the public was merely annoyed and irritated, and the experiment had to be given up.

The complaint has been very general for some years past on the part of consumers that, though the merchant has attempted to justify his high prices partly on the ground of

(Continued on Page 34)

The Cumulative Value in Most Miles Per Dollar

MOST miles per dollar was the rallying cry which, twenty years ago, drew together the forces of the Firestone Organization.

It was a vital slogan then; it is up-to-date now; it will be a live issue when present records are long left behind.

It has cumulative value, because it carries the promise that the finest tire building organization in the world is constantly striving to make good this pledge to the public under the leadership of the man who puts his name on the tire.

Reinforced by every known mechanical art, unlimited resources and twenty years' experience—most miles per dollar means more today than ever.

And however the standard of mileage climbs, the name, *Firestone*, must always mean the most miles for the money.

Firestone

Give your baby the best—

In Merck's Nursery Packing

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S—

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk.

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids.

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder.

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant.

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck

Acid Boric Merck

(Continued from Page 32)

the heavy expense of delivery and charge accounts, he does not give the customer any discount when goods are paid for in cash and carried home.

There is much difference of opinion as to whether the average retailer is really geared to segregate the two classes of business, and whether the public can ever be made to understand two separate scales of prices in the same department of the same store. There are those who hold that it is simply a question of educating the retailer and arousing him from an obstructive attitude. The practical, technical details are no doubt very difficult, even in the largest and most efficient store. But there are one or two facts which suggest that the retailer has in truth been most backward in approaching these problems.

One bit of evidence is the slowness with which the merchant has taken up the problem of cooperative delivery service, by which the duplication of delivery on the part of different stores could be prevented and the expense of this service greatly reduced. Another respect in which the merchant has been obstructive of progress in the most reprehensible degree, especially in the smaller towns, has been his slowness in coöperating with rivals to prevent abuses in extending credit to customers.

Helpless Customers and High Prices

Nothing is more common than to hear a merchant in a small town say that he would make a big profit if only he could make his customers, especially those in high positions, social and otherwise, pay up. When asked why he does not force them to pay he invariably replies that they would go to a rival store. The retailer's ignorance and narrowness in not coöperating with his competitors to prevent this wholly unnecessary burden upon the consumer is, I think, by far the blackest spot on his record.

But Paul T. Cherington, secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers and a leading authority on marketing, takes the attitude in a recent careful study of the subject that much of the attack on the high cost of retailing has been misdirected and confined to the smaller and more necessary elements in the cost of the service which is rendered, such as deliveries and charge accounts, and neglects the big elements, which are wages and rent.

"To be sure, in some lines high rent and a skilled sales force are an essential part of trading. But why, for instance, should package groceries be sold over mahogany counters behind plate-glass windows on corners paying high rentals, and why should they be taken from the shelf and handed to the consumer or put into the customer's delivery basket by a forty-dollar-a-week salesman? These services might be valuable in some lines. But how valuable are they in such lines as this?"

Cherington, L. D. H. Weld and other authorities on marketing take the position that many consumers cannot afford to go without delivery and charge accounts, and that in a household where there are young children and not more than one servant it would probably be the most expensive kind of economy for the housewife to leave the house so that she might go to market and by personal inspection buy that type of goods put up in sealed packages and guaranteed by their makers, so that inspection before purchase is neither possible nor necessary. Such goods can be bought quite as well by telephone, and the inconvenience of going to the store for their purchase and carrying them home exceeds any probable cost of delivery.

Mr. Cherington then raises the question whether a large number of groceries could not be sold without any retail store or sales force whatever, from a central warehouse located on a railroad, from which regular deliveries could be made to householders who had ordered entirely by telephone. He says that this plan would not apply to many other lines, and might not apply to any, "but it does put before us in concrete form the question as to what it is the consumer pays for when he buys. In package groceries bought in a retail store he pays, obviously, for much he does not use."

The point is made that the real question is not the cutting off of valuable services but a better adjustment between the price and the service which is actually rendered. It is clear, of course, from the consumer's viewpoint that the problem in retailing is to get rid of services which are not necessary to those who pay for them, and to have the services which are necessary performed in the most efficient manner, regardless of tradition or the profits of any particular type of retailer.

In one sense, of course, the public itself is entirely to blame for the high costs of retailing. It is literally true that prices are always determined by the buying public. Its multitude of whims, its lack of system, its forgetfulness, its love of ease and convenience, its impatience at small savings and the way in which it wastes the time of salesmen and saleswomen—these are what make for high costs. Let us take what may seem an extreme and yet in reality not an impossible or even uncommon case. A new manager or a new clerk has just taken hold in the local drug store. The telephone rings.

"Hello," says the voice at the other end of the wire. "Is this Bill Smith?"

"No, this is the drug store," says the new manager.

"Yes, I know, but I want Bill Smith."

The druggist is puzzled or irritated and rings off. But it appears that the former manager was in the habit of running next door to get Bill Smith whenever the man at the other end of the wire wanted to talk to him. So the would-be conversationalist is offended at the new druggist's lack of consideration and decides to trade elsewhere. Thus the remedy to bring about lower costs does not lie ultimately with the individual merchant, who cannot reduce his costly services without losing trade, as much as it does with the public itself.

The whole tendency is toward more elaborate service to the consumer. The wealthy classes can afford it, but those who are poorer also patronize stores with the greatest variety, most complete service and frequent deliveries. More and more the housewife demands that all work be done for her, that the bacon be sliced, that everything be dressed and ready to the last possible degree. No hunting of profiteers or even the drastic force of deflation can wipe out these accumulating costs.

I asked the owner of a combined wholesale and retail meat specialty and butter store, a man who is doing a large and profitable business and who because of his energy and initiative through clever advertising has turned the physical handicaps of small and inconvenient quarters into an actual asset, what he considered the chief causes of high retailing expense. Before owning a store he had been in the advertising business and had also worked for a department store. He replied that many big stores are inefficient, and that among the little stores the unnecessary duplication of rent, light, heat and actual living expenses is a serious factor. But upon further reflection he insisted that the chief cause is the unwillingness of the consumer to do anything for himself or herself.

Varying Rates of Turnover

But perhaps the most important single fact to hammer away at in connection with retail costs is that they will decline in direct ratio to the increase in turnover. Above everything else, expenses depend upon the rapidity with which goods can be moved in and moved out of the store. The one really vital defect in the whole existing system is that too large a fixed expense has to be charged up against too small a volume of business.

The rapidity of turnover varies not only according to the efficiency of the merchant, but even more according to the class of goods. It is reported, although I do not know with what correctness, that certain chain grocers have turned over their entire stock fifty times a year, while it is exceptional for a jeweler to turn his stock more than twice a year. This means that the jeweler must get a far higher percentage of profit, and a chain grocer may be profiteering with a gross margin of eighteen per cent while the jeweler is going into a receiver's hands on a profit of thirty-five per cent.

This does not mean that the grocer is a better merchant, but simply that his goods sell faster in proportion to the investment. The grocer may be profiteering if his gross profit on flour is fifteen per cent, and may be making a present to the customer of a rare imported article, which sells only once a year, if his profit on it is as much as fifty per cent.

Department and specialty stores in cities and general stores in the smaller places are alike in being plagued with goods which are rarely called for. A grocer once said, "We have to rob customers on tea and coffee to break even on other lines."

The consumer is often suspicious of so-called bargain sales, and she feels that if an article can be sold at two dollars to-day it was an outrage to ask three dollars for it a few months ago. But the fundamental difficulty is that the merchant cannot be sure in advance that the public will like his goods—in other words, that they will turn over. Styles and fashions change constantly, and the only thing the dealer can do is to start with a high price so that he can mark or average it down later on when the article becomes less popular, and yet make a reasonable profit on the entire lot. Just how this custom can be changed in dry goods, clothing and similar stores, unless the element of changing style is done away with, it is impossible to say.

Yet both the consumer and manufacturer of an article are irritated by the practice of changing prices. To the consumer it always looks as if the merchant had been profiteering in the first place, and to the manufacturer comes the even more ugly suspicion that the merchant has been using his particular article as a leader, selling it below its fair value merely in order to draw people into the store to buy other things. The situation is most unfortunate, but where is there any remedy except as the merchant becomes able to measure public wants and tastes to absolute perfection, or refuses to carry any but the fastest moving goods?

The Success of Chain Stores

I do not suppose it will make me popular with the independent retailer or even with the consumer when he gets the full import of the remark, but I utterly fail to see how retailing costs can be substantially lowered except along lines somewhat similar to those adopted by the chain stores. Though other reasons contribute to the success of the chain, the main factor has been the restriction of its stock to quick-moving lines, which really means nothing except limiting the number of articles carried to those of constant and universal demand, of moderate price and more or less standardized character.

The owner of a chain of men's clothing stores that has grown with rapidity in the last few years has many times asserted that "we buy only staples; we do not carry fancy or unusual goods. Our appeal is to the middle class." He recently again emphasized this fact in a conversation with the writer in explaining the reasons why his concern had been able comfortably to weather the period of deflation.

"The very success of the chain store," says a leading authority on the financial policies of corporations, "consists in suppressing personal individuality and making uniform a tried, workable system of store management which has nothing particularly striking about it except its very colorlessness. In certain cases this colorlessness is carried to the extreme of doing away utterly with any attempt to serve the customer, as in the stores where the customer collects his merchandise from the shelves himself, pays for it and carries it away under his arm. The personal factor is entirely eliminated, and with it service as an element in retail merchandising."

He points out that the chain has been most successful in those lines where the goods sold are the cheap, common articles of daily consumption—cafeterias, grocery stores, drug stores and notion stores. In these places the salesman is merely a cashier, the price paid is small, with no resulting need of credit, and as the article is small the customer carries it away.

The same principle may not apply to all lines of goods, but the fact remains that only in this branch of merchandising has any really noteworthy and constructive progress been made in reducing prices. A gradual extension of the idea, however, may be seen in the bargain basements of department stores, where the elimination of charge accounts, free deliveries, free alterations and elaborate furnishings has resulted in a low scale of prices for a fairly large variety of articles. It should also be noted that in a number of instances the chain principle has been applied to moderate priced men's clothing.

The old-line regular retailer retorts that if we push this principle far enough we will take all the joy out of life. It would kill variety and individuality. The consumer would become like a drab uniformed prison

(Concluded on Page 37)

Drive!

—with the aid of Right Lighting

What pleasure is as restful, as inviting, as driving through the cool lanes of evening? A good motor, a *good light ahead,* companionship, and the troubles and cares of days past vanish in the mystic charm of winding, never-ending roads.

Yet all the pleasure, all the comfort and all the recreation of night driving is made or marred by the quality of the light ahead.

For good lighting—right lighting—on the road at night means restful relief from all nervous tension. It removes the strain, and in its stead promotes relaxation and doubles the recuperative benefits of driving after dark. And *in the car* good lighting enables the driver to scan his instruments quickly and with little effort.

The name to remember when buying automobile lamps is NATIONAL MAZDA. Look for it on the base of each lamp you buy. For NATIONAL MAZDA lamps are made to yield the long-lived, rugged service required for the motor car. The NATIONAL MAZDA dealer with his Lamp Guide can tell the correct lamps for every car, new or old. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 104 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

The handy side-pocket Kit carries a complete set of lamps for your car.

831

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT

HAYNES

CHARACTER CARS

To dash to the beach or golf links in the Haynes Special Speedster; to sit behind its wheel on the road to the houseparty or country club function; to feel its exuberant power in the drive to fill a business engagement—these are experiences which create the mood for full enjoyment and confident accomplishment at the destination. This year finds the Haynes Special Speedster still more a car of virile character; the pleasure or business companion for the man or woman who loves life and action.

With its rakish windshield and wind deflectors; individual fenders and steps; additional wire wheels which flank the hood; cord tires; sloped seat cushions, and finger-touch starting lever which animates the Haynes-built six or twelve cylinder motor, the Haynes Special Speedster stands incomparable among two-passenger open cars.

The brilliant beauty of its Speedster Red color accentuates the body's graceful sweep from the dominating hood to the tip of the rear carrying compartment. Too few of these Speedsters will be built to reduce their exclusiveness. An early reservation is recommended.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana* EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

© 1921 by T. H. A. Co.

1893 · THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR · 1921

(Concluded from Page 34)

inmate. Any such system would mean to a large extent the elimination of the retailer as he now exists, and that would mean, says the retailer, a rapid deterioration in the products of manufacturers. It is the selective process carried on by the retailer which keeps the manufacturer up to the mark.

"Why, this is strange!" says the merchant. "X always used to make good hats, but they seem to be poor this year. My customers won't like them at all. But here is a new manufacturer, Y, improving every year. I guess I will buy some of his goods."

But even the regular independent retailer is to some extent beginning to admit that he has been too much an interpreter of public whims and too little of a dictator. According to the managing director of one of the largest retail associations in the country, the merchant must no longer go to the degree of servility in giving the public what it wants that he has in the past.

"The retailer simply must acquire some backbone," said this authority, with bitterness in his voice. "He has given the public everything it wanted in the past, and now the public has welshed on him. But I do not mean to say that the public is wholly or even mostly to blame. The merchant has been too hoggish, too avaricious, in trying to hold every class of business. He must learn to say to customers, 'No, we don't handle this kind of merchandise or deal with customers of your type. You will find what you want in the store on the next block.'

"One reason for the high cost of retailing has been the effort of the merchant to break last year's record for sales. He believes that unless he is doing that the store is going back. This leads to cutthroat competition.

"To an increasing extent we must have different types of stores catering to different types of trade. There is one department store in this city which has no charge accounts, and which I believe could do twice as much business if it added that feature. But the owners consistently refuse to do so because they have strength of mind enough to stick to the type of business in which they have been successful."

At a meeting of merchants in a Western agricultural district recently the question was brought up of how late in the evening to keep open for the farmer trade. The largest and strongest merchant in the state insisted that stores were keeping open too late, and that the farmer should not expect such service. One of the little fellows objected on the ground that the big strong store could afford to dictate, but that the little ones could not. But then a large number of the smaller merchants made the point that when the stores did keep open till nine o'clock the farmers came to town at seven, went to the movies first and insisted upon doing all their shopping afterward.

This evidence of consumer abuse seemed to give the meeting backbone enough to make a stand against late closings, and of course the retailer never loses as much as he fears he will from that sort of action. During the war stores cut down their deliveries at the request of the Government to two a day, and in many places they have never gone back entirely to the old and wasteful system of frequent deliveries. As one merchant has expressed it, before the war a lady expected her purchases to be delivered at her home before she got back in her own limousine. Yet the public has not suffered because deliveries are less frequent than formerly, and has not really complained.

It seems reasonable to expect that the marked tendency among merchants to cooperate and organize, so marked in the last few years, at least as compared with their former failure to do so, may in time result in some improvement of methods. Several large national associations of retailers have recently joined together in one council; delegations of merchants from England and this country are visiting back and forth; credit associations, the necessity for which was referred to in an earlier article and which are not new to the larger cities, are springing up even in the smaller towns.

A promising type of movement is furnished by the Retail Research Association, which is composed of a group of city stores, including one in London. There is only one member from any one city, with the result that information can be exchanged without helping a rival. The buyer of a store in one city is sent to criticize the methods of those who buy for a member of the association elsewhere, and if the buyer whose methods are being examined feels that he is under fire he is mollified by being sent in turn to examine those of other cities. The most exhaustive studies have been made of so-called sickly departments, and a manual of standard practice adopted. Often as many as 2000 to 3000 householders have been interviewed by special investigators going from house to house to get at the consumer's standpoint.

Careful studies have been made of wage systems, personnel administration and other labor problems. The delivery superintendents, purchasing agents and employes in the receiving, marking and supply departments have been brought together to discuss methods, and efforts have been made to secure the adoption of the best labor-saving devices, such as measuregraphs and the like.

Those who become discouraged at the costliness of retail distribution must remember that until very recently there were no such things as standards of operation in retailing. It has been and still is the commonest experience for a merchant to think he is making a profit when he is really losing money, the reason being that he is not only without standards of comparison but even without adequate accounting methods. More people are engaged in retailing than in any single branch of production except farming, and half or more than half our money goes to the wholesaler and retailer. Yet there are no technical schools for his training as there are for every type of producer, for the engineer, civil, electrical, mechanical, industrial and mining, for the executive and the farmer, and even for the banker and broker.

This is not as strange as it might seem at first sight. Naturally production had to come before distribution, and without production there would be no distribution. Consequently the problems of production were the first to receive attention when the population in this country became large enough to furnish a serious problem and frontier conditions had passed away.

But it is absurd that this discrepancy in the training afforded producers and distributors should continue under present conditions. As William H. Ingersoll, who has had extensive experience in retailing and wholesaling, as well as manufacturing, has said:

"The careless assumption prevails that distribution can look after itself—that anybody can be an acceptable storekeeper, salesman, wholesaler or advertising man, and that the law of supply and demand takes care of goods after they are made. And we pay the price of our carelessness by getting only a part of what we should get for our money."

Of course, no one can say what shape the retail system of the future will take. It will depend probably in no small degree upon the outcome of the struggle which is now under way among the larger manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, especially the department stores, mail-order houses and chains, to control consumer demand. Each is fighting in the other's territory, and each has its enthusiastic advocates. More and more the manufacturer is entering the wholesale and retail fields. The larger jobbers in many cases have gone into manufacturing and even retailing, and the big retailers are steadily reaching out into the manufacturing and wholesale fields.

No one can predict the outcome of this conflict of interests. But economies in retailing are imperative, and the smallest kind of economies will mean vast savings to the public. As Mr. Cherington says: "Economies promise large returns to those who can bring them to pass, as well as to society at large. In a large measure the rewards which were open during the past generation to inventors of mechanical devices for saving labor and for bettering production are open to those who during the next fifty years devise methods for performing better and more economically the task of merchandise distribution."

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 19)

because a will, deed, bond or other paper writing may, perhaps, be used eventually to perpetrate a fraud, is that any reason why an innocent attorney should not draw it up? He may suspect that old Hardscrabble intends to cheat the Widow Perkins, or that the rifles for which he has drawn the bill of sale to Mr. Jones are intended for Mr. Villa; but the very law by which the attorney earns his livelihood requires him to give the benefit of the doubt to an accused and presume him innocent until the contrary is proved. Why, then, should he not give that same doubt to Uncle Jonas Hardscrabble, to Mr. Jones—and to himself?

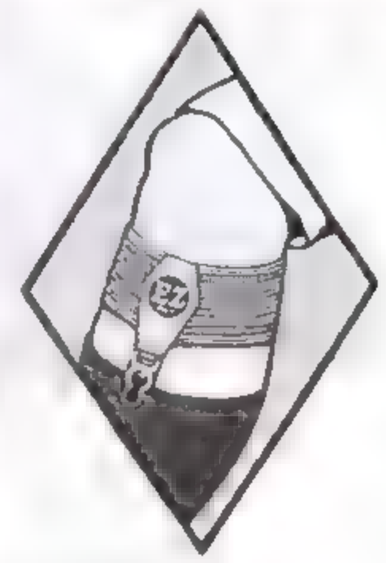
Thus, shall a lawyer refuse to draw a will because his client might—if he were made the subject of prolonged study by a faculty of alienists—be shown to be without testamentary capacity? Shall he take the bread out of his children's mouths because the fruit of his professional labors may, in the hands of another, be used to work an injustice? Must every attorney maintain a hospital, an observation ward in connection with his office? Nay! Such a thought is nonsense! It is no part of a lawyer's business to act as a spy upon his client or anticipate and expose his contemplated iniquities.

Had Tutt & Tutt refused to draw the codicil to Mr. Baldwin's will Alfreda would simply have given the job to some other firm. They knew well that a will is like any article of merchandise purveyed in market overt; for instance—a bologna. If the buyer is planning to administer the bologna to an infant of tender years—or days—it may, it is true, thereby become an instrument of infanticide; and in like case if a will or a codicil is about to be offered for signature to an imbecile it may become a link in a chain of fraud; but why gratuitously visit upon either the will or the bologna a foul suspicion which may in fact be entirely unwarranted?

Let us admit at once—whether or not the reader be convinced by this reasoning, which we contend is as sound as most legal argument and equally edifying—let us admit freely, frankly and without reserve that it did not occur to Tutt or even to Mr. Tutt to decline to draw the codicil proposed by Mrs. Baldwin. It was a perfectly good legal job for anybody. It would take Mr. Tutt, with his stereotyped regular office form before him, twenty minutes—no more, probably—to dictate it to Miss Sondheim, who would thereupon pound it out on the typewriter; then Mr. Tutt would correct and possibly revise it; and Scraggs, the inebriated scrivener in the wire cage in the outer office, would have a perfect time writing it all out in a beautiful Spencerian hand on glossy imitation parchment; after which Miss Wiggin, the chief clerk, Willie, the office boy, and Miss Sondheim would deck it out like a newborn babe in dainty blue ribbons, tie a beautiful red seal around its neck, roll it up tenderly in tissue paper and put it to sleep in the top drawer of a desk until it was time for somebody to unwrap it, spread it out upon the counterpane of the death chamber and, pointing to the final paragraph, beginning with the fateful words "In witness whereof," place the pen in the shaking hand of the testator and say: "Well, Mr. Smith, you understand, of course, that this is your will? Yes, I said, 'Your will.' Will. W-i-l-l—WILL! Yes! Sign here!"

And Tutt & Tutt would thereupon receive in due course from the executors a check for a thousand dollars, of which about nine hundred and ninety-three would be net. Why should Mr. Tutt have refused this choice titbit of humdrum practice—particularly as will drawing was one of the best things that he did? Can he properly be censured for so doing? Yet, quite naturally, what might be called the internal evidence of possible fraud contained in the codicil itself excited his interest. Certainly every step had been taken to render the instrument, if executed, impregnable to attack. However, there was no particular reason why it should be assumed that the scheme had not emanated from the mind of the old gentleman himself. Many a testator provides his legatees with a doughty legal champion by leaving a fat legacy to some eleemosynary institution which will lose it if the will is denied probate. But in this instance, it is true, there were other indications that

E.Z.
GARTER



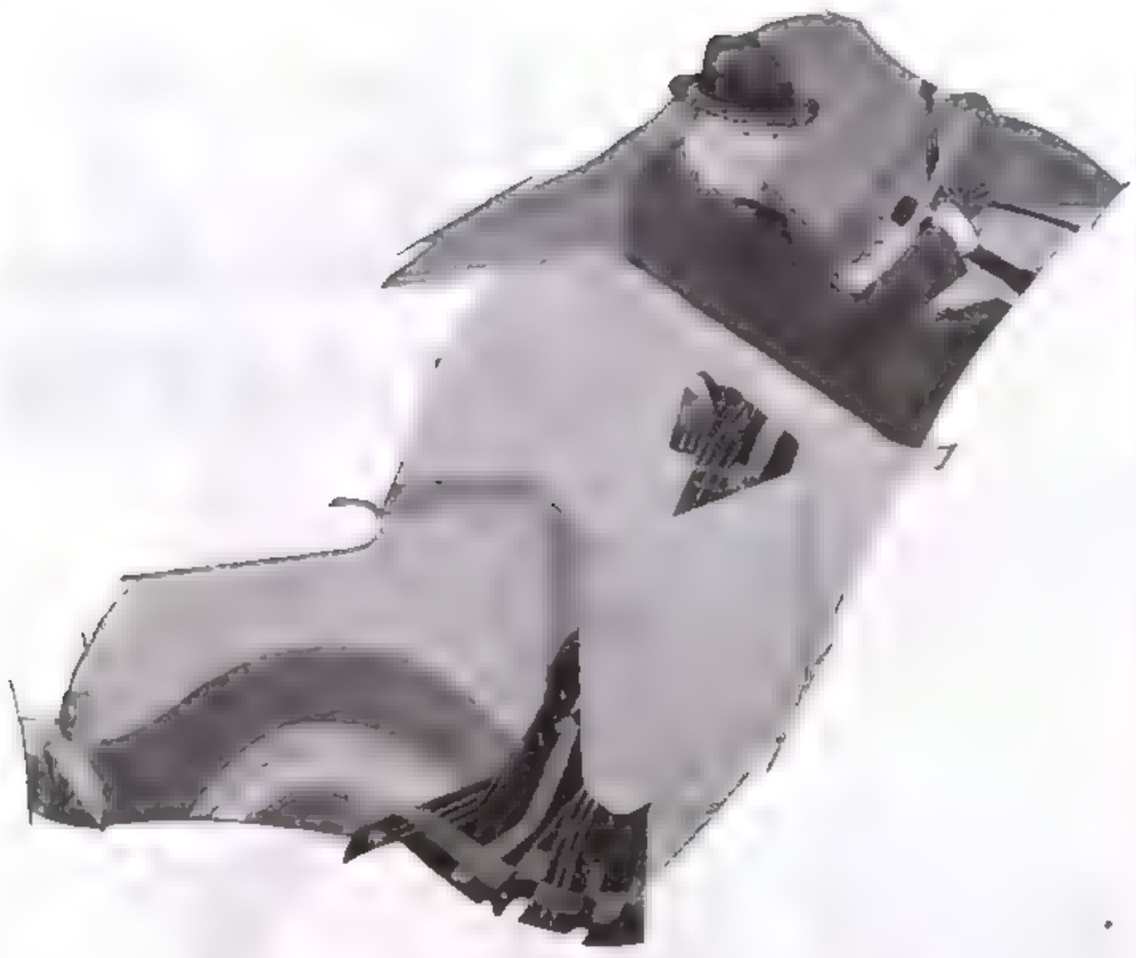
the wide, soft webbing prevents pressure on veins and muscles

"wide for comfort"

Always look for the name E.Z. stamped on the garter you buy. The only genuine E.Z. is made solely by

The Thos. P. Taylor Co.
Bridgeport Conn.

218



Here is something your car manufacturer should think about

ENGINEERING skill to-day has made the motor car well nigh "fool-proof." Almost any one can drive a car, because the big things — engine — steering gear — lubrication system — spring suspension, are so nearly perfect they are taken for granted.

The next step will be to perfect the little things—some of them not so little, either, when you think of the *facts*.

Why, for instance, does the motorist warn everybody, "Don't lean against the door!"

* * *

It may be news to you that thousands of car owners never have a moment's anxiety about their doors.

They are the owners of the forty-five makes of cars equipped with the Sears-Cross Lock *with the expanding bolt*.

The Sears-Cross Lock really does lock the door. It shuts with the merest touch of the fingers. The bolt *expands* behind the striker after the door is shut. It holds tight against jar, jolt, and rattle, and automatically takes up wear. It *keeps* the door shut *tight* until you are ready to open it.

The Lock with the Expanding Latch

Any car maker in this country can give you the Sears-Cross Lock with the expanding bolt as standard equipment on his car as soon as he is willing.

Or, if not the Sears-Cross Expanding Lock, he can at least provide a dependable straight bolt lock—a high-grade straight bolt lock made by the National Seal Company. A *true lock*—not simply an item of hardware.

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,
Executive Offices - 14th Avenue and 50th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
WORKS: BROOKLYN, N.Y. PORTLAND, ME.

SEARS-CROSS LOCK

Expanded Lock and Solid Bolt Types

for Automobile Doors

Blue Prints and Specifications Gladly Furnished to Manufacturers

Mrs. Baldwin was engaged in feathering her nest in an expert manner and safely anchoring said nest against the assaults of outraged kin and next of kin.

Now, Mr. Tutt practiced law largely for the fun of it, for he really didn't need the money, and he scented in the visit of Mrs. Alfreda Baldwin a plot almost as exciting as a detective story. And that was why he sent for Mr. Bonnie Doon, that wise and finished specimen of young-gentleman-about-town who made himself generally useful to Tutt & Tutt, and instructed him to ascertain by whatever means were at his disposal all he could about the past career of Mrs. Cabel Baldwin, née Alfreda Spearman, daughter of Alvin Spearman, Esquire, of Englewood, New Jersey.

III

"TELL Oscar I want him here at nine o'clock without the car," said Mrs. Baldwin from her desk in the library to the girl sitting listlessly by the center table with her hands in her lap. "Don't send the message, either. Speak to him yourself. And tell the other servants they can have the evening out."

The girl arose silently. She was languid, pale, harassed, with dark circles under her eyes, but she bore herself with dignity.

"Why don't you answer when you're spoken to?" snapped the older woman. "One would think you—and not I—was the mistress of this house!"

"I haven't any such delusion," answered the girl tonelessly. "I will take your message. You know very well I'd not stay here another day except for my father."

"You know well enough where your bread is buttered!" shot back her stepmother with a sneer. "You are dependent upon me for everything you have in this world. And you had better mind your p's and q's."

"Shall I tell Oscar what you want him for?" asked the girl.

"Ha!" replied the other. "You want to find out, do you? Well, it's none of your business!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders and walked slowly towards the door.

"And then come back here!" ordered Mrs. Baldwin. "I don't want you hanging round your father. He can't stand your whining and crying!"

The girl controlled herself with difficulty, and once in the privacy of the hall outside the library burst into tears. She had been living under the same strain ever since the previous spring, upon her graduation from college, where her father had sent her at the death of her mother four years before that. She had gone away from home, leaving him a melancholy but apparently well old man. A year later she had received a sudden telegram from him announcing his marriage in Jersey City to an unknown woman who, it turned out, had been acting as his nurse during a sudden attack of pneumonia, followed by heart trouble.

She had been startled, shocked, crushed, not only by her father's forgetfulness of her mother in so short a time but by the notoriety that had followed the old man's escapade and the state of mental and physical deterioration in which she found him on her return. From being a handsome, vigorous, upstanding old gentleman he had shriveled away into a bent, tottering, querulous invalid afraid of his own shadow, at times; when they were alone, responding to her caresses with something of his former affection, but in general furtive, suspicious, cowering before this strange, ugly woman who had in some sinister way secured mastery over him—fearful in her presence to call his soul his own. There seemed to be something hypnotic about the ex-nurse's influence, for the mere sound of her voice was enough to set his shrunken old limbs trembling. And if she heard him up and moving about in his room when she was downstairs she had only to call up through the well, and he would obediently clamber back into bed again.

So Lydia Baldwin found herself half servant, half prisoner in her father's house. She would, as she had said, have fled out into the world and earned her own living had it not been for the possibility that she might be of some service to him. She saw her father getting weaker and weaker, but was not allowed to minister to him save under the direction and supervision of her jailer. Everybody employed in the establishment—in fact everybody who came there—was on her stepmother's pay roll. Even the doctors were persons of the latter's own choosing, with whom she had had some mysterious association in the past. Surrounded by spies, without money, Lydia Baldwin was treated as a hostage, all her movements watched and reported upon.

At rare intervals her father would awake as from a nightmare and, once a month, perhaps, would have a day when he seemed almost like himself again and would even make feeble jokes about his condition. These exceptional phases occurred without premonition and were immediately followed by states of depression in which he believed his end to be near and during which he insisted upon the constant presence of his wife, upon whom he then seemed utterly dependent. At such times Lydia suffered torture, since she could not even render her father the solace of her affection. Then, and only then, was she really tempted to accept Henry Holborn's offer of marriage and escape from the domestic hell in which she lived. For, although Henry was only twenty-five—she was twenty-three—he was earning a good salary in an architect's office, and his abilities were recognized as such as to entitle him to view the future with confidence. That she would remain penniless Lydia had no doubt. Her stepmother would never permit her father to leave her anything; and although he had once told her shortly after her mother's death that she would one day be a rich woman, since his second marriage he had never referred to the subject.

IV

IT WAS precisely nine o'clock when Mr. Tutt mounted the front stoop of the Baldwin mansion and rang the bell. Mrs. Baldwin opened the door herself.

"Good evening," she said affably, extending a muscular hand, with a smile as convincing as that of a hyena. "Glad you're so prompt!"

Over her shoulder the old lawyer could see the drooping figure of a young girl standing disconsolately at the head of the stairs leading to the next floor. As he took off his coat and hat she turned away and retreated into the shadow.

"Lydia, come down here!" called up Mrs. Baldwin. "I don't want you bothering your father. Come and meet Mr. Tutt!"

The girl obediently emerged once more and, resting her hand upon the rail of the staircase, came wearily down. Descending thus, with the half light falling upon her pale face against the background of shadow, she reminded him of a Burne-Jones figure standing at evening beside some lily-covered pool. Mr. Tutt's parched old soul yearned to her like a withered tree whose leaves thirst for a cool breeze after a sultry day.

"Hurry up!" ordered Mrs. Baldwin. "Don't keep us waiting all the evening."

The girl lifted her chin proudly and as she did so caught the tender gleam in the old man's eyes. There was no mistaking that look of pity, almost of affection with which he was regarding her. She smiled faintly.

"This is my stepdaughter, Lydia," said Mrs. Baldwin.

Mr. Tutt moved a step forward, took the girl's hand and bent over it as she still stood upon the stairs above him. Then, still holding it in his, he led her down the remaining steps. Something—we do not know what it is that leaps from heart to heart on such occasions—passed between them. Neither spoke. Yet each said to the other, "I am your friend!"

"I want you to sit here in the front parlor, Lydia," said Mrs. Baldwin, "and when I call to you, send up Oscar to your father's bedroom. If anybody should ring the front doorbell, you answer it. The servants are out."

"Very well," answered Lydia coldly.

"Now," continued Mrs. Baldwin, "if you are all ready we'll go upstairs." She lowered her voice to a whisper, so that Lydia, who had gone into the drawing-room, might not hear. "Have you got the codicil all ready?"

Mr. Tutt nodded and followed her up to the next landing. The woman turned the knob of the door nearest the head of the stairs and pushed it open with a suggestion of stealth. Certain people cannot move without giving the impression of trying to stalk some prey. Usually it is a man trying to stalk a woman. This time it was a woman trying to stalk a man.

In a large high-ceiled room, dimly lighted by only a green-shaded reading lamp, an old man lay propped up in bed. The face was gaunt, the eyes lusterless, the mouth

(Continued on Page 40)

The easy way to renew your roof

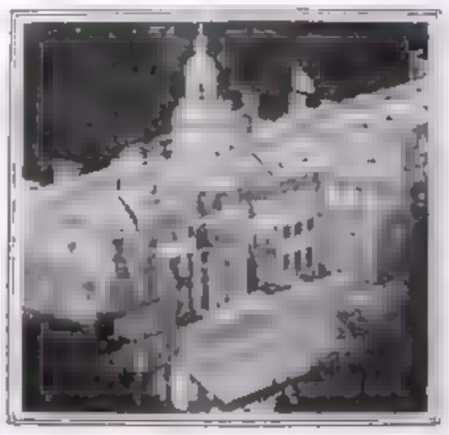
put permanent shingles right over old shingles—saving money from the start

IT is now no trouble at all to make a more or less temporary roof permanent, good looking and fire-proof—since you can lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles without having to remove the old shingles. Fact is the old shingles act as an insulating blanket under the protection of the Asbestos covering. And thus you save the cost of removing them and of cleaning up the litter. But equally important—you save the cost of ever having to fix that roof again.

Think of the saving that the Johns-Manville form of Asbestos Shingles effects—in time—in cleanliness—in heat and cold insulation—in cost of re-roofing—in maintenance—in fire safety.

Makes the building worth more

While the Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, of course, add greatly to the appearance of the roof—they actually increase the value of the house. Everyone knows of the safety and permanence of asbestos—so the fact that you have put on a roof that doesn't deteriorate makes the building worth more—for it is an improvement you can see.



Ten years ago Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles were laid over the worn out shingles on this roof. Never repaired.

Fire-safe, of course

To take old wood or asphalt shingles off and put on new shingles of the same more or less temporary character is not only costly but simply invites in a short time the periodic patching, to be followed by another expensive re-roofing job. And all the time you are harboring kindling for a wind-driven spark to ignite.

On the other hand the underwriting authorities who classify fire risks have given Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles the highest ratings.

And two styles are available: the American Method—the same as the usual method of laying wood shingles—and the Hexagonal Method.

Your local roofer appreciates the value of the Johns-Manville method because he does not care for the job of ripping off old shingles—and you don't have to pay that cost.

Send for this book

House owners and prospective builders will be interested in the many phases of roofing ideas and economies that this booklet so clearly explains. A note asking for "Re-roofing for the last time" will bring your copy. Address Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
EDUCATOR SHOE
Unless stamped like this it is not an Educator

The shoe an active, growing boy needs.

Shoes that fit FIVE-TOED *feet*

YOU just can't bend and crush your five toes into pointed shoes—shoes with space for only three toes—and expect your foot to work.

No, indeed! Feet are human. Maltreat them and they'll complain in painful language—corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches.

They'll keep on complaining—until you get them into shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Educator Shoes, because built in the shape of natural five-toed feet, not only prevent foot troubles from starting, but help Nature correct old troubles.

Get your complaining feet into Educators. There are Educators for all the family.

Get This Free Booklet

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Hitherto untold facts about your feet. Write us for it. Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

A neat little blucher Educator for "sonny," just like dad's.

(Continued from Page 38)

drooping. Both arms were extended across the sheet in front of him, motionless and parallel.

"Here is somebody to see you, grandpa!" said Mrs. Baldwin as if she were speaking to a child who must be at one and the same time cajoled and warned to be good.

The old man in the bed licked his lips and a hardly perceptible quiver passed over his features.

"This is the lawyer," announced his wife. "Mr. Tutt. You know him."

A puzzled look—of recollection, almost of recognition—flickered in the senile eyes, followed by one of dread fused with cunning.

"Yes," he replied thickly in a half whisper, "I know him."

"He has drawn up the codicil for you to sign." She might as well have added the words "like a good little boy."

Mr. Baldwin made no reply. He appeared for the moment to have forgotten that they were there.

"Cabel!" said Mrs. Baldwin in a metallic tone, stepping towards the bed. "Cabel—pay attention!"

The old man shrank back as if he had been slapped in the face.

"I'm listening," he protested feebly, blinking.

"Sit down, won't you?" directed the wife. "He's a little dopey to-night. But he's all right. You take that chair by the bed."

Mr. Tutt did as he was told. What was the truth behind this rather grisly tableau? What was the old man's real condition? Was he of sound and disposing mind and memory?

Mrs. Baldwin stepped to the foot of the bed, facing her husband.

"Now, Cabel, listen to me!" she repeated, articulating with meticulous distinctness. "You're going to make a codicil to your will—understand?"

The old man peered craftily at her out of the shadowy caverns of his eyes.

"My will," he muttered slyly. "I've made my will."

"But you're going to make a codicil to it. You want to!" she said, focusing her eyes upon him. "Grandpa wants to make a codicil to his will—all nice and fresh!"

"A codicil," mumbled Mr. Baldwin, as if to himself. "Yes—yes! That is so. I want a codicil. Where is it?"

"The lawyer has it—right there!" she said. "Here is the pen. Put the paper there in front of him."

"But I must read it over to him first," declared Mr. Tutt. "I must be sure it contains his wishes."

"It isn't necessary!" she answered quickly. "I've been all over it with him a dozen times. You see how hard it is to get him to concentrate! I was a week finding out what he wanted. The sooner it is done the better!"

"But it is necessary that I should read it to him!" protested the lawyer. "It would be most irregular if I did not! Mr. Baldwin, I am about to read over to you the provisions of the codicil which I have drawn according to what I understand to be your wishes. Will you kindly give me your attention?"

Mr. Baldwin turned and stared vacantly at Mr. Tutt.

"I've made my will," he repeated.

"This is a codicil."

"Oh, yes. A codicil."

Mr. Baldwin nodded once or twice as if now entirely conversant with what was going on.

"Shall I read it to you?" inquired Mr. Tutt a little impatiently.

"Yes—read it to me," said Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Tutt held the carefully engrossed document beneath the lamp and began:

"'In the name of God, amen! I, Cabel Baldwin, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this as and for a codicil to my last will and testament ——'"

Suddenly the old gentleman began to whimper.

"I want my milk!" he whined. "I want my hot milk! Where is it?"

Mrs. Baldwin uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Can't you wait a minute?" she cried angrily. "It will only take a moment."

"I want my milk! I can't do anything without my milk!" he moaned pettishly.

"Well, well! I'll get it for you!" she exclaimed. "I'll be right back."

She was gone about five minutes, at the end of which she returned with a glass of warm milk, which she put to the old gentleman's lips.

"Have you read him the will?" she asked out of the corner of her mouth.

"No," answered Mr. Tutt. "I waited for you to come back. 'In the name of God, amen! I, Cabel Baldwin, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this as and for a codicil to my last will and testament, which I otherwise confirm in all respects not inconsistent herewith:

"'First: I give and bequeath out of my personal estate ten thousand dollars each to the Metropolitan Museum of Art ——'"

Slowly, distinctly, carefully, Mr. Tutt proceeded to read through the document. It was impossible to tell whether Mr. Baldwin heard him or not.

"Do you understand what I have been reading to you?" asked Mr. Tutt at the end of the performance.

"Yes; it is a codicil to my will," assented Mr. Baldwin. "The codicil you have drawn for me to sign."

"Now," said the wife eagerly, "I will have the chauffeur come up and we can witness it." She hurried to the door. "Lydia! Send up Oscar!"

Almost immediately there was a sound of footsteps, and a heavily built man in livery entered.

"This is the other witness," explained Mrs. Baldwin to Mr. Tutt. "Oscar Boynton, our chauffeur."

Mr. Tutt arose and spread open the last page of the instrument upon the bedclothes in the old man's lap.

"This is the codicil to his last will and testament, which Mr. Baldwin desires you to witness," he stated. "He will sign first, and after him Mrs. Baldwin and yourself. You must both sign in his presence and in the presence of each other. Mr. Baldwin, do you understand this to be a codicil to your will? And do you wish these witnesses to attest it by signing their names?"

"Yes—yes," murmured the old man in the bed.

"Then," said Mr. Tutt, "write your name in the blank space at the foot of the paragraph beginning 'In witness whereof.'"

He held out the fountain pen supplied by the wife. But Mr. Baldwin did not seem to see it.

Mr. Tutt placed it gently in the fragile blue-veined right hand.

"Here!" he directed. "Below the words 'In witness whereof.'"

Mr. Baldwin's fingers closed over the pen. He appeared to be making a heroic effort to bring his mind to bear upon what was expected of him. Helplessly, like a child, he looked from the pen to Mr. Tutt and back again.

"Write!" ordered his wife icily.

"Write!" repeated the old man. "Yes, write!"

Dropping his chin towards the paper, he pressed down the pen and painfully began tracing the word "Cab——"

Mrs. Baldwin watched him hungrily. The strain was too much for her.

"Here!" she cried, going round beside him and, taking the trembling fingers firmly in her own, "I'll help you!" And she guided the pen along the paper until below the inscription "In witness whereof" appeared in straggling characters the signature of Cabel Baldwin.

Mr. Tutt blotted the name and removed the codicil to a table, where Mrs. Baldwin and Boynton each signed it as a witness. Then he folded it and placed it again in the envelope from which he had removed it. Mr. Baldwin had fallen back on his pillow and closed his eyes, exhausted.

"What shall I do with the codicil," asked Mr. Tutt; "put it in my safe?"

"No," returned Mrs. Baldwin tartly. "You can leave it here. I'll attend to it."

V

CONTRARY to his wife's expectations, Mr. Baldwin did not die for a long time, but when at last he did, on that same day Lydia Baldwin left the house forever, and within the week after her father's funeral was married to Henry Holborn before a justice of the peace. It was on the afternoon of Lydia's marriage that the Widow Baldwin appeared at the offices of Tutt & Tutt and asked for the senior partner. He received her in silence, standing

"Well," she greeted him, looking more vulturelike than ever in her weeds, "I guess it's time to start probating the will and codicil. Is there anything particular I have to do?"

Mr. Tutt did not invite her to sit down. Coldly he replied: "Mrs. Baldwin, I cannot undertake any business for you."

"What's the matter?" she demanded acidly. "Isn't my money as good as anybody else's?"

He shook his shaggy head.

"No," he returned shortly, "it isn't. A lawyer has some choice in the matter of clients, and I want no business of yours."

"That's pretty good!" she cried, flushing. "You were ready enough to act as my attorney the last time I called on you and asked you to draw the codicil. What's the matter? Are you scared of anything? Don't go back on me now!" she begged, changing her attack. "You can charge me what you like!"

"You may recall," answered Mr. Tutt sternly, "that on that occasion I specifically inquired for whom I was acting, and that you replied categorically that I represented your husband and not you. I drew a codicil and superintended its execution by my client at his request. I was paid for it. That ended the matter. I shall, of course, proceed at once to offer for probate the will in my possession, in which I am named as executor. In so doing I represent your husband's estate and not you. If you are legally entitled to anything, you will get it in due course."

She stared at him, open-mouthed.

"Get anything! Why, I get everything!"

"Do you?" tossed off Mr. Tutt coolly.

"You drew the codicil yourself! Unless you fooled me by substituting another paper!"

The old lawyer grunted savagely.

"Be assured, I did not."

"What's the hitch, then?"

"If you want to know, Mrs. Baldwin, I will have nothing to do with you."

Mrs. Baldwin seemed to swell until her dimensions threatened to prevent her exit.

"Well, I never!" she exploded. "I never heard of such treatment!" She paused, swallowed and lost color. "If you've tricked me—put anything over—I'll ——" She dropped her shoulders limply, turning momentarily sick with apprehension. "Is there ——" she gasped.

"Simply to relieve your anxiety," said Mr. Tutt coldly, "I will say that the codicil executed—or partly executed—in your husband's bedchamber isn't worth the paper it is written on."

"Nonsense!" she cried, losing all control of herself. "I know what's the matter! You've got cold feet! You're afraid to go on with it! You're scared they'll show Cabel had senile dementia or something—wasn't legally fit to make a codicil. Well, you might as well stick! Be hung for a sheep as well as a lamb. It would look fine, wouldn't it, for Ephraim Tutt to admit in court that he allowed a senile old man to execute a codicil when he didn't know what he was doing? Why, it would ruin you forever! All right, coward! There are plenty of lawyers who've got courage as well as brains. Some day when I've got half a million in the bank you'll wish you had your share!"

Mr. Tutt gave a low chuckle. Reaching over to the cigar box he selected the usual stogy and lighted it with deliberation.

"I remember you don't mind smoking," he remarked reminiscently, "or I shouldn't venture." Then as he exhaled a voluminous cloud of sulphurous vapor he added: "As I was saying, that document will never be probated. The only instrument of your husband's that is of any value is the one I drew six months after you married him, in which he leaves practically everything to his daughter, Lydia."

VI

WHEN Surrogate Sampson entered the great court room of the Hall of Records at half after ten the following Friday morning, he found it more than ordinarily crowded. Indeed, it seemed to him as if he had never before seen so many noted counsel sitting together in the leather armchairs at the long mahogany table whose marvelous patina had been polished by generations of distinguished legal elbows. The surrogate liked to see his court filled with the leaders of the bar, for it gave him a sense of importance and stirred his pride.

"Good morning, Mr. Philbrick!" he murmured genially as he bestowed his gown on the judicial chair. "Ah, Mr. Goodwin! And Mr. Lowenthal! What is the occasion of this illustrious gathering?"

Mr. Philbrick, Mr. Lowenthal and the rest of the constellation of juridical luminaries simpered and bowed in unison, and Surrogate Sampson, who did not expect any answer to his interrogation, since

(Concluded on Page 43)

Delicious Bread—*Full of Raisins*

That's *Real* Raisin Bread

REAL raisin bread is generously filled with luscious raisins. You get raisins with every bite you take. It's delicious, healthful bread. Insist on it.

To get that kind ask dealers for *California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins* by the best bakers everywhere according to a standard formula. All first-class dealers sell it.

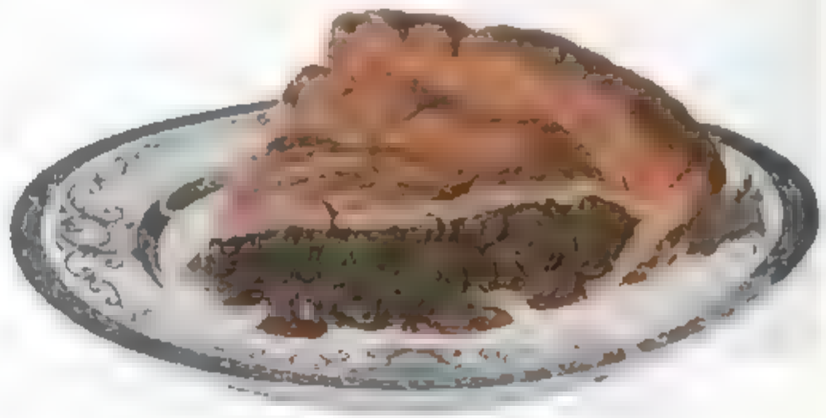
Decide that you will always serve *real* raisin bread.

Raisins are rich in natural iron which everybody needs, so be sure there are plenty of raisins in your bread.

Natural iron makes red blood. It brings a healthy rose-tint to women's and children's cheeks. We need but little iron daily, but that need is vital. Eat raisins daily and insure an adequate supply.

Man's Favorite Pie

Ask dealers for California Raisin Pie also. Let your menfolks taste it once and it will be their favorite pie. You'll serve it frequently, and save home baking, for it's ready-baked for you. Try one. Ask your dealer now.



SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use Sun-Maid Raisins for all cooking purposes if you want the finest raisins grown.

Made from tender, juicy, thin-skinned California table grapes, kinds too delicate to ship fresh.

You'll find them meaty, tender and delicious.

Use in cakes, pies, puddings, salads and in scores of other ways.

See how they improve plain foods like boiled rice.

THREE VARIETIES: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," which shows the household possibilities in raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

This rug pattern, No. 380, with its rose, tan and green tones on a tan ground, would look well in an old-time sewing room or den

"I REALLY like to sew here . . . when I'm through, it's so easy to brush up the odds and ends! Cleaning this room has really been no work at all since we've had the Congoleum Rug—I can mop it up clean in a jiffy."

ALL over the country women are discovering that "it's easy doing your own work" with Congoleum Rugs.

Besides their ease of cleaning, Congoleum Rugs have many other advantages over woven rugs. Their firm, waterproof, sanitary surface makes them ideal for kitchen, bathroom, or dining room, and their extremely artistic designs help to make colorful, tasteful interiors in living rooms, bedrooms, halls—in fact, in any room in your home.

They lie flat on the floor without any fastening—never ruffle or kick up at the edges. And besides all this, they're surprisingly inexpensive. Note the low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3	feet	$ .80	6 x 9	feet	$9.75
3 x 3	feet	1.60	7½ x 9	feet	11.85
3 x 4½	feet	2.40	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
3 x 6	feet	3.20	9 x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

There is only one grade of Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum, bearing this Gold Seal with the promise which makes your purchase *absolutely safe*:—"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." It covers every quality of Congoleum—sanitary, waterproof, durable, and flat-lying. And there's no question about the satisfaction.

Write for our free booklet, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," showing the many patterns in full color.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco
Boston Cleveland Kansas City Minneapolis
St. Louis Pittsburgh Dallas Atlanta Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

Look for the Gold Seal!

This Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of the roll goods. "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" can mean only one thing—and your dealer will tell you that the Congoleum Company is back of this pledge to the letter.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

(Concluded from Page 40)

it had been purely hortatory, blew his nose with one hand, picked up the calendar with the other and cleared his throat.

"Matter of Baldwin?" he called out briskly.

Simultaneously the company of the elect before him arose and with military precision presented arms. So did several other rows immediately behind them; a cohort of office boys, clerks, assistants and junior counsel, carrying bags, books, parcels and bundles of papers, closed in behind in a compact body.

"Er—if Your Honor please!" began Mr. Philbrick, in his capacity of chief of staff, in an ingratiating voice, "this is the contested probate of the codicil to the last will and testament, offered coincidently, of the late Cabel Baldwin, a distinguished resident of this city, under which he gives a large percentage of his property to various public institutions, of which I represent one."

"Who appears in opposition?" inquired the surrogate over his spectacles. "I may as well get this straight from the beginning. There are so many of you!"

For a moment there was no response; then out from behind the jury box sauntered Mr. Ephraim Tutt.

"I appear for Mrs. Henry Holborn, who was Lydia Baldwin, the sole heir and next of kin," said he quietly. "The daughter and only child of the deceased, who is also the chief beneficiary under the will."

"Ah, Mr. Tutt," commented Surrogate Sampson, "I suppose you have duly filed your objections?"

"Oh, certainly!" answered the lawyer, and there was something ominous in his manner. "I drew the original will for Mr. Baldwin and am the executor named in it. I have offered it for probate—and so far as I know there is no objection to it. Indeed, there can't very well be any, since unless the will stands the codicil which these distinguished gentlemen are offering—and to which I object—falls too."

"Quite so!" nodded the judge. "Let me see the will."

Immediately a clerk handed a paper to Mr. Philbrick, who in turn passed it to an attendant, who gave it to an officer, who duly delivered it to His Honor, while the throng round the table parted to allow Mr. Tutt to approach the dais.

"Well," remarked His Honor curtly, after glancing through it, "the will seems simple enough. The testator revokes all previous wills and after a provision in lieu of dower to his wife devises a large quantity of realty described specifically by metes and bounds to his only daughter, Lydia, whom he thereafter makes the residuary legatee of all his property, both real and personal.

"He names you as executor. The usual affidavits are before me, made by the attesting witnesses. Is there any reason, gentlemen, why I should not receive this will for probate?"

He looked along the table. Obviously in the nature of things there could be no opposition, for the reception of the codicil depended upon the acceptance of the will.

"I'll receive it for probate, then," announced the surrogate. "Now we come to the codicil. Who offers it?"

"I do," answered Mr. Philbrick, "at the request of the chief beneficiary and sole residuary legatee, the widow."

"Is she in court?"

Mr. Philbrick waved towards a figure behind him.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Please step forward, madam. Perhaps it will be more comfortable if you sit here beside me in the witness chair." He bowed courteously.

Mrs. Baldwin, aggressive as ever in her habiliments of mourning, yet with a worried look superimposed upon her features, drawn into the semblance of grief, took the seat indicated.

"Are you the widow of Cabel Baldwin, deceased?"

"Yes, I am," she replied aggressively.

"You offer for probate a codicil to his will?"

"Yes, I do."

"Let me see it, please."

Mr. Philbrick promptly handed up the document.

"H'm!" exclaimed His Honor. "This is a rather lengthy instrument. I'll not bother to go through it now." And he leaned back and began polishing his glasses, in anticipation of an interesting morning. "What are the grounds of your objections to my admitting it to probate, Mr. Tutt?"

"Simply that the proposed paper is not sufficiently attested under our statutes," stated the lawyer solemnly.

The surrogate turned to the last page of the codicil which lay on the desk before him.

"There seem to be two witnesses," he remarked—"all the law requires."

"But one of them is the lady beside you, who under this codicil is made chief beneficiary and sole residuary legatee. As an interested party she cannot qualify—unless, to be sure, she is prepared to waive her legacy, which alone amounts to a quarter of a million dollars," declared Mr. Tutt quietly.

Mrs. Baldwin had grown white. Defiantly she watched the surrogate as he now perused the codicil in its entirety.

"That seems to be so," he said with a puzzled air. "Mr. Tutt's point is perfectly well taken. There are only two witnesses to this propounded codicil, and one of those witnesses is undoubtedly an interested party; in fact could hardly be more interested. Madam, do you understand the situation? Under the law you can't qualify as a witness to prove the codicil unless you renounce your legacy; and if you don't qualify I shall have to reject the codicil, having only one witness, as insufficiently attested. Extraordinary!" he added to himself.

There was a murmur of interest throughout the rows and a closer crowding together of the group of counsel before the dais. Mrs. Baldwin sucked in her cheeks.

Mr. Philbrick smiled conciliatingly in the direction of the bench.

"That is, of course, true," said he. "But we—that is, Mrs. Baldwin—has arranged after consulting with counsel to waive her legacy and qualify as a witness."

"Is that correct, madam?" queried the surrogate, peering at her over his spectacles. "Are you willing to forfeit your legacy of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as well as your residuary interest under this codicil if I admit it to probate?"

"If that's the law I guess I've got to!" she snapped viciously. "But I've been tricked—hoodwinked! All the same, the rest will get their money!"

The surrogate gazed bewilderedly at the cluster of attorneys. Then he turned to Mr. Tutt.

"Under these circumstances is there any reason why I should not admit the codicil after the witness has signed a written waiver and given her testimony? That meets your objection, doesn't it? Have you anything further?"

"Only this," replied the lawyer, and the court room became as quiet as a country churchyard at midnight. "Two years ago, at the request of Mr. Baldwin, I drew the will which you have just admitted to probate and in which, as you have observed, after a provision for his widow in lieu of dower, he left all his property to his only daughter, my present client. She is here. Please stand up, Mrs. Holborn."

There was a rustle on the lower seat of the jury box to the right as Lydia arose, pale as a ghost in her black dress. With her stood up a tall young man, as if to protect her from the stares of the spectators. The woman in the witness chair shot in their direction a single venomous shaft.

"Thank you," went on Mr. Tutt. "That will do. If Your Honor will refer to the instrument you will see that in it Mr. Baldwin describes himself as 'of the city of Fall River, in the state of Massachusetts.' That was his permanent legal residence, his domicile. He had been in business there all his life, had lived, voted and paid his personal taxes there.

"He was merely taking a vacation and spending the winter in New York City when his wife died."

"He was previously married to another lady?" asked the surrogate.

"Oh, yes; for fifteen years," said Mr. Tutt. "Now all his property—both real and personal—with the exception of a comparatively trifling sum in a Fifth Avenue bank where he kept a checking account—is situated in Massachusetts, the place of his domicile. And his estate consists almost entirely of various parcels of land and office buildings in Fall River, which he specifically bequeathed to his daughter, Lydia, in the will drawn by me, which has three witnesses as required by Massachusetts law. The schedules, which I have prepared, show that his personal estate amounts to less than fifteen thousand dollars."

There was a buzz of consternation from the lawyers about Mr. Philbrick, whose owl-like countenance wore an expression of dismay and wrath.

"Now," continued Mr. Tutt amiably, "even if this good lady with the laudable object of sacrificing the quarter million and her interest in the residuary, which this codicil purports to give her, in order that these charitable institutions, represented by my friend Philbrick and his associates, and her manifold relatives and friends named in the codicil as legatees may secure what is given to them—even if, I say, she renounces her legacy and qualifies as a witness, and, in consequence, Your Honor is enabled to admit the codicil to probate, there will be nothing out of which to pay the legacies given under it, for"—and he could not help a chuckle—"the testator has expressly directed in each instance that the legacy shall be paid out of his personal estate. And there isn't any."

A wave of astonishment swept across the benches.

"But," began Mr. Philbrick pompously, "they—the realty is more than sufficient to pay them all; and under the principles governing equitable conversion ——"

"Oh, no!" contradicted the surrogate briskly. "Even if the codicil is probated it will not affect the real estate devised to the daughter under the will, if for no other reason than, as Mr. Tutt says, the laws of Massachusetts require three witnesses for a devise of realty—and the codicil has only two."

The woman in the witness chair swayed.

"I've been robbed—cheated!" she cried savagely, gritting her teeth.

"Please be quiet, madam," rebuked the surrogate. "We must have no scenes here."

"Anyhow," she declared, glaring at him, "as widow I'll take my third under the Massachusetts law! I'll get that much anyway!"

"That is for the courts of Massachusetts to decide!" returned the surrogate with asperity.

"That question won't bother them much," interjected Mr. Tutt carelessly. "For the woman sitting in that chair beside Your Honor is not the legal widow of Cabel Baldwin. She has a husband living—a railroad brakeman from whom she has never been legally divorced. I have here affidavits showing that he was never served in the divorce proceedings brought by her and upon which she must rely to establish the validity of her subsequent marriages. I say 'marriages,' for this is not her only matrimonial experience. She was wedded to two others of her patients who subsequently died; and, I may add, she inherited property from both."

The ex-nurse had half started from her seat. Mr. Philbrick had turned a bright pink.

"If this is so ——" he began faintly.

"It's a lie!" cried the woman in a shrill voice. "An absolute lie! I am Cabel Baldwin's widow—and I'll prove it! I don't care what that old crook says!"

"Be quiet, madam!" shouted the surrogate angrily, banging with his gavel. "I will adjourn this matter for one week." Then he paused as he gathered the papers together. "One more question, gentlemen," said he. "I should like to know who drew the codicil that is here offered for probate."

"I did," affirmed Mr. Tutt boldly.

There was a hiatus during which the only noise audible was the sudden hysterical intake of the relict Baldwin upon the witness chair.

"You did!" returned the surrogate. "And you now appear in opposition to it—contest the legality of your own work? That is a most astounding proceeding!"

"Exactly," answered Mr. Tutt, entirely unmoved. "I drew the codicil which this woman is now seeking to probate, and I superintended its execution."

"Knowing that she could take nothing under it?" persisted the judge.

"Knowing that she wouldn't get one cent!"

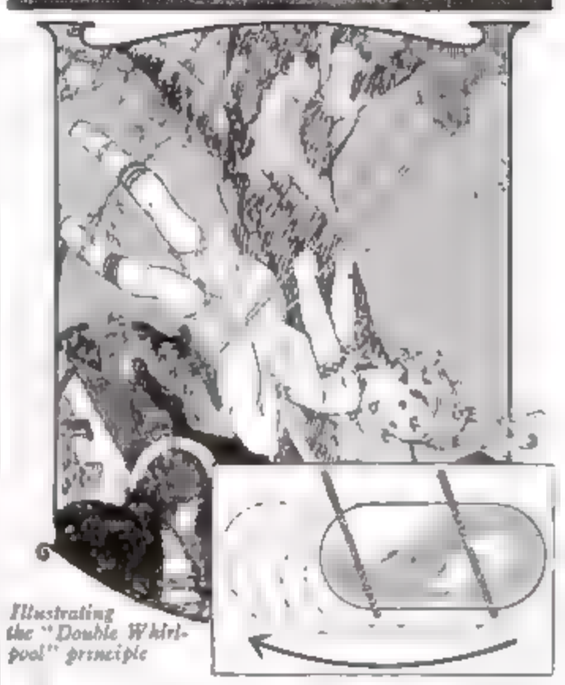
Surrogate Sampson leaned back and removed his spectacles with an expression of blank amazement.

"Did you do this with the approval and consent of the testator?" he asked curiously.

Mr. Tutt smiled inscrutably.

"What passed between my client and myself at the time he executed this codicil," he replied, picking up his stovepipe hat, "is a privileged communication made in the course of my professional employment, which the law does not permit me to reveal!"

Pollyanna Washer



Illustrating the "Double Whirlpool" principle

The Electric Washer That Startled America

See These Features

Copper Tub — heavily tinned inside

Swinging Wringer — the very finest made

Double Whirlpool Agitation — the secret of quick and easy washing

Standard Capacity — handles the biggest washing

Beautiful Cabinet — extra strong and durable

Finest Motor — the best that money can buy

Dimensions
Length 38 in.
Width 2[illegible] in.
Height 35 in.
Weight [illegible] lbs.

The sensationally low price of POLLYANNA—the big-capacity, high-grade washer with its beautiful cabinet and the wonderful "Double Whirlpool" agitation—has startled the country. POLLYANNA is a wonder for quick and easy washing. The swing of the copper tub drives the suds through the clothes *100 times a minute.* It creates a "Double Whirlpool" at each end of the swing.

See the list of POLLYANNA special features! That tells the story of quality.

NOW only $135

with copper tub and swinging wringer

(West of Rocky Mts. $150)

Write for Free Booklet

giving full details of this washer of top-notch quality at a *rock-bottom price.* Easy payments if desired.

MANUFACTURERS DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
Manufacturers and National Distributors
416 Fullerton Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Changes instantly at a touch of the toe from [illegible] casters to rigid iron feet

Dealers! Write for interesting proposition. Some very desirable territory still open

BEEMAN'S

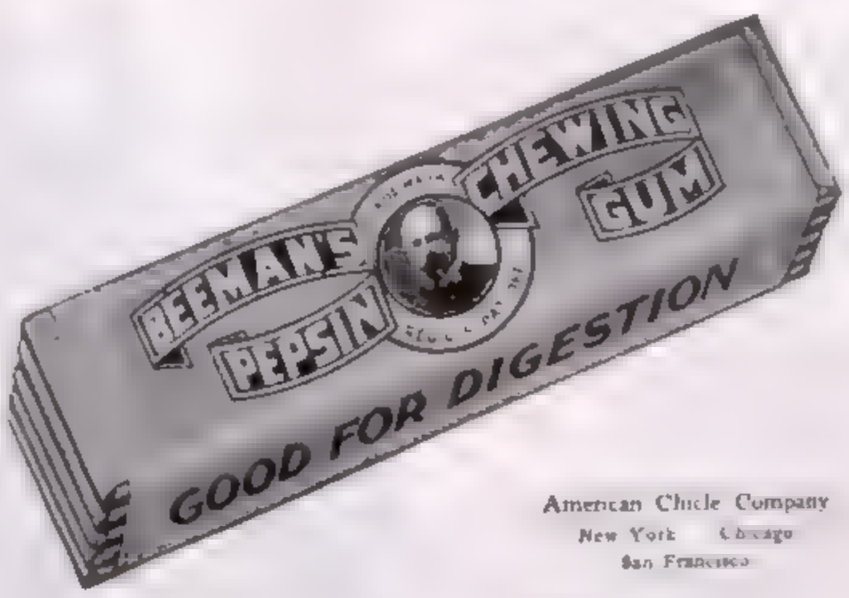
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

The
Downy Couch

Sometimes you go to bed and you are off to sleep in a jiffy. The next day you feel fine and all the man-power in you goes into your work.

Then, some night in the same bed you kick and toss and fret and fuss and fail to get any sleep and go to your work tired and useless.

When sleeplessness is due to hasty and improper mastication of food it is time to give consideration to the regulation of the diet, and it will be found helpful also to acquire the habit of chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.



American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

THE MONKEY WRENCH

(Continued from Page 28)

"You go to ——!" Hammie told him, and hung up in George W.'s ear.

Well, that was that! All afternoon George W. sat and agonized, watching while half a dozen pairs of husky young feet trod down his beloved wild flowers. When the boys went away in the evening the four acres looked like a cemetery. Four acres of trampled and broken little sweet wild flowers, and all among the remains a forest of white stakes, like the white boards set to mark the heads of graves!

IV

ON MONDAY George W. Houseman was called suddenly out of town, and didn't get back until the following Saturday night. It had been a rotten trip. The business turned out badly, the dining-car service had gone blooey and somebody stole his overcoat. Consequently the ravening wolf was in a black mood when he finished his breakfast next morning and went out to get in his car. Following invariable habit, he swept a glance over his wild-flower field, and caught his breath.

At the lower edge of the four acres, and fronting on the alleyway in the middle of the tract, stood a new up-and-down board shack with smoke pouring from a pipe stuck through the roof. Hanging from a clothesline outside, a long string of clothes flapped merrily in the breeze.

Just one paralyzed moment and then George W. strode once more down the hill across the wreckage of his flowers. He did not run this time. His was now the progress of the ravening wolf stalking his prey and tasting in advance the rich red gore of his victim.

Arrived at the shack, he kicked the door open and went in. The place was full of steam, and a Chinaman stood at a table ironing and crooning in a high falsetto. Behind him a huge tub bubbled and steamed, full of boiling clothes.

"Say, what are you doing here?" demanded George W. He did not raise his voice, but spoke in the low, deadly accents of a man about to commit murder. The Chinaman looked up, grinning cheerfully.

"You ketchum shirt?" he asked.

"Who put you here? Who built this shack?"

"Who buil' 'em shackee?"

"That's what I said—who built it?"

"No sabbee!"

George W. took the better way of direct action.

"Get out!" he said. "Drop it and run! Savvy?"

"No can do!" said the Chinaman plaintively. "Shirt heap dirty. Wash 'em!"

George W. went right up in the air. He kicked the Chinaman violently.

"I'll show you whether you can stick a Chink washhouse under my nose or not!" he bawled, and handed the poor alien the kick's twin sister and grabbed the afflicted menial by the neck.

Now, ordinarily a Chinaman is a meek, inoffensive creature, slow to wrath and accepting trouble with the scared passivity of a submissive sheep. But when a Chinaman does get mad he is an incarnate devil. The laundryman uttered a high, whinnying squeal, like the scream of a maddened horse. He shoved the hot iron at George W. and the ravening wolf nearly stepped on himself getting out of the way. Still shrieking weird invective in the tongue of his ancestors, the Oriental snatched a wet shirt from the bubbling tub and smacked George W. across the neck with it.

And that was moderately sufficient as far as George W. was concerned. He who would not have run from the champion prize fighter of the world—he turned and fled from the shack, pursued halfway up the hill by the infuriated Mongolian, the wet shirt flailing him all the way. The Chinaman desisted at last, though apparently the wealth of his vituperative endowment was by no means exhausted. He pattered back to the washhouse, and George W., trembling with rage, climbed into his automobile.

"Sixty-one Mackenzie Street!" he wheezed.

The pale-faced chauffeur nearly broke the car's back with the suddenness of starting. Straight to Hamilton Crosbie's office George W. went, and he stamped in, his face purple and his tongue uttering insane gibberish as he strove to ask for the millionaire fat boy.

"Mr. Crosbie is out, sir," said the secretary regretfully when at last he was able to understand his visitor's desires.

"When'll he be in?"

George W.'s hands were opening and shutting convulsively. The secretary did not know what was doing, but he was a wise youth, and cautious. Moreover, he loved his employer.

"Mr. Crosbie is out of town, I think, sir," he said, and George W. knew he was lying and that nothing could be done about it.

When a well-trained secretary lies you can no more tempt him to the truth than you can wheedle a sunfish with a gumdrop. George W. gave it up and went to his own office and sat down. The office boy came with the morning paper. He was an ambitious youth, and sought preferment.

"I thought this might interest you, sir," he said, indicating an article at the top of the city page.

George W. stared, and the office boy sensed suddenly that the time was ripe for him to disappear if he would cherish his young life. This was the article:

"IMPORTANT REAL-ESTATE DEAL

"The New Earth, the official organ of the local Chinatown, carried the announcement yesterday of a pending sale involving the four-acre tract belonging to the Crosbie estate and located in the exclusive residential section of Aylescourt Acres, adjacent to the beautiful suburban residence of George W. Houseman.

"The sale is being made to the Mok Duck Consolidated Laundries, the legal end being handled by the well-known Chinese firm of Wing Lee & Co., 1857 Culver Street."

George W. had read enough. He threw the paper upon the floor and jumped on it. Then he picked it up and tore out of his office and into his car again. The pallid chauffeur took one look at his employer's face, swallowed his epiglottis and stepped on her. George W.'s head bumped the back of the seat like a cannon ball, but he was too crazy mad to notice. He went to 1857 Culver Street and climbed a flight of stairs to a dingy little office. The place was empty, with the sole exception of a slender young Chinaman dressed in flowing robes, sitting with his feet upon the desk and smoking a criminal-looking pipe.

"Likee see Wing Lee!" barked George W. "You sabbee Wing Lee?"

"I am Wing Lee, sir," said the young Celestial suavely and in excellent English. George W. thrust the article beneath his nose.

"'Zat true?" he demanded hoarsely. Wing Lee read and bowed.

"Quite true, sir," he smiled.

"Well, what's the idea?"

Bill Wing Lee became at once tremendously animated.

"You are interested?" he inquired, plainly delighted. "I am not surprised. This is indeed a wonderful enterprise."

"What is?" asked George W. crudely.

"The Mok Duck Consolidated Laundries. It's this way, sir: You, of course, remember how often my countrymen have innocently violated the cubic-air ordinance through crowding together. Well, Mr. Mok Duck has conceived the idea of taking all the laundries from the congested zone and locating them far out where there is plenty of room and fresh air—plenty of sunlight too. Why, the property we are purchasing is made to order for it! Sloping to the sun, a breeze from the ocean fanning across it—and the most beautiful surroundings."

But George W. was gone. The suave Mongolian took up the receiver and called for a number. Presently ——

"Hello, Cole! Bill talkin'. He's hooked! Now stand well out of the way, and put on your raincoat, for he's going to flop a lot before we land him!"

George W. did not rush, for now he was again the grim, deadly ravening wolf stalking his prey. He went back to his own office, sat down quietly and took up the telephone.

"Gimme John C. Slattery," he said, and waited. "'Zat you, John? Come over here!" And then he hung up, lighted a cigar and waited.

But though George W. sat quietly, he was not quiet inside. His mind was viewing

(Concluded on Page 46)

May We Send You a Set of Piano Floor Patterns?

If you have any thought of buying a piano —now or at some future time—you will find these paper floor patterns very helpful in determining how to arrange your room with a piano and what style of instrument would be best. They show the exact space required for the Apartment Grand Piano and for the upright. As the full keyboard is indicated, the effect is very realistic. A request will bring them promptly, without charge.

All the elegance, the dignity, the grace and beauty of line, the incomparable musical quality, that have distinguished the grand piano for generations, the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand brings within the available space of the moderate-sized home. "It sings under the fingers." Lyon & Healy Uprights and Player Pianos reflect the same fine musical craftsmanship. Moderate in price, they offer a value difficult indeed to equal.

LYON & HEALY PIANOS

Uprights *Apartment Grands* *Players*

A Feature Your New Piano Should Have

Read what great pianists say of the Junior Unfolding Pedal, a revolutionary invention recently perfected by Lyon & Healy.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler:

Every piano, without exception, should be equipped with the Junior Pedal.

Percy Grainger:

Every child should begin to use the pedals as soon as it begins to play, and your invention now makes this simple and easy

Leopold Godowsky:

A very ingenious and valuable invention. All piano manufacturers should adopt it.

Rudolph Ganz:

I wish I could be a small boy again to be able to make use of the Junior Pedal. The pedal is the soul of the piano.

There are many other exclusive Lyon & Healy features.

EVERYTHING KNOWN IN MUSIC

FOUNDED 1864 CHICAGO

Mail This Request Today

LYON & HEALY, 65-94 Jackson Blvd , Chicago

Please send me, without obligation, the floor patterns

Name _____

Address _____

Every bump in the road is

a giant's blow!!

at your Ford

The constant road bumps play havoc with axles, springs, engine parts - loosen nuts and bolts keep your car in the repair shop - take all pleasure out of riding.

TRADE APCO MARK

SHOCK ABSORBER

for Fords

saves you many a trip to the repair shop and gives you that "floating on air" feeling found only on big cars.

Direct Suspension - no side sway easy to put on - ten day free trial - complete set of four $20 Denver and West $22.

Send for catalog or go to your dealer for a set. If he does not have them we will ship prepaid on receipt of price. Your money back if you want it.

Apco Mfg. Co.

Curtis St. Providence U. S. A.

Set of four

$20

Denver and West

$22

(Concluded from Page 44)

a mental picture of the Crosbie four acres covered with little Chinese shacks, smoke pouring from their roofs and outside, shocking the exclusive atmosphere of Aylescourt Acres, clouds of shirts and lingerie flapping from a hundred clotheslines—right under his nose! He ground his teeth.

The door opened and John C. Slattery came in, puffing fatly from his haste in answering the summons of his influential master.

"'Smatter, boss?" he asked anxiously.

George W. thrust the offending article at him.

"Fix it!" he said briefly.

That was all. The lawyer hurried from the office, and again George W. waited. Two hours later Slattery returned, but not wearing the air of a conqueror. Instead, upon his face was a look of chagrin, with which was mixed a certain bewilderment.

"Boss," he said reluctantly, "we're turned down."

"Whazzat?"

The eighteen clerks in the next room heard and dug in furiously. That was the tone with which the ravening wolf scared lesser beings into a swoon, from which they generally emerged driveling and picking at the bedclothes.

"Fact, boss! I did the regular thing. Saw old Tom Van Meter and the mayor and Big Ed Brent, the building inspector. They were all mighty cordial, but someway I couldn't pry in. It was like trying to carve a hunk of frozen butter with a paper cutter. I don't understand it. Way it looks, though, somebody must have seen 'em first. Must be somebody with a stronger pull than we got. Anyway, there's nothing doing. Ab-so-lute-ly nothing doing!"

George W. became suddenly calm. He reached for the phone and called up Wing Lee.

"Hello!" he said quietly. "George W. Houseman talkin'. You people got title to that Crosbie four acres out in the Aylescourt district?"

"Option only, Mr. Houseman," replied Wing Lee courteously. "Thirty-day option. But we shall take it up immediately. We have found our local laundrymen most enthusiastic, and the amount is already oversubscribed."

"This thing is an outrage!" George W. still spoke quietly, for he had passed the raving stage. "Nuisance! I can prove it so! I'll bring an action immediately ——"

"Futile, my dear sir—quite futile! I am very, very sorry, for we do not like to make enemies in our new home. But you will understand that an enterprise of this magnitude must not be turned aside because of mere unpleasantness. We have already submitted the proposition to all the city authorities, and they have promised us their cordial support in every detail. Besides, the Mok Duck company ——"

"I'll spend a million," began the ravening wolf, but the smooth voice at the other end of the wire flowed on.

"The Mok Duck Consolidated Laundries has behind it the president of the Kwen Lun Export Company, besides three American houses whose aggregate capital is more than ninety-four millions."

George W. hung up softly. The Kwen Lun Export Company was not a company—it was a business empire.

"John," he said, "somebody has been bought!"

"I'm afraid so, George. Somebody has been doing rascally work here."

"It wasn't us anyway."

"No," agreed the fixer wistfully.

A long period of thought.

"It's a hold-up, of course. Deep work somewhere. Blackmail. Those Chinks think they can roll us for a wad. John, you go round to this Wing Lee's place and see how much of our heart's blood they want."

At the door the fixer paused.

"How high do you want to go, G. W.?" he inquired.

"Get it!" said George W. heavily. He was licked.

It had been a long, hard battle, for the Mok Duck company had been extremely loath to abandon their cherished enterprise. However, after the superior advantages offered by other sites had been pointed out to them they began to waver slightly—but very slightly. George W.'s emissary had offered them thirty, forty and then fifty thousand for their option, but they were not tempted. Money, they said, did not appeal to them. Theirs was a humanitarian movement. Besides, the backers of the Mok Duck company already had so many millions that it would give a strong man a sore throat trying to enumerate them. However, they did not want to antagonize any of their influential American brothers if the thing could be avoided.

Eventually John C. Slattery raised his bids until he secured a reluctant consent to part with the precious option and seek elsewhere a home for the Mok Duck Consolidated Laundries. But it was no cinch. Both George W. and his able satellite conceded this.

"Well, boss, we pulled it off at last," said the fixer. The two men were sitting in old George W.'s office. "But it sure cost us a flock of money."

"Yes," agreed George W., and there was a hungry, hunted look in his eyes. Then he cheered somewhat.

"But after all," he said, "the property is worth it. One hundred and thirty thousand dollars isn't too much for four acres located in the very heart of Aylescourt Acres. But it's a crime that I didn't grab it off when that fat Ham Crosbie offered it to me for thirty."

"Crime is right," agreed John C. fervently.

"I'd give ten thousand right now," said George W., "to know the name of the blank-dashety-blank thief that engineered this massacre."

The two old hard-boiled ones smoked in silence for several minutes.

"It looks to me like a plant," said the fixer presently.

"Sure it's a plant!" agreed George W. "The Chinks never meant to buy it. They blackmailed me out of a clean hundred thousand. I wonder where that check is."

"Maybe we can get 'em yet," suggested the lawyer with a faint access of hope. George W. pondered this awhile.

"No," he said, "I can't risk it. Might be crooked work, but again it mightn't. Besides, they've got my check. I own the four acres, and so I guess we'll just let her ramble as she lies. But looking back over it I can't for the life of me understand how I ever let them skin me like that!"

"I know!" said the fixer wisely. "They got you mad. They watched you, and when they had got you so mad that you couldn't tell this from that, why, they opened up and gave you the whole works!"

George W. heaved a long, quivering sigh.

"I guess you're right, John," he admitted sadly. "But I'd sure give a lot to know who it was that framed that skinning. Believe me, John, the fellow that put that deal through has got a brain as big as—as ——"

The fixer nodded.

"Big as a washtub!" he agreed.

George W. winced.

"John," he begged, "don't say washtub!"

The ravening wolf came into the room where Billie and Cole were sitting talking about things. It was a beautiful spring day, a whale of a day—too fine a day to be inside.

"Say, Cole," he growled, "I've been plastered good and plenty. Me, George W. Houseman, who never yet let anybody put one across and get away without a singed tail! Bunch called the Mok Duck Consolidated Laundries. You know anything about 'em?"

"Sure!" said Cole cheerfully. George W. stuck up his ears.

"Who is this Mok Duck bird anyway?"

"Me," said Cole, still more cheerfully. "That is, Mok Duck and the rest of 'em were working under my orders."

The old man stood speechless, glaring and breathing through his nose. At last the incredible news seeped through.

"And you sicked that bunch of bloodhounds on me?" he roared. "You? Stuck me up for a hundred thousand dollars, and yet you dare to come here and ask me to give you my daughter!"

"Sure!" Cole stood up and looked straight back. "For the love of Pete, what's wrong now? Didn't you tell me to do it? Sure you did—didn't he, Billie?" Billie nodded energetically. "You told me to take a monkey wrench and get the money. Kickin', bitin', gougin'—anything short of murder. Those were your very words. You advised me to do it—and I did it."

The ravening wolf was silent a few moments, glaring and chewing his cigar savagely.

"I paid in two checks," he barked. "One to Ham Crosbie of thirty thousand dollars. That was for my deed. Another of a hundred thousand dollars to the Mok Duck people for the option. Do you mean to stand there and tell me ——"

Cole took a slip of paper from his pocket and laid it face up on the table. The figures smiled sweetly at George W.—one hundred thousand dollars.

"I won it," said Cole amiably, "with my monkey wrench, just like you told me. You only asked for twenty-five thousand, but on advice of counsel I thought I'd make it a hundred thousand—and make the thing sure! You see, I wanted Billie mighty badly."

"Who—who is your counsel?"

"Bill Wing Lee. His father is president of the Kwen Lun Export Company. Bill's training to be a diplomat. Shrewd boy. Friend of mine. Mok Duck—you met Mok Duck in the fake Chinese laundry we built out there on the four acres—remember? Well, Mok is considered a fine character actor in the Chinese quarter. Good fellow too.

"Then there was Tel Brent and Corry Van Meter—and of course Hammie Crosbie. Those five boys were all the help I had. Mighty good friends of mine. When they heard I was in trouble, why, of course, they rallied round. Good thing to have good friends. Do I get Billie, sir?"

George W. swallowed hard. He nodded. Cole picked up the check and held it out.

"We don't want it, sir," he said simply. "Billie and I—we don't somehow favor founding our lives on the monkey-wrench system. Friends are better. Besides"—he smiled whimsically—"it would be like buying Billie. I'd go to hell for Billie, but I wouldn't pay a cent for her. She's too valuable for mere money—dad!"

George W. made no move to accept it. Cole folded the check neatly, tore it carefully into four pieces and laid them upon the table. Suddenly he turned and dashed toward the door.

"Quick!" he shouted, looking back and beckoning frantically.

Billie sprang to her feet, fell over a rug and got up running.

"What is it?" she cried excitedly.

"Butterfly! Flying across the poppy field! Hurry! Let's catch him!"

George W. sat down. He was alone. Presently he reached out and absently took the four fragments of paper and pieced them together where they lay upon the table. The figures smiled up at him—one hundred thousand dollars.

The wolf began to chuckle. He leaned back, put his heavy thumbs in the armholes of his vest and blew a huge cloud at the ceiling.

"Some boy!" he exulted, still chuckling. "Some boy!"

PATTON'S

Auto Gloss

Grit-Proof

ENAMEL

"Father, I touched"

—and who blames her for yielding to the enticement of the brilliant, freshly painted car?

Never let wear attack the body of your car's finish. Restore the brilliant, protective finishing coat—and *keep* your car new.

Patton's Auto Gloss Enamel is ready for use in sixteen colors. It can be used for renewing the finishing coat or for complete repainting of your car. This enamel is proof against highway dirt.

Patton's Auto Gloss is a quick-drying enamel which gives a brilliant high-gloss finish which is enduring under severe road conditions.

Sold everywhere by quality paint dealers.
Write for "Proof" booklet

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
Patton-Pitcairn Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"Save the surface and you save all"

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

Proof PRODUCTS
PATTON-PITCAIRN DIVISION
INTER-INDUSTRIES

PATTON'S *Sun-Proof* PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE, WINDOW AND ART GLASS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

Prest-O-Lite

STARTING & LIGHTING

Storage Battery

Are you loaded for bear?

THERE was once a Hunter whose Enthusiasm exceeded his Caution. He used his Last Cartridge to Get a Deer. But—on the Way Back to Camp, with his Rifle Empty, he Met a Bear!

There are motorists who start out with a battery that has no reserve power. They pull the battery down with frequent starts. And when they must have one more start to avert an embarrassing engine-stall, the battery whispers: "That's all there is—there isn't any more."

The Prest-O-Lite Battery uses less than one four-hundredth of its power-reserve for a single start—and the generator quickly replaces that.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc., Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd St., New York

Eighth & Brannan Sts., San Francisco, Cal. *In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto*

PB 21-5M

Service and Sales Stations everywhere: U. S. A., Canada, Foreign Countries

WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 4)

"Not in the pictures," I says quickly. "It wouldn't be natural."

"Well, then, we'll use Roman Egler," says Al. "He's kind of a Dago type. When can you be ready to start for the coast?"

Believe me, that was a bolt from the well-known blue! I had never made a picture on the coast in my life, and the suggestion was certainly bad news to me.

"The coast? What d'yer mean coast?" I says. "What ails the Atlantic Coast all of a sudden?"

"We got absolutely no room to make it here," says Al. "Besides, we can do a lot better job at Hollywood. I thought you'd just love to go to sunny California."

"Have a heart, Al!" I says. "What do I want with going out to a jay place like that?"

"How do you know it's a jay place?" says Al. "Ever been there?"

"No," I says, "and I don't want to go. I want to stay right here in civilized little old N. Y."

"But you'll like the coast," says Al. "Have you been anywheres besides this man's city?"

"Sure, I have!" I says. "Ain't I played the Audubon Circuit in my past—Rochester, Buffalo, Toronto? And I been in Boston, Trenton and as far south as Philly. I've traveled a lot, Al, and I know there's only one place in America worth living in, and that's the famous village of Manhattan. You can't tell me!"

"I don't attempt to tell a woman anything," says Al, "unless she's working for me. And this picture is going to be made out West."

"Then get somebody else to make it!" I says. "What d'you think I am, a hick? Why, I couldn't stand any place but New York, Al! I got to be at the source of things to get any inspiration for my work. There's only one New York, Al, and I've got to work here. Why, that fillum will take a couple of months to make, and what would I do evenings way out there?"

"Say, where was you born, Miss Broadway?" says Al.

"Bridgeport," I says, "where the circus was when the stork out of the menagerie strolled over to ma's quarters; but I was raised on Avenue A—and raised is right. I raised myself from there to Broadway and Riverside Drive and you know it!"

"I ought to—I helped just a little to put you there," says Al. "And so you ought to realize it's to your advantage to go to the coast."

"Coast!" I says, fed up with the word. "The coast is right here, Al Goldringer—you ought to realize that—the only coast that counts, at least. And I'm going to stay right on it! I'm not going to be parked any place for three months with the engine shut off and get rusty and let my battery die for you or anybody else. Where would I get any new clothes? I'd die, that's what! No, sir, not to speak of the trip out and back! Why, I wouldn't take that trip for worlds!"

"Lots of folks take it for less," says Al.

"But not sister!" says I. "No, Al, if it means leaving the one real town it's all off."

And I got up to go, leaving plenty of time to urge him over to my side between my chair and the door in the true womanly way. But for once I planned in vain.

"Well, don't say that, Mary," says Al firmly. "It's a big proposition—don't turn it down so easy I give you one week to decide, and the contracts will be ready to sign any time after to-morrow. And when you decide to go give me a call."

"I won't go!" I says. "Certainly not at the money."

"I'll pay expenses," says Al.

"Well, I won't go anyways!" I says. "New York is America so far as I'm concerned, and I want to stay in it. But I'll think it over and say no again at the end of a week if it will make you feel any better."

Well, then I went out of the private office and through the crowd of admiring stenographers, office boys and would-be picture stars who were waiting on the mourners' bench, and was shot down in the elevator to the street level, my mind all scrambled like an egg and hardly knowing what I did want to do anyways. So when I got out onto the street, which was West Fortieth and Sixth, I decided to combine slimness and pleasure, and so I told Rollo, the chauffeur, to take the pneumonia car home for a rest and I would walk.

It was the first day of September, but cool and sparkling like a new-style-cut five-carrot diamond or, in other words, as only little old New York can sparkle. Of course there was some dust and some papers flying around, but in spite of the wind it sure was a grand afternoon; and when I looked at my almost native city through eyes which had just been requested to go away and leave it I seen plainer than ever that there would be nothing stirring, or at least that I would not stir out of it any further than to maybe a road house with a few friends now and then.

Of course, I will say of New York that the administration is fierce, and they say there's lots of graft going on; but that don't affect the wonderful 'department stores any, does it? And while the pavements on many streets is a disgrace, it's hard to beat Central Park. And no matter what you say against the empire city, you got to admit also that there's only one New York.

Well, anyways, I felt kind of uplifted, and my feet felt almost like they was dancing, and I sure was glad I had decided to stay. I felt I liked everybody and wanted to be kind to them, and when, as I was crossing Bryant Park, I seen a cop chasing some kids off the grass I felt like chasing him for it, but didn't. I only walked on feeling good because it had occurred to me. Do you get me?

Then when I got to Fifth with all the handsome cars and bum old taxis crawling on it, and the people darting in and out between them with no regard to the traffic laws the way they do, and all the general excitement, I decided I would prolong the pleasant agony of a walk on the Avenue by dropping into a bookstore I had seen along there somewheres and buy a couple more pages of condensed culture, because I was getting awful tired of Lamb and kind of hankered after a little mint sauce or currant jelly, or maybe there might be some other animal I could switch to for a change.

So I walked along in the crowd, not meeting even one person I had ever seen before, and ain't it the truth this happens most times when you take a walk in New York? But looking at the shop windows as I went and seeing all the smart things in them was a pleasure in itself, and I also realized, of course, I would never see these things in any other city, nor any such buildings either, nor so many of them. New York is a he-city, where the original inventor of pep and jazz was born—or no, maybe not quite that or he wouldn't of been a real New Yorker, but come there young and adopted the burg, and anyways the town seemed to me like it owned a little over fifty-one per cent of the snap in the whole U. S. A. And that poor fish Al Goldringer wanted me to move out where I could watch the pansies grow! I was fond of Art and anxious to improve mine, and it would be swell to make a production like Juliet and Romeo, because naturally they would have to bill it that way if I was to play the lead, and anyways I never saw a book yet which you couldn't improve on the title of it for picture purposes. And then I got to thinking what a good part it would be for me, and began to feel sort of sick at having to give it up, because I knew Al wouldn't compromise with me about making it at Yonkers, because he runs his business and never lets anybody assist him at it, especially stars. I can get him to change his mind about money, because he always starts the argument all prepared to change it at the right moment—that comes to him natural on account of his pa once running a two-price clothing store down on Grand Street. But on running the studio—nix! He's got the capacity worked out like a freight agent, and you couldn't change his plans with dynamite.

And so I seen my chance to realize the ambition of every actress from sixteen to sixty, make a beautiful fade-out and dissolve into a long-shot of Marie La Tour sitting at home and minding ma so that the trained nurse would be left free to mind the baby, and the way I felt about it, the footage on this scene was a great deal too long. I got fed up with it, even if I had the feature part. And just as I had myself worked up to a high stage of peevishness and irritability because Los Angeles wasn't in Harlem I come to that

BERLOY

METAL CEILINGS

Beauty, Safety, Permanence

Imparting distinction and charm to the rooms which they adorn, Berloy Metal Ceilings add the further virtues of economy, durability and fire resistance.

These clear-cut, pressed-steel ceilings have the beauty of moulded plaster—and they cannot crack, crumble or burn. Easily cleaned. Require no papering.

Berloy Metal Ceilings can be obtained in artistic designs reflecting the principal periods of style in architecture and decoration. They are in wide use in both the building and the remodeling of schools, business places, homes, churches and cathedrals—the Holy Cross, Baltimore, and the St. Clement's, Minneapolis, are typical. Write for design book. Check coupon.

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

BRANCHES: Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Dallas
Roanoke, Va. (Dominion Metal Products Corporation)
Jacksonville, Fla. (The Florida Metal Products Co.)

B
BERLOY

BERLOY PRODUCTS
—the pride of veterans in the craft exemplify the character, experience and service of those devoted to constructive progress and excellence

Check the Berloy Metal Products in which you are interested and mail the coupon today. Dealers: perhaps your territory is open—write us!

Roofing . . . . . O
Spouting, etc. O
Reinforcing Plates O
Floor Cores O
Metal Shingles O
Bins and Shelving O
Foundry Flasks O
Firing Cabinets O
Clothes Lockers O
Metal Lumber O
Metal Lath O
Ripplex O
Metal Ceilings . . O
Culverts . . . . O

Name ____ City ____ State ____

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Protecting Furs
Moths do not like printer's ink Double sheets of newspaper, glued together bag shaped, make excellent storage bags
LEPAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE
SIGNET INK

The "household money-saver"

"Mend—don't spend" is a good watchword this year. And it is so easy to mend and to make things with a handy little tube of LePage's Glue, which costs but a few cents at hardware, stationery, drug and department stores.

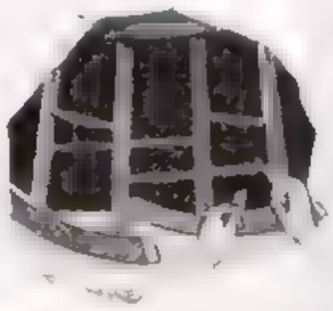
Put furs and clothes away in moth bags you can make quickly out of newspapers. Mend loose porch and household furniture with it.

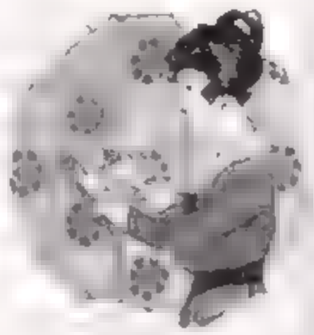
Fix the torn wall paper so it will "stay put." Make the kiddies' eyes shine by mending their broken toys. Use it for scrap books and mounting photographs.

One little tube of LePage's will save many dollars around the house. It sticks things to stay and its handy stopper spreader makes it clean to handle.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY
Laboratory and Factory,
Gloucester, Mass.

Making Toys


Mending Furniture


Fixing torn wall paper

LE PAGE'S GLUE

bookstore that I had remembered noticing which wasn't where it used to be, but a candy store was there instead, and the bookstore was five blocks further anyway, but I had walked that far, so that was all right. And the bookstore had shoved its way into the front of a old private brownstone house the way they do on the Avenue, so that the street level was all plate glass and condensed culture but the upper part still plain private brownstone, the same as most of our fine shops. Not that it matters, because no New Yorker is supposed to rubber at the upper part. Only the hicks do that.

Well, anyways, I went in, and it was the first time I ever went into a bookstore, and judging by the absence of customers I expect I am one of the very few who has had this experience. Far from being like a drug store, which as everybody knows has everything but drugs, this place looked like a regular public library. I'll say it did! Not that I ever was in one myself, the front steps of it during a Liberty Loan being as near as I ever come to one. But what I mean to say is there was no need to go searching at the back of this store for a perscription counter.

And as for the clerks, I'll tell the world they had a hard life! One was giving heavy thought to whether he'd get a manicure or not, and the other two was talking over last night's poker game or national politics or something in a far corner, but not loud enough for a person to hear which. And did they rush up and cover me with attention? They did not! They left me roam about helplessly, and after I had picked up several of the samples that was lying about, beginning with South Sea Sobbings and ending with Dottie Dimple at School but none of them appealing to me, I commenced to feel sort of scared and hopeless, because I could see it would be impossible for me to read even one half of what was in that store. I had commenced too late in life, and I could see plainly that a person was supposed to go all the way from Dottie to Darwin, a writer which was on another table.

But finally I decided, why be scared? It's only a shop, for all they try to make it look like a cross between a tomb and a church, and if it was the Paris Intime and no pink camisoles in sight, why, what would you do? And so having realized this, I acted accordingly, and asked the gentlemanly clerk with the finger nails if he was busy. He right away laid off them and was all politeness.

"At your service," he says, real cultured. "Can I help you in any way?"

"I don't know but maybe I'm beyond help," I admitted. "You see, I want to pry a little general culture off the shelf, and I ain't been able to find anything I can understand or that interests me so far, except a cookbook, and we got one of them."

"I see," says the young man. "Now if you will tell me a little more of what your plan is perhaps I can help you out."

"Well, it's like this," I began. "You see, I am a actress by profession, and making fair to middling good at it, which has kept me too busy to get a great deal of book education."

"I see," says the bird, taking real notice, and not merely professional notice now.

"And so long as I had no kid it didn't matter much," I went on. "As a matter of fact, I never give it a thought. But now I realize I got to jazz up my mind on the kid's account—get some general culture and everything—stuff down a little information, and so forth, so's he won't think I'm a dead one. And so far I ain't had much luck. I found a book by a fellow named Lamb in a cupboard ma bought secondhand for the kitchen. Also two by Thoreau and some poetry by a kind of a nut named Browning. But either they are dead from the neck up, or I am, because I can't find any pleasure in them."

"Well, I'm not altogether surprised at your not caring for them," says the bookkeeper. "You find those old fellows dull because they are dull."

"Then maybe I'm not such a simp as I thought. Can you give me the works of some live wires—and if possible in pink bindings so's they'll go good in my boudior after I'm through with them?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about the bindings," says the print hound, smiling gently in such a way he let me know I'd made a break there. "But I certainly can give you some fine, live modern reading. Why go back to the Victorians?" he goes on. "Read the things of to-day—vigorous, real things. By Jove, that's what a real man or woman wants! No wonder you got discouraged. Now, will you really let me help? I'll be only too happy to make out a list if you will let me."

"Go to it!" I says enthusiastically. "Only break me in kind of easy. I'm in your hands."

"Good!" says the Spelling Book Binder. "This is a great privilege—Miss La Tour, is it not?"

Whatter you know about that! Of course, I melted entirely then, just like any other well-known personality who of course cares nothing for fame. And so I modestly admitted that it was really me, and then the big selection commenced.

"Now, what you want is some Russian stuff," he began.

"Hold on!" I says. "No Russian stuff for mine!"

"Oh, but really," says he, "you must read Prince Mudgaard's Prunes! It's wonderful—simply wonderful!"

"All right, I'll read it," I says, "if it's the thing to do."

"And then we'll have Gogol's Dead Souls and a Dunsany play or two. You'll love Dunsany! For poetry, I think Amy Lowell will do for a beginning. And you simply must have a copy of Karl Westman's new book Arise America!"

"Sure, give me that!" I says. "It listens the best of the lot to me!"

"It's a wonderful book—simply wonderful!" says the brainy young thing. "Mr. Westman comes in here often. I know him rather well."

Somehow that name of Westman sounded awfully familiar to me, but I couldn't just think why at the time. So I just says "Oh, yes, how interesting!" in a tone like I knew all about him. Also I looked hard at the book he had written—a neat and harmless-appearing cover was on it, all pale gray like a gift book. So naturally I didn't feel any impulse to open it.

"Personally I beleive he's one of the most important writers in the country to-day," went on the Bookworm.

"Of course!" says I, my mind like a new vacuum cleaner, but not willing to admit it.

"And by Jove, here he comes now!" exclaimed my guide, philosopher and salesman brightly. "What luck! He runs in nearly every day to see how his book is going. Will you let me bring him over?"

And then, without giving me a chance to vote, off jumps that culture fiend toward a man who had just come languidly in, and left me standing sort of paralyzed and wishing I was on location or at home or any place where they have to telephone up before they can get in. Not that a well-known person like myself is unaccustomed to meeting people, but an author is a different matter, and not exactly human, and by the way I felt while the salesman was bringing him over I begin to understand why authors are called Lions. It's the way you feel when you meet them, and when a kid with the circus I, of course, saw a lot of real ones, only they was always in a cage, and Madame Leonine was no faker either.

Well, anyways, they was fast approaching and I had no way out, and when we were introduced I was glad I had remained at the hitching post.

"Miss La Tour," says Westman, "I can't tell you how delighted I am at this opportunity! I've wanted to know you for a long time. Do you know, you are one of the few stars I ever go to see?"

"Pleased to meet you," I says. "And I may add you are one of the few authors who's books I buy." And I waved it at him, being fortunately caught with the goods.

"You've actually read my stuff then?" says the handsome author.

"Yes, all of them, and I think they are simply wonderful!" I says, and God forgive me for the lie—I don't suppose anybody ever told one like it before. But I got away with it all right, as he didn't ask me any questions like I was afraid he would, but only beamed and swallowed not only what I said but what I implied.

"Miss La Tour," says Mr. Westman, shaking his curly locks, "I have discovered the incredible—a motion-picture actress who belongs to the Intelligensia."

"Oh, but I don't!" I says. "I only belong to the Red Cross and the White Kittens Theatrical Ladies Association."

Mr. Westman seemed to think this was funny, and he didn't hesitate to say so.

"A wit as well!" said he. "Really, my dear young lady, I'm not going to lose

(Continued on Page 52)

Half a man on a whole man's job

Thousands of men and women, we now know, are cheated of full vigor for lack of a single vital element in food

"WE know now definitely," writes one of our greatest authorities on food, "that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

That is the way a famous scientist gives in simple words the significance of the new, startling discovery about food.

One single mysterious element—vitamine—has been newly found in food. Its importance is now known to be tremendous. Unless we have enough of this health-maintaining vitamine in our daily meals, *we cannot get the energy we need for our daily work.*

Primitive man secured an abundance of water-soluble vitamine from his raw, uncooked foods and green, leafy vegetables. But modern diet—constantly refined and modified—often lacks this vital element.

It is this discovery that is making thousands of housewives anxiously consider the meals they provide. When a man, though apparently well fed, is clearly worn out by his work, can he be getting enough of the vigor-making vitamine in his food? Are women making sure they get enough of it to give them the vitality they should have?

Scientists say that the ill effects of getting too little of this vitamine are simply those of slowly starving the vital tissues.

The food which has been found to be richest in this particular vigor-making vitamine is yeast. Many physicians and food specialists have obtained almost magic results simply by the addition of yeast to the diet. Thousands are now making Fleischmann's Yeast as much a part of their daily meals as bread, potatoes or meat.

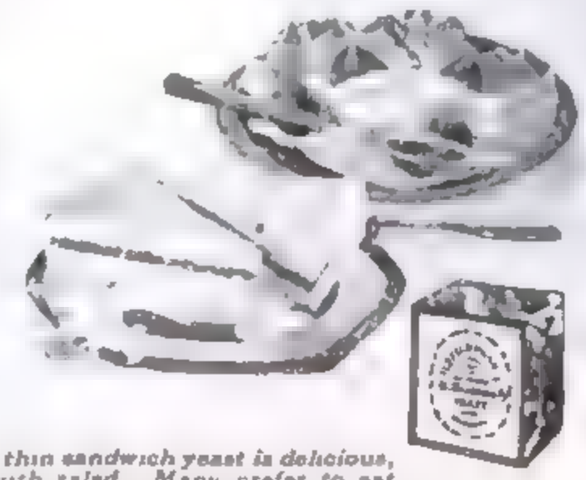
Increased appetite—good digestion—a system kept free of waste matter

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food assimilated in the body just like any other food. It is highly digestible—is in fact an aid to digestion. And it increases appetite. In leading hospitals it has been proved valuable not only for these results, but for aiding the intestines in their normal functions in ridding the body of waste matter. It gradually takes the place of laxatives, and many are taking it for this purpose alone.

Yeast may be eaten at any time with or between meals. One precaution: People who are troubled with gas would do well to dissolve the yeast in boiling water.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast; but not more than two or three days' supply at a time, because yeast, like milk, should be fresh to be palatable.

To learn many interesting facts about the health-giving properties of Fleischmann's Yeast—what it has done for others and what it can do for you—fill out and mail the coupon below for the booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." The FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. O-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



Spread in a thin sandwich yeast is delicious, especially with salad. Many prefer to eat yeast plain from the cake. Others like it dissolved in fruit juices or milk

Keeping the vigor that puts work through

Plenty of the vitamine in which yeast is supremely rich helps all the body processes and is necessary for surplus energy and vigorous health.

In scientific tests of the therapeutic value of Fleischmann's Yeast in certain common ailments which often come with lowered vitality, the statement of the doctors was: "In many of these cases which came under our observation, the yeast treatment caused an improvement in the general physical condition of the patient quite unassociated with the improvement of the symptoms associated with the particular disease in question."

Eat one to three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Helping the system eliminate waste matter

Science says if the body could be kept entirely free of poisonous waste matter and perfectly nourished, it ought to live forever in perfect health. That's a theory. But it's a fact that Fleischmann's Yeast helps the body get rid of waste matter, stimulates the appetite and helps digest the increased food we eat.

Eat one to three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Eat it over a period of time—a month or longer—and notice the difference.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. O-29,
701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost a copy of your new book, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

My name____

Street ____

City ____

State ____

(Continued from Page 50)

sight of you! I've got some scenarios that I think you'd be perfect in, and I want you to see them. How about a little dinner to-night?"

"Well," I says, a good deal impressed by a real, genuine author wanting to write especially for me, "I don't know is my husband free. But we might phone to the studio and find out is he going to get through or will he have to work to-night, and if he can accept—why, we would be charmed, I'm sure."

Well, Mr. Westman was game, even though I am happy to say he looked disappointed about the husband, and long may men look at me so, if you get me! And I went and phoned to Jim, and he said who the devil was Westman, but all right if I wanted to; and I wanted all right, because I intended to take a script off this great author if it was any good; or maybe the picture rights to America Arise, which was a pretty good title if you put Miss before it. Only, of course, I did not tell Mr. Westman right off the reel, because that would of been bad business, but expected to spring it on Al and make it in the East when there was room.

"That will be delightful," says Mr. Westman when I told him what Jim had said, omitting the part which was fit only for wifely ears. "How splendid! Now I'll tell you what—we'll eat at the Mocking Turtle, a little place I know of down in Greenwich Village. It'll be a change for you, Miss La Tour, and we are almost certain to meet some interesting people. Shall we say at seven?"

So I said seven, and Mr. Westman went away to a meeting, very full of business, but so plainly tickled that I commenced to wonder wasn't I the lion instead of him. It give me a real thrill to feel myself associated with the highbrow world like that, and naturally I wanted to be primed for it right.

"Look here, captain!" I says to the sales gentleman when Mr. Westman had gone. "Look here—tell me a little something about the Great Man, will you? So I can talk intelligently, you know. I noticed his hands looked awful rough for a writer."

"Well, no wonder!" says the book herder with a deep sigh of near-sympathy. "They put him on the rock pile at the penitentiary, you know."

"What?" I says, thinking there must be some mistake. But there wasn't. The bird only gives another sigh and shook his head—as much in pride as in pity.

"He's only been out two months," he informs me.

II

A GOOD time to tell a husband anything that can be argued about is while he is fighting his way into a dress shirt, or maybe with his mouth full of tooth paste, which gives him time to think twice before coming back at you. By a long wifely experience I have learned this, and so that evening when I got home I waited until Jim was at the shirt stage before breaking the whole truth to him. He had got back from the studio late, and commenced flinging off his coat and hollering for his dress suit almost before he was properly inside the flat, and you would of thought it was my fault he was late, and he always pulls the first holler, and if he keeps it up long and loud enough he gets away with it; and I sometimes think maybe I am to blame because he missed the ferry or the car broke down or whatever was the cause of the delay.

And any other wife will confess to the fact that husbands have an awful mysterious way of putting you in the wrong for something they have done their own selves, and the easiest way to restore peace is to let them get away with it.

Well, anyways, this evening I was home and waiting in a snappy black taffeta resterant frock and Maison Rosabelle had charged me twenty dollars extra for calling it a frock instead of a dress. Well, anyways, I was home waiting in it and a sort of calm excitement over being about to burst into highbrow society, and also a new hat with a tulle crown and a fur brim to keep my brains warm in case the company was cold to me, when in bursts Jim, his latchkey going wild and not working, the way they always act when you are in a hurry.

"Well, kid, I hope you are all ready," he says before I could say it to him, "because we are late now," he says. "Got my things out?"

"They are," I says, "on the bed, and I been dressed for an hour."

"Oh, you would, of course! Come on in while I jump into the soup-and-fish and tell me where is this we are going that you was so excited about it on the phone."

So I come in, and while Jim dug among his collars and swore at his studs and snortled into the washbowl and peered at me over the top of the towel he was drying his face on, and generally going through the charming, dainty routine of husbandly dressing, why, I managed to slip in a few pills of information here and there, and then bet with myself as to whether he was listening or not.

"Who's'is feller Westman?" says Jim, feeling did he need a shave or not and eventually persuading himself in the mirror that he didn't. "Some big bug?"

"He's a great writer," I says impressively—"a real one with books on the market and a thin goatee and mustache," I says. "And he wants to write a picture for me. He's a real highbrow, Jim," I says. "I could tell it on him at a glance. And we're going to have dinner in Greenwich Village with him and a lot of genuine artists and writers—no fake stuff, but the real inside circle."

"Know anything else about him?" says Jim.

"Well, he belongs to a club called the Intelligensia," I says.

"Never heard of it," says Jim through his undershirt. "Now, if it was the Pineapple Social Outing or the Actor's Equity I might find out something about him," he went on, emerging through the neckband.

"You don't need to," I says, very indignant. "He's a very famous person, and has opinions."

"What are they?" says Jim, diving into his open-faced shirt. It was then that I sprung the Big Fact.

"I don't know," I says. "But he's been to jail for them."

Jim made some queer snorts inside the bosom, but I went on quickly before he could get out.

"At any rate, it's the first chance we've had to meet any people with brains and culture, and we are not going to miss it," I says. "Jail or no jail, we are going to keep that date."

And then Jim appeared, red in the face and gasping for breath.

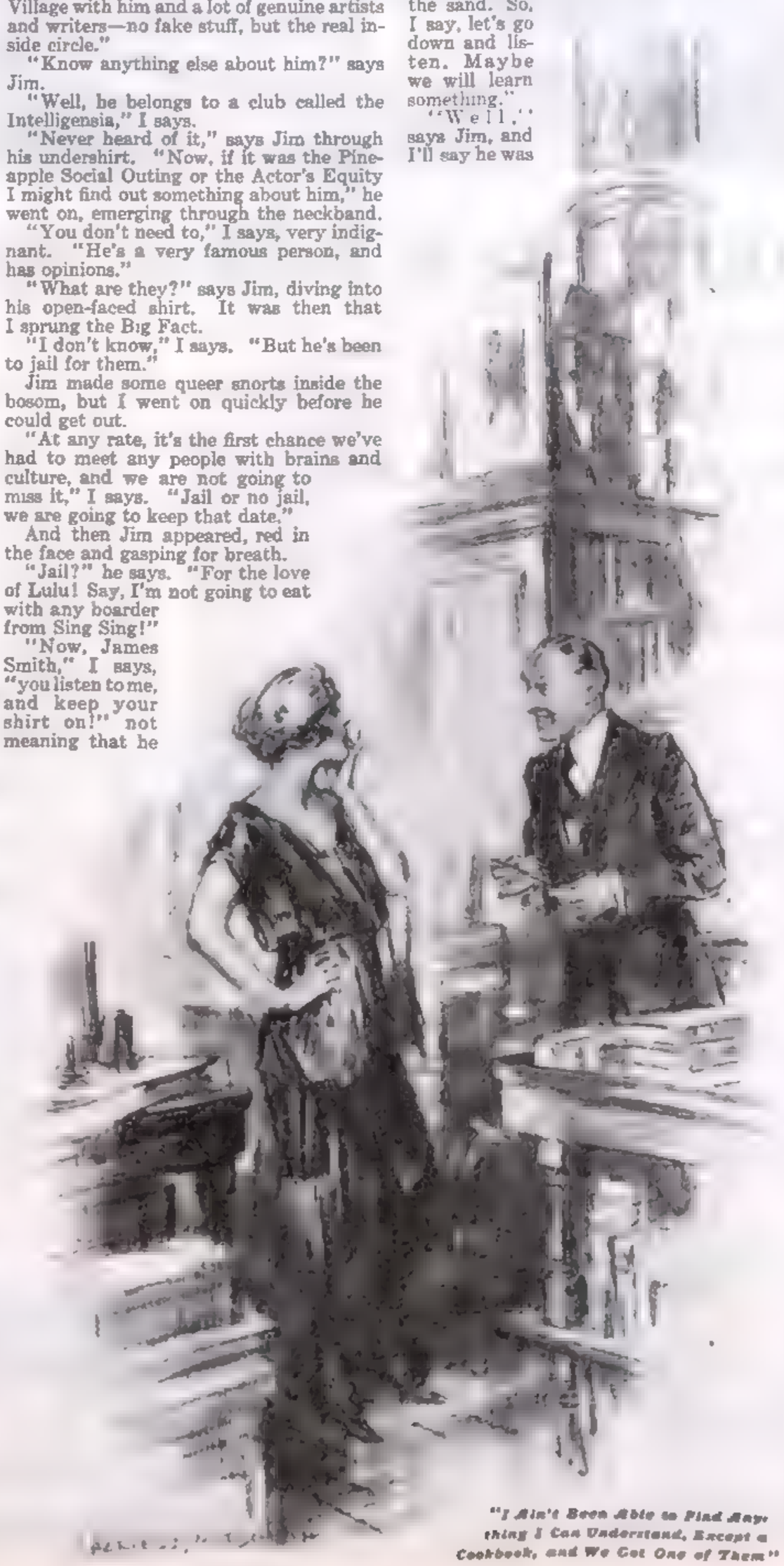
"Jail?" he says. "For the love of Lulu! Say, I'm not going to eat with any boarder from Sing Sing!"

"Now, James Smith," I says, "you listen to me, and keep your shirt on!" not meaning that he was actually taking it off again, because the dress ones are too difficult for hasty action, but you get me and so did he. "Now, James Smith, you listen to me and tuck away a little information. I got my reasons for going downtown to-night, and one of them is that I want to be informed. My mind enjoys working, and it don't get much exercise at home. I got a strong hunch it'll be an interesting party, and after all we don't know what it was Westman was jugged for. I got a suspicion the same as you have it was some radical opinions, but leave me tell you, Jim, radical opinions can't be ignored entirely nowadays. We are living in a world which is very much jazzed up in its mind, what with the income tax and the high cost of food and the terrible confessions of profiteering which we read in the advertising pages of the newspapers every day. Only a fool will pretend there is nothing the matter with the world and that things is the same as they used to be. That ostrich stuff won't get you anything except maybe a wallop on the part which ain't stuck in the sand. So, I say, let's go down and listen. Maybe we will learn something."

"Well," says Jim, and I'll say he was pretty patient to hold out that long, "if you say so, Baby, we'll go. Only if I have to start something don't say I didn't warn you."

"You'll start nothing!" I says firmly. "These are brainy birds, and we are going to enjoy a little exchange of ideas. And now leave that tie alone—it's all right. And come on, we're late."

Well, all the way down from Riverside to the Mocking Turtle, which was on West Fourth Street, I didn't say anything about the offer Goldringer had made me or how I had at least temporarily refused it, but sat in a daze, being kind of scared about who would I meet and what would I say to them, but real pleased to have the new experience and wondering would I get by without giving away how little culture I had. Because, of course, I realized that money is not everything in life and that education is a awful precious thing, and that one who has it can make one which has it not feel cheap, no matter how much money you have and they haven't. Do you get me? And believe me, on that ride downtown I would of exchanged my five-carrot diamond ring for a college education in a minute if I could of! But never mind, I thought, I am willing to learn, and a open mind is above rubies or five-carrot diamonds either, as the poet says, and I have got one.



"I Ain't Been Able to Find Anything I Can Understand, Except a Cookbook, and We Got One of Them"

And so while Jim kept up a line of talk about the studio and what a rotten director Art Wentz was and how the lights give out and no extra fuses in a great big studio like that and so forth and ect., and perfectly content with my wifely "Indeed, dear?" every now and then, I kept getting more trembly inside me the further downtown we went, and wondering could I remember the names of the books I had bought that afternoon so's to mention them carelessly throughout the meal, and then at last we arrived at the Mocking Turtle.

Well, beleive me that café reminded me of the Ritz—it was so different! It had once been a barber shop, but the barber had taken away all his sanitary fixtures when he left, and now there was an elegant cheesecloth drapery in the window and some paintings on the glass which I would of taken to be amateur if I hadn't known they were artistic. Rollo, our chauffeur, who is sort of a formal bird, looked worried when Jim told him ten o'clock would be the limit, and watched us into the artists' resort with a anxious eye. But though I hated to worry him, in we went, and there inside was Mr. Karl Westman, goatee and all, and he had dressed for dinner by the simple process of adding a new black ribband to his eyeglasses.

"Ah, Miss La Tour!" he says, coming forward eagerly, sort of surprised like he had been afraid we wouldn't show.

"This is my husband, Mr. James Smith," I says, introducing Jim.

And the two shook hands like I had said "both members of this club," but it went no farther, and then we sat down at a table without any wasteful laundry work on it and commenced to wait for the others, as Mr. Westman explained.

Inside, the Mocking Turtle was one of those restaurants where you have to talk in a whisper or not at all, unless you hire the whole place or don't care who hears you. Mr. Westman didn't care—he made that plain right away.

"I've brought you a copy of my paper, The Arm of Labor," he says, giving it to me with a something on the cover which I thought at first was meant to be cut out with the scissors and put together right to amuse the little ones, but which had "Dance of Spring" printed under it, which I read just in time to avoid a break. "And here is a pamphlet I wrote on Lenine, I'm sure it will interest you."

"Thank you," I says.

"But the main thing," says Westman "is the picture possibilities of Arise America. Have you thought about it at all since this afternoon?"

"Not beyond the title, which is great," I says. "Do you think it would be a good picture?"

"Magnificient!" says Westman. "It could be built up in such a way as to carry the real message to the people."

"That's swell!" I says.

And then before we could talk about it any further the distinguished company began to come in with a eager air, but whether to meet me or a square meal I don't care to say in writing. And such a lot of well-known names among them! At

(Continued on Page 57)

Will the impression you made last night—

Endure the light of the sun today?

Complexions—Night and Noon

Almost any woman can look pretty at night, but only perfect, natural skins can face the glare of noon.

A radiant skin, healthy and glowing, is the very foundation of charm—and every woman can have one. Aids to beauty are many, but the essential is a thoroughly clean skin.

Good complexions call for soap

Beautifying cleanliness requires not only a clean surface, but also thoroughly cleansed pores. Such cleanliness calls for soap.

Dirt, oil and perspiration clog the skin. So does powder—so does rouge. At least once daily this accumulation should be removed. The best time is at night. Then for hours of sleep the skin has a chance to breathe.

Without such cleansing, glands and pores become enlarged and irritated. Their functions are retarded. Skins become coarse. Blackheads and blotches may follow.

Must be done with lather

This cleansing must be done with soap. There is no substitute. One must force lather into the pores, using a gentle massage. When that is rinsed out, the dirt and oil come with it.

A balmy lather needed

The study has been to produce a balmy, creamy lather. A lather that soothes while it cleanses. A lather that leaves the skin soft.

To do that, modern science has gone back to methods of 3,000 years ago. It employs a blend of palm and olive oils. Not as Cleopatra used them, but prepared in modern ways. In Palmolive soap these matchless oils are perfectly combined. As a facial cleanser, the world has never found anything better. And it probably never will.

Palmolive cleans the skin with a gentle and soothing emollient. It leaves the skin in blooming, fresh condition. Its daily use is the foundation of skin beauty. Its every application penetrates the skin with the most beneficial oils of the ages.

If the skin is very dry, apply cold cream before and after washing. The soap will make a balmy lather. Rub it gently into the pores. Rinse out with warm water, then apply a dash of cold water as a tonic. Then you have done the utmost, beyond good food, fresh air and exercise, to beautify the skin.

Why only 10 cents

We bring palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. They are the costliest and the best oils a facial soap can employ. Yet Palmolive sells for 10 cents. The reason lies in enormous production. Millions use Palmolive. And our effort for many years has been to place it within everybody's reach.

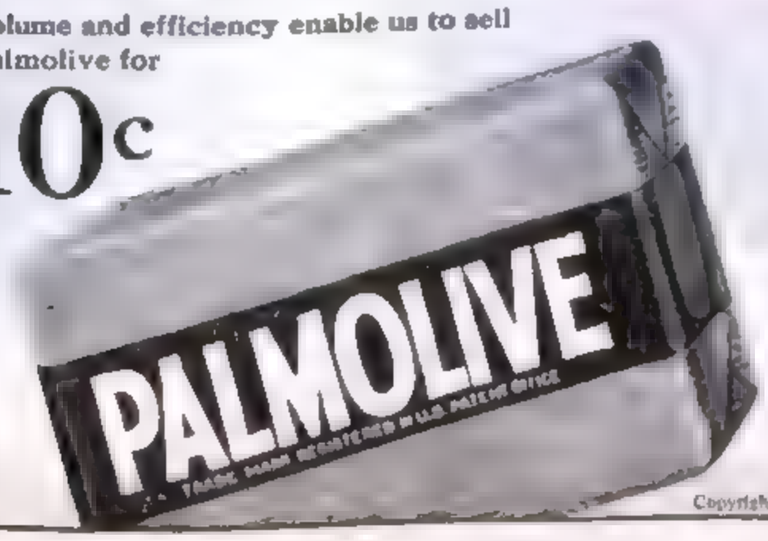
The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Supreme for 3,000 years

Egyptian beauties used palm and olive oils. Roman beauties used them in their famous baths. As skin cosmetics, palm and olive oils have for ages stood supreme. But in olden times only the favored few could get them. And none could get them in this ideal form.

Volume and efficiency enable us to sell Palmolive for

10c



Copyright 1931—The Palmolive Co. 1146

There is only one way to
Victor records at thei
-play them on Victrola ins

Victor records and Victrola instrument
to be used together. They are scientifically
is possible only because both are the pr
Talking Machine Company.

The need and the effect of this exact rela
recognized by the great artists who make Vi
exert their utmost skill in the work they d
ganization to achieve the perfect result.

It is only when you play Victor record
ments that you get the benefit of the comb
master artists and master artisans. That is
the greatest singers and instrumentalists with
of the art for which they have become famo

There are Victrola instruments
styles from $25 to $1500. New Vi
strated at all dealers on the 1st of ea

Victor Talking Ma

Camden, New Jer

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

o hear
r best
struments

s are specially made
coordinated, and that
oducts of the Victor

ionship are so clearly
tor records that they
o with the Victor or-

ls on Victrola instru-
oined efforts of these
the only way to hear
out losing something
us.

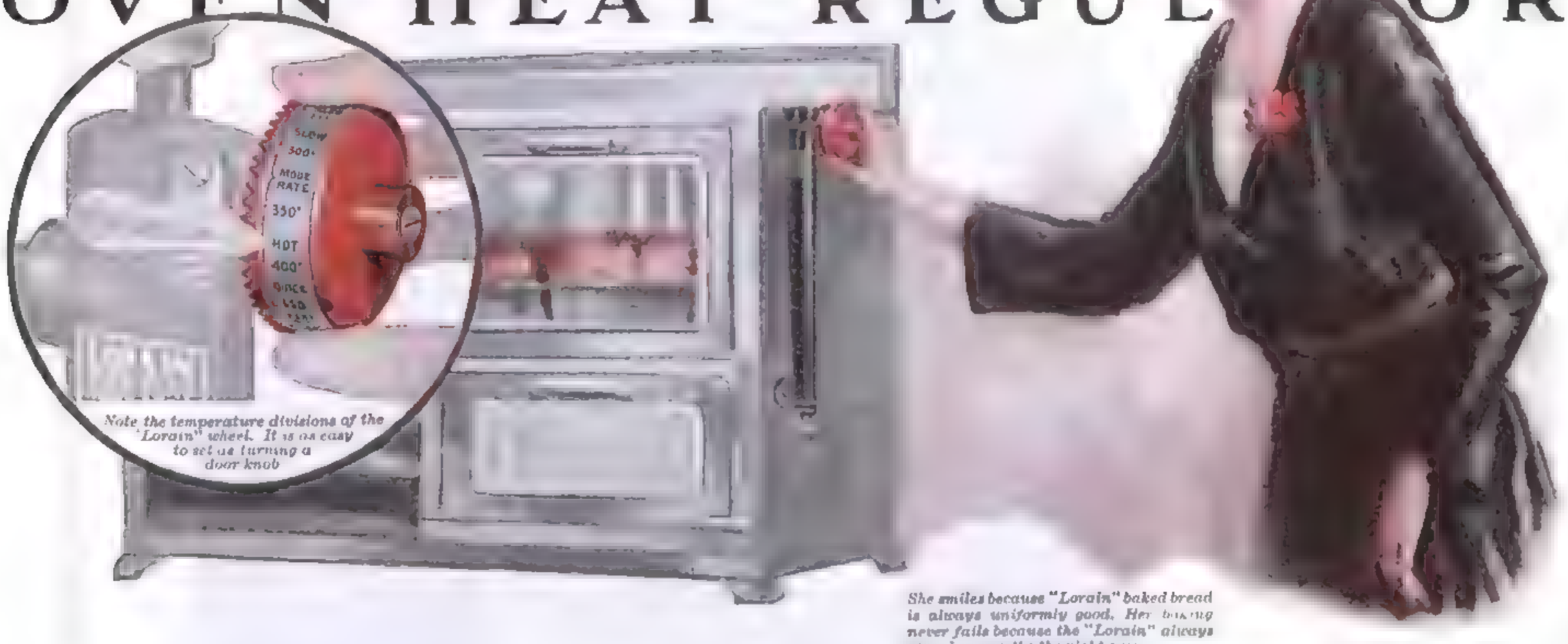
in great variety of
ctor records demon-
ch month.

achine Co.

sey

Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Note the temperature divisions of the "Lorain" wheel. It is as easy to set as turning a door knob

She smiles because "Lorain" baked bread is always uniformly good. Her baking never fails because the "Lorain" always gives her exactly the right oven.

Important Notice

Hereafter the "wheel" of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator will be enameled in red. Not all the "Lorain"-equipped ranges now on sale have the new red wheel, because the change has been recently made.

Read This

If you have a good range you don't feel like discarding, use a thermometer in getting oven temperatures, watching the oven to see the temperature is maintained. This is only an approach to "Lorain" regulated heat, but it will help till you get a "Lorain."

One easy turn of this wheel

on your gas range oven makes your every baking as successful as your best one

Even the most skillful cooks have occasional failures in baking. This is not due to the mixing, or the ingredients that are accurately measured by the appliances every woman owns. It is caused by improper oven heating, due to the lack of a means of measuring heat.

Such failures are annoying and expensive. You can avoid ever having failures in baking if your gas range is equipped with a "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator.

The "Lorain" is a device attached to gas ovens by which you can measure the heat as accurately as you measure a cup of milk. So simple a child can do it. The first time you try it you can measure oven heats more accurately than the most expert cook who hasn't a "Lorain."

It controls oven heats

By a simple turn of the wheel the "Lorain" places at your command any of 44 different degrees of temperature, the entire range of baking heats. In this way you *measure* the exact, predetermined heat desired for any kind of oven cooking or baking. Not only do you get the exact oven heat but the "Lorain" *automatically controls* the oven temperature you have selected all through the cooking period, whether it be half an hour or ten hours.

The old fashioned methods of "testing" oven heats, by exposing the hand or the face to the heated oven, by scorching manila or tissue paper, by browning flour, are unreliable at best and never exact. For baking many articles of food exact oven heats are highly important if you want to be uniformly successful and to avoid "unlucky" bakings.

Gives exact temperatures

The modern cooking schools, freed from old fashioned methods by the invention of the "Lorain," are now giving exact oven temperatures in degrees.

You will read in the most progressive magazine recipes: "Bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees." This is modern cooking.

To get this exact heat, as given in the recipes, you merely turn the wheel until the indicator rests on 350 degrees. That is all.

Try whole meal cooking

Try "Lorain" whole meal cooking in the oven. Once you have enjoyed its delicious results you will never cook any other way. The entire meal, from roast to dessert, can be prepared in less than 30 minutes, placed in the oven, in ordinary covered vessels, and the wheel set for slow time cooking. Then you don't touch it until time to serve dinner. The "Lorain" cooks the whole meal for you without watching. You can be miles away, for from 3 to 6 hours, and get home confident that "Lorain" will have cooked your dinner to perfection.

There is a "Lorain" dealer in your town. Watch for his "Lorain" ads in the local newspapers. Go and ask him to demonstrate this wonderful invention. Get our book, "An Easier Day's Work." If he hasn't it, write to us for a free copy.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 15 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

1921

(Continued from Page 52)

least, each time I got introduced I had the feeling that my not knowing the name was my own ignorance, and I felt a mere siphon beside them.

Among the real invited guests at our table was a lady named Rosa Gratz and her husband, Mr. Crabtree Bett. I thought at first she was professional on account of being Miss and a different name to her husband's, but it seems she was just a professional Miss, and that keeping her own name was all the profession she had in life. He was the man who had amalgamated the Sausage Stuffers' Union or something. Anyways, he was very important, and wrote plays between strikes; and none of the movie rights to them was sold, as he cared nothing for commercialism, or so he told me; but I was welcome to see them if I wanted to, because he understood I was Liberal. He himself was a philosophic Anarchist, and was free all day to-morrow if I cared to have him read those plays to me. And just as I was going down for the third time my life was saved by the arrival of Lu Wildhack, which was not a Chinaman, but a girl who had robbed a tortoise of his eyeglasses, and she was evidently Mr. Westman's Sweetie and awful afraid somebody would fail to realize that they were not married, and was maybe a little disappointed in me because of I not being more shocked. But in ten years on Broadway, why, you see a lot of poor things in the same fix, and I long ago realized it was not always their fault, but a incompetent mother's and the hard time they have to get along is really punishment enough. And after her came Mr. Westman's brother, a quiet young chap who just sat and said nothing.

Well, our invited company consisted as listed above, information drawn from sources which we believe to be reliable, meaning our own eyes and ears. But the table which had once worked in a boarding house could hold a lot more than six, and did, because practically the entire intellectual lower world, meaning that part which is situated south of Fourteenth Street, come over to the table and sat there during the evening, and by the time we had got to what I took to be filet of sole leather I had eight disinterested parties who never went to the pictures because they was so vulgar and so hopelessly bad offer me really good scenarios. The altruistic spirit of that Cave of Culture was a beautiful thing, and I'll say those highbrows didn't care any more for breaking into the despised pictures than they did for their right arm. But anyways, I was learning a whole lot, though not exactly what I had expected to, and at any rate there had so far been nothing for Jim to kick about except the meal.

But after we had eat the trouble began. One of the symptoms of Bohemianism is to hang around the table after you are through eating, and this is what we did, talk being a inexpensive form of entertainment, and our host had plenty of it. And what is further, that was just what I had come for, and so I was perfectly agreeable—up to a certain point. I felt all set for a heated intellectual discussion as I sat there amidst the smoke screen sent up by the cigarettes which everybody but me was smoking and watching the others enjoying some boot licker that one of the crowd had brought and refraining myself, not because of moral reasons but on account of thinking more of my Art than I do of my stomach, and it's the truth, they got more to do with each other than a person would suppose.

Well, anyways, I felt about fifty per cent more intellectual than ever before, although whether it was because my dinner didn't set very well, or not, I can't be sure; and so I thought, now I will start what I came for, and so I says, "Mr. Westman, don't you think all this talk of the Soviet spreading over the world is more or less the bunk?" I says.

Westman opened his little eyes very wide at that.

"My dear lady," he says, "the International is not a theory any longer—it is a fact! Look at Russia! Look at Italy! England will be next and then France, and by that time America will be ready—if she has not already come in!"

He says this with such a sure kind of manner that I couldn't come back at him the way I wanted to—quick and snappy. I could only look at him stupidly while my mind searched around for what I wanted to say next.

"But why should anybody in America want to revolt?" I says, and everybody at the table stopped to listen. Westman give a bitter laugh.

"Why?" he asks. "You ask me why?"

"I do!" I says firmly. "I'm not such a fool as not to read the papers, and of course I see a lot of pieces where the country is full of strikes—coal strikes, garment strikes, even milk strikes—and lockouts, whatever they are. And yet we certainly got a rich and prosperous country where everybody seems to have plenty of money to spend. Why would we want a revolution here? What is it you—because I suppose that's what you was in jail for—want to change?"

"Now look here, my dear young lady!" says Mr. Westman. "That is a big order for a single evening. But I can tell you a few things that you are going to see changed. You are going to see the people—the common people—come into power, first of all, and the power of the capitalists taken away from them."

"But most of the capitalists I know are awful common people," I says, and this got a laugh, although that was not what I had intended. "What I mean is that they mostly come from the lower East Side in the first place, and was maybe a newsboy or some such thing to begin, with poor but by no means necessarily honest parents. But their willingness to work and save and use their brains have got them where they are to-day."

"Social justice is based on fairness to the average man, and not on the exceptional, Miss La Tour," says Westman.

"But how are you going to stop the good ones?" I says. "They'll always get on top."

"It may be necessary to kill off all of those who refuse to put their services at the disposal of the proletariat," says Westman, his face getting sort of ugly and purple. "I am convinced that direct action is the only solution in many of the problems of social readjustment."

This got me sore and a little scared.

"But do you think you've got any real backing in this country for that sort of thing?" I says, real quiet on the surface but nearing the boiling point inside.

"I've got practically the whole country," says Westman grimly. "There's an immense organization in existence which will show its hand at the proper time. It has given warnings before now, and when it declares itself the entire country will arise from its misery and follow the new leaders to freedom."

There was a short pause after this, and I for the first time really noticed Westman's brother, Tom, who had been sitting in silence all evening. What caught me now was the anxious way he was watching Karl. The kid's eyes was half shut and two lines had come into his face—deep lines of worry—and he had turned a sort of ashy color like he was sick. He didn't say nothing at all, but I couldn't help wondering about it.

Then Rosa Gratz spoke up.

"Miss La Tour," says she, "you ought to be in a position to know something of the truth about the condition of the people—the vast downtrodden mass of the people in this country to-day—and to sympathize with them. You are of the people yourself."

"You said a mouthful!" I replied. "I was raised on Avenue A and in the dressing rooms of circuses and cheap theaters all my young life," I says. "And I hated it, and made up my mind to fight my way out of it," I says. "And by a lot of hard work I've done so," I says. "But nobody ever tried to keep me down," I says, "nor deprive me of a living or a fair show. I've always been well paid when I could deliver the goods," I says, "and so has everybody else who has done the same."

"But you had the goods, as you call it, to deliver, Miss La Tour," Miss Gratz goes on. "Suppose—pardon my being personal—but just suppose you hadn't been so pretty. Would you have been so successful?"

Well, that was a mean question, and pretty near a knock-out, because a face which is easy to look at on the screen is certainly the one which gets there, only that ain't all there is to it. But it's awful hard to make one who is not familiar with a studio understand that pictures is real work and that the money in it has to be earned the same as any other money.

"About the East Side you are right," I says. "There are plenty of horrors in it—almost as bad as what I've read about what is going on in Petrograd since the revolution took place."

"You mean what you've read in the capitalist press about Petrograd," Mr. Crabtree chimed in. "You don't know the truth—and even if it isn't perfect, the result in Russia has proved sufficiently interesting to spread through the workingmen's organizations all over the world—by no means excepting America."

"But if the people here are really as discontented as you say," I says, "why don't they take more interest in politics? They got a vote, you know. I personally myself think they got a pretty good machine with which to express theirself right now."

Suddenly Karl Westman got excited. He got on his feet and hit the table a wallop. His brother, with his face whiter than ever, half got up, too, but sank back again, still silent.

"Express themselves—express themselves!" Karl shouted. "God help them—much good their expressed wishes do them! Look at the miners, at the longshoremen—look at all the industrial slaves of this country—and then ask me why they don't express themselves! Politics are a rotten, filthy mess—democracy a rank failure! We are through with them, I tell you! We want action—direct action—war if you like—war with the rich, with the smug bourgeoisie with their fat little savings and their stupid content, and we'll put an end to their dull tyranny if we have to blow them to hell to do it!"

"Karl!" says young Westman suddenly, and his voice was like a whiplash. "Sit down and shut up!"

And abruptly Mr. Westman sat down. Everybody was talking at once, then, Miss Gratz about the West Virginia miners, Mr. Crabtree shouting something about the expressmen's strike, and a perfectly strange female who had got in with our bunch someways or another had Jim collared and he couldn't strike her, no matter what she was saying, but looked as if he wished she was a man. I turned to young Westman, who had moved over into the seat next to me, while his brother whispered to the Wildhack lady.

"Say, brother," I says to him, more to find out could he talk than anything—"say, bo," I says, "are you with this bunch on this Great American Revolution thing?"

"I don't know," he says slowly. "Sometimes when I see the poverty of the slums and then suddenly the wealth on the Avenue I'm with the revolution heart and soul. When I see the misuse of power by the officials of the great cities, the diversion of the public funds, the neglect of the public's interests, yes, I am for it! When I hear my brother Karl there talk, with his conviction, his fire, and realize that he has given his whole life to this work—even gone to prison for the sake of his convictions—then I believe in the revolution. And his following is a powerful thing."

"Just what is his following?" I says.

"Any number of union leaders," said Tom Westman. "Karl can swing their men any way he wants to, and they know it."

"How can he get the time," I says, "from his work?"

"It is his work!" says Tom in some surprise. "The Internationalists support him, you know."

"I didn't know," I says shortly. "Do you believe in this direct action stuff, too?"

Young Westman give a crooked little smile at that.

"I saw enough of the results of direct action in the Red Cross service for two years," he says, "to think much of unnecessary killing. But it's true I've come back to find a lot of things I don't like—cheap skates that made a pile while the boys was fighting, and all that. Yes, sometimes I think a revolution—a clean sweep—is the only way."

"I don't!" I says hotly. "There must be some other answer. There's a lot about our Government I don't like myself, especially the income tax, and I don't care for this Blue Sunday idea. Sunday is the only day for we actresses to get a little pleasure. But I'm not going to throw any bombs about it."

Young Westman give a jump at that.

"Don't!" he says, laughing a little in not quite a healthy way. "I don't like that sort of talk either. But if the country wants revolution it will have it, you can depend on that!"

"If this whole United States of America is as sick as you people make out," I says, "I ought to know the facts and help call in the doctor. I've heard a lot of wise cracks and long words here to-night, and it's got me worried. You people down here can write and talk a lot better than most of us, and educated people ought to know what they are talking about."

Karl Westman heard this and turned around to me again.

"We do know what we are talking about, Miss La Tour," he says awful solemn and impressive. "Soon—very soon you will see action. Remember what I say, when you read of it! The poverty and oppression in this country are no idle theories but a grim reality, and before long you will see a concrete demonstration of our impatience with it."

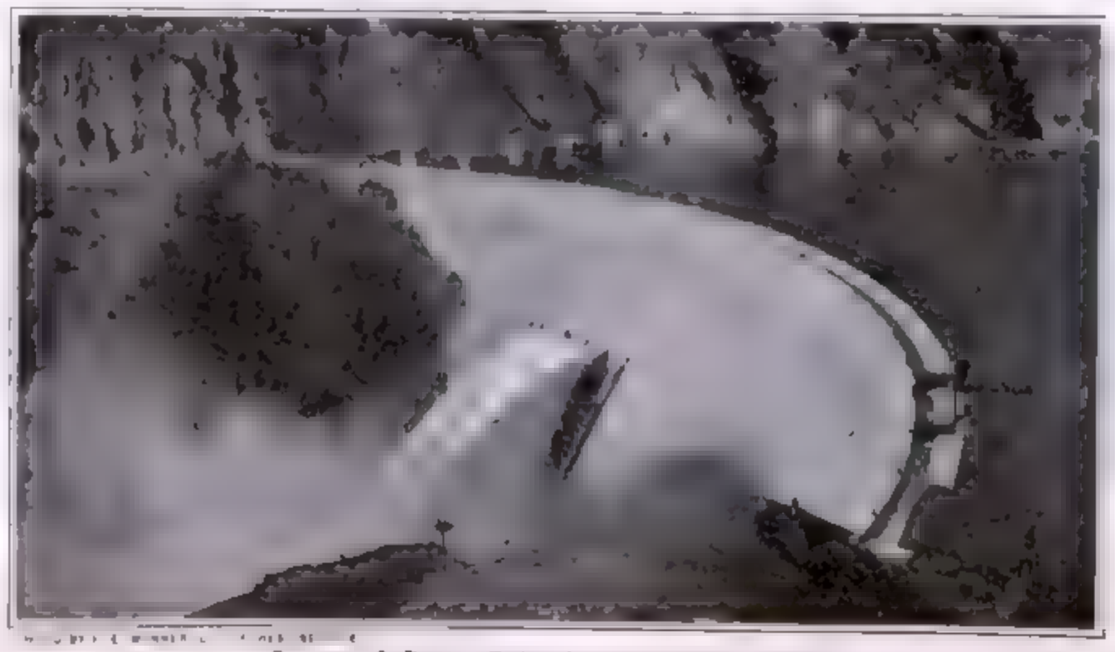
Well, these words give me an awful sickly feeling, but before they had time to sink in we got a concrete example of direct action right then and there in the Mocking Turtle Café, and Jim did the directing, but his fist did the action. He had been put at the far end of the long table, but I had for some time realized that all the argument had not been cooped up at my end, and Jim's voice had got into it stronger and stronger, and now he landed with his right on Mr. Crabtree's jaw, but the jaw not being made for anything but talk and to hold up a beard, he went backwards over the table.

Well, I don't know just how to tell what happened then, but for a few minutes it was a riot, only quite a little of the company left in a hurry without saying good night or anything, and finally when Jim was pulled off what was left of Mr. Crabtree, why, we said good night, or at least I remembered to, and that we would like to pay for the chairs that was broke, and any china, and then we somehow got out to the limousine and into it, and I turned on my husband and give him what Mr. Crabtree had been unable to—a good licking—only I, being a lady, did it with words.

"The idea!" I says. "Such a low-life performance! Can't a person have a little intellectual conversation on the questions of the day without pulling any rough stuff? Suppose we don't agree with them. We ain't in their revolution yet—time enough to lick the pants off 'em when they try to start it," I says.

"Revolution?" says Jim. "I didn't hear anything about any revolution! I hit him because he says motion-picture actors was cooties."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Arrowrock Dam—Boise National Forest, Idaho

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

THE Crowley-Milner department store, Detroit, with Haughton equipment of four passenger elevators.

This installation was the result of an exhaustive investigation to determine the most efficient elevators for handling the heavy and continuous traffic at the lowest cost of operation and with the greatest certainty of uninterrupted service.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 30)

directness of American business methods. They prefer to close a contract with much the same ceremony we exercise in handling a social event.

Though for reasons already enumerated America has not established a brilliant record in foreign trade, we have a few corporations which have made wonderful progress in developing overseas markets for their products. One American company, now known throughout the world, spent five years in studying the foreign situation before it even attempted to sell any of its goods. This particular company engaged in work that paved the way for its later sales. In China it sold lamps to the natives at a price lower than the cost of manufacture in order to create a market for its oil. The company's trained representatives carefully studied the psychology of the various peoples.

In India, the land of the sacred elephant, the can containing oil bore the picture of the revered animal. The company's moves in every land showed a thorough knowledge of local conditions.

In conversation with one of America's best versed foreign-trade representatives I picked up some ideas that are well worth thinking about. International trade does not spring from a great fleet of merchant vessels. The record foreign business of Great Britain before the war was not the result of her many ships, but the occasion for them. The foundations of international trade are laid by sturdy, persevering, intelligent men who are willing to go to foreign lands, study the alien people and identify themselves with the life of the natives of these far-off countries. We must not differentiate too greatly between the salesman in the home market and the salesman abroad. Both must analyze markets new to them. The banks of the country are the bureaus of information from which facts and figures must radiate to show local manufacturers, farmers and workers how necessary it is that they maintain a direct personal interest in the development of our export business.

Each and every individual or firm desiring to engage in foreign trade should make a careful preliminary survey of the field. This initial investigation should be undertaken by one of the principals of the firm, and not left to a salesman. The American company should quote its products in the currencies with which the prospective customer is familiar. When American goods are quoted in foreign currencies the foreign importer is protected from excessive exchange charges. For example, in Persia the Imperial Bank is reputed to be a British institution, and as a result the Persian importer will pay less for his American goods if they are quoted in sterling or in Persian krans.

In Syria the franc is the accepted currency, and as a consequence American goods should be quoted in francs, and the American exporter should arrange to accept payment at an American bank in Paris. French control of the financial situation in Syria insures the fact that the charges for franc exchange will be lower than the charges for dollar exchange. In foreign localities where American banks are located it is not so necessary to quote goods in foreign currency.

All correspondence should be conducted in the language of the country in which the prospective customer is located. Give the foreign client what he wants, and not just what you wish to sell him. Conform strictly to the foreign customer's instructions concerning packing, billing and the preparation of documents. Investigate the credit standing of the prospective customer through a local bank or through one of the large foreign-trade organizations which gladly supply such information. Forty leaders among 1000 delegates to a foreign-credit conference held in Boston testified that the foreign-credit losses on branded merchandise shipped overseas in a recent year were less than one-quarter of one per cent—an average that was from 20 to 75 per cent less than the per cent losses on domestic-credit business.

Here we have an irrefutable answer to the oft-repeated statement that foreign trade is a risky undertaking.

The largest part of the direct export business of the average American manufacturer is secured and handled through foreign firms to which an exclusive agency for a certain district is granted. Having the confidence of their fellow citizens, these firms can frequently secure business where an American would fail completely. German exporters made wide use of such agencies. This suggestion, of course, applies to small companies that cannot go into the foreign-trade business on a large scale. Another plan is to employ a resident agent who works on a commission basis. This agent often represents a group of American manufacturers. Such a representative is generally of the same nationality as the customer.

Advertising is often needed to supplement the efforts of salesmen and to build up a mail-order business. The United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce issues a document giving a complete list of all foreign publications, with full data concerning the circulation figures and advertising rates. Never forget that advertising which makes a hit in the United States may fall flat in a foreign country. It must be looked at through the eyes of the overseas customer. Catalogues and circulars should be written in the language of the country to which they will be sent. The description of goods should include the exact weight and dimensions of each article and the approximate cost of delivery by mail, express or freight. The necessity for advertising is indicated by the fact that nine out of ten times a company well known in America is unknown abroad.

It is estimated that last year United States exporters sent $75,000,000 worth of goods to foreign countries by parcel post. This indicates the splendid opportunity that lies ahead for those who wish to develop a foreign market for small articles which can be delivered by mail. Such trade is gained through the use of circulars, catalogues and advertising. No consular invoices are required except in the case of a few countries, and there is no charge for a minimum bill of lading.

A customs declaration is required and the forms are obtainable at any large post office. Parcels must be wrapped to permit inspection of contents. Weight of parcel is limited to eleven pounds.

The Edge Law, which permits the formation of banks to aid our foreign trade by issuing debentures or granting acceptances, is proving helpful in extending our overseas business. A recent survey showed that seventy-seven American banks and trust companies are already financially interested as stockholders in corporations especially organized to facilitate foreign trade. Wherever we turn we find American banks ready to advise and help American exporters. But to offset this splendid coöperation we have our restrictive Seaman's Act, which makes it difficult in normal times for American bottoms to compete with foreign ships. Another handicap is our deficiency in the number of available colleges equipped to teach foreign trade. Many people are sincere in the belief that the United States will not reach high success in developing overseas markets unless our Government adopts a more favorable and more definite policy in regard to foreign trade.

Our shortcomings in this important matter are best exhibited in our treatment of the Philippines. Last fall sugar planters over there paid as high as 40 per cent per annum for money to save the sugar crop. In one case a planter paid 25 per cent for money for five months. Early this year exchange on the United States rose to a point where it was impossible for the Philippines to do business with us on a fair basis. American companies had to go to England to raise money, although they were operating in a rich land annexed to the United States. These islands are the garden spot of the earth, and yet less than 12 per cent of the tillable land is under cultivation. There are thousands of miles of great forests with some of the finest timber in the world, and the surrounding waters are filled with fish, and yet the islands have no important lumber industry and no worthwhile fisheries.

It will be a great day for the United States when our Government adopts the fixed policy of standing strongly behind our foreign trade and when American capital can go abroad confident in the assurance of Uncle Sam's protection.

One way to force the establishment of a desirable national policy is to create an urgent need for it.

Gentlemen!

On May 16th

The Gillette Safety Razor Company will announce a New Triumph of American Inventive Genius — of startling interest to every man with a beard *to* shave

TRADE Gillette MARK

Built for hard and constant wear
Fast colors, standard fabrics, double seams.
SLIPOVA Rompers, Sleepers and Play-Clothes for Boys and Girls from 2 to 8 years.
Middy Blouses in all sizes. Many patterns.
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
SLIPOVA
CLOTHES for CHILDREN
McCAWLEY & CO., Inc.
253 Church St., N. Y.
Export Office—320 Broadway, N. Y.
Factory—M. W. S. Building
Baltimore
SLIPOVA
CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

FIFTY CANDLES

(Continued from Page 15)

reckless life. Perhaps that life had played a trick upon him—had made his fifty look like seventy.

We drew up before my hotel, and Hung Chin-chung was instantly on the sidewalk with my bags.

"I'll send the car for you at seven," Drew said. "We'll have a merry party. Don't fail me."

I thanked him, and amid muttered *au revoirs* the car went on its way. Standing on the curb beside an imposing carriage starter I stared after it. This was incredible! My first night back on American soil, the night I had been dreaming of for four years—and I was to spend it celebrating the birthday of my bitterest enemy! But—there was Mary Will. She had dismissed me forever, and I was bound to show her she could not do that.

III

A FEW minutes before seven I came downstairs into the bright lobby of my hotel. Parker, the ship's doctor, whose cabin Drew and I had shared on the way across, was lolling in a chair. He rose and came toward me, a handsome devil in evening clothes—indubitably handsome, indubitably a devil.

"All dolled up," he said.

"Going to a birthday party," I answered.

"Great Scott! You don't mean you're invited to old Drew's shindig?"

"Why shouldn't I be invited?" I asked.

"I know—but you and the old man - deadly enemies."

"Not at all. He rather likes me. Found me so easy to flimflam—my type appeals to him. He pleaded with me to come."

"But you? You don't like him? Yet you accept. Ah, yes—I was forgetting the little Southern girl ——"

"My reasons," I said hotly, "happen to be my own affair."

"Naturally." His tone was conciliatory. "Come and have a drink. No? I'm going to the party myself."

I had been wondering—his fame as a philanderer was international. Was this affair with Carlotta Drew anything more than a passing flurry to relieve the tedium of another trip across? Here was the answer. Evidently it was.

"Fearful bore," he went on. "But Carlotta called up and insisted. I'd do anything for Carlotta Drew. Wonderful woman!"

"Think so?" said I.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"In the presence of an expert," said I, "I would hesitate an opinion."

He laughed.

"Er you know something of old Drew's affairs," he ventured. "Must be a very rich man?"

"Must be," said I.

"That mine you worked in? Big money maker?"

"Big money maker." I repeated his words intentionally. He was frank, at any rate. What cruel thoughts were stirring behind those green eyes? Henry Drew out of the way, Carlotta with the added charm of millions ——

"But he's only fifty," I said as unkindly as I could.

"Only fifty?"

"Sure—the party," I explained

Parker shook his head.

"Looks more than fifty to me," he said quite hopefully.

Hung Chin-chung, a strange figure in that Occidental lobby, stood suddenly before me, bowing low. Drew's car was waiting, he said.

"Want to ride up with me?" I inquired of Parker.

"Er—no, thanks. I'll drop in later. Have some matters to attend to. So long!"

He headed for the bar, where the matters no doubt awaited his attention. I accompanied the Chinaman out of the lobby and once more entered the Drew limousine. Followed the faint whir of an expensive motor, and again we were abroad in the fog-bound street.

The traffic so much in evidence at five o'clock was no more, the grumbling symphony was stilled, and only the doubtful honk-honk of an occasional automobile broke the silence. Inside the car the light was no longer on, and I sat in a most oppressive darkness. Almost immediately we began to ascend a very steep incline. Nob Hill, no doubt, famous in the history of this romantic, climbing town. Eagerly I pressed my face against the pane beside me, but the tule fog still blotted out the city of my dreams.

At one corner we grazed the side of some passing vehicle, and loud curses filled the air. I found the switch and flooded the interior of the car with light. It fell on the gray upholstery, on the silver handles of the doors. I was reminded of something something unpleasant. Ah, yes—a coffin. I switched off the light again.

After a ride of some twenty minutes we drew up beside the curb, and Hung stood waiting for me at the door. Back of him was vaguely outlined a monster of a house, with yellow lights fighting their way through the tule fog from many windows.

"The end of our journey," said Hung. "If you will deign to come, please."

I followed him up many steps. Henry Drew must have heard us, for he was waiting in the doorway.

"Fine! Fine!" cried the old man. "Delighted to see you. Come right in. The house is a bit musty—been closed for a long time."

It was musty. Though I came from the clammy gloom of a tule fog, though many lights were blazing inside, I was struck at once with a feeling of chill and staleness and age. Open or closed, I thought, this house would always be musty, with the accumulation of many years. For it was very old, it had escaped the fire, and here it stood with its memories, waiting for the wrecker, Time, to write *Finis* to its history.

"Hung—take Mr. Coolidge's hat and coat" Old Drew seized me almost affectionately by the arm. "You come with me." He was like a small boy celebrating his first real birthday party. He led me into a library lined with dusty books. From the walls, San Francisco Drews, blond and brunet, lean and fat, old and young, looked down on us. "Take that chair by the fire, my boy"

I sat down. There was something depressing in the air: there was much that was pathetic about Henry Drew. His birthday! Who gave a hang? Certainly not his wife, who looked at him through eyes that seemed to be counting his years with ever-increasing hate; nor, probably, the son by his first marriage, whom I had never seen, but who, according to report, hated him too.

He went over and held those cold transparent hands of his up to the fire. I noticed that they trembled slightly.

"The girls will be down soon," he said. "Before they come I want to tell you that I've been thinking over our little matter ——"

"Please," I interrupted. "I'm sure your party will go off much more pleasantly if there is no mention of that." I paused. "My lawyer will call on you to-morrow."

The shadow of a smile crossed his face. And well he might smile, for he knew that I was bluffing; I had no lawyer; I had, in fact, no case against him.

"You're quite right, my boy," he said. "To-night is no time for business. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—to-morrow I see your lawyer."

He laughed outright now, an unkind sneering laugh, and once more hatred of him blazed in my heart. Why had I been such a fool as to come to this man's house?

The doorbell rang, a loud peal, and Drew ran to the hall, where Hung Chin-chung was already opening the outer door. Through the curtains I saw a huge rosy cheeked policeman outlined against the fog.

"Hello, Mr. Drew," he said cheerily.

"Hello, Riley," cried the old man. Running forward he seized the policeman's hand. "I'm back again."

"And glad I am to see you," said Riley. "I knew the house was closed, and seein' all the lights I thought I'd look in and make sure was everything O. K."

"We landed late to-day," replied Drew. "Everything is certainly O. K. You'll see plenty of lights here from now on."

He stood on the threshold, chatting gayly with the patrolman. Hung Chin-chung came into the library where I sat, and taking up a log stooped to put it on the fire. The flicker of light played on his face, old, lined, yellow like a lemon left too long in the ice chest, and glinted in those dark inscrutable little eyes.

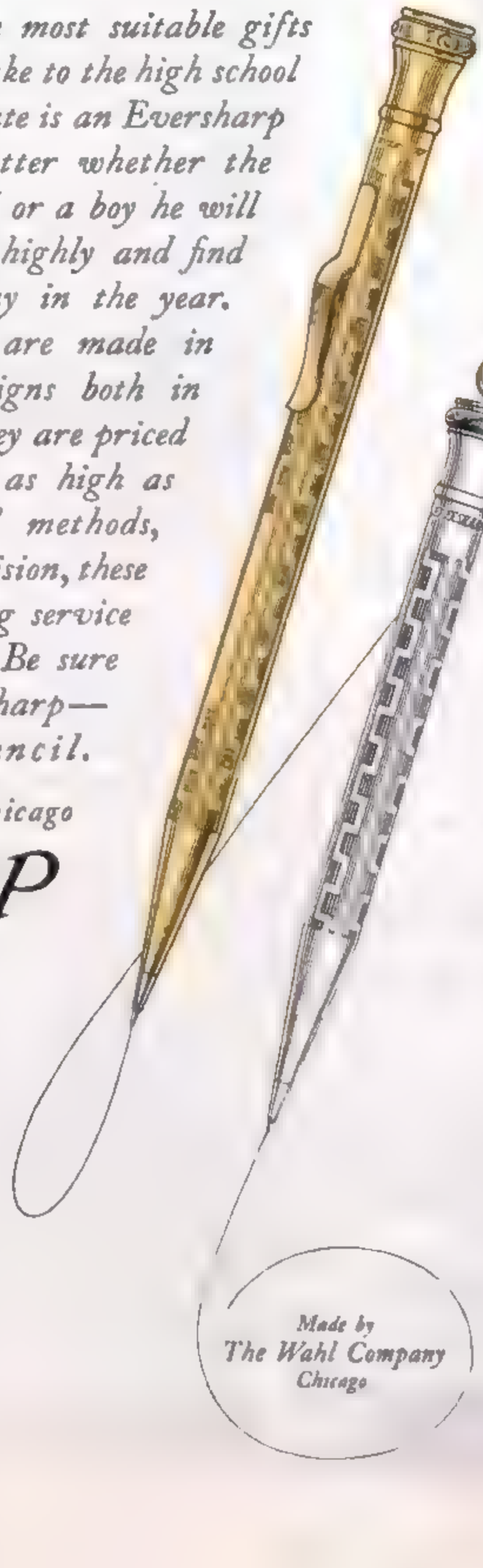
(Continued on Page 62)

For the Graduate

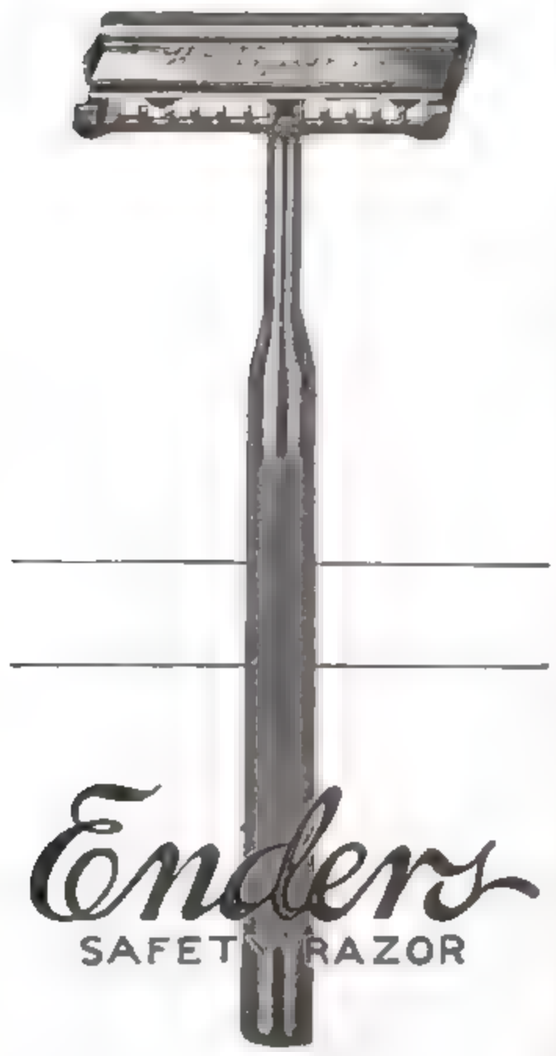
ONE of the most suitable gifts you can make to the high school or college graduate is an Eversharp Pencil. No matter whether the recipient is a girl or a boy he will prize this present highly and find use for it every day in the year. Eversharp Pencils are made in many attractive designs both in silver and in gold. They are priced as low as $1.00 and as high as $65. Made by Wahl methods, which means jeweler precision, these pencils give perfect writing service and will last a lifetime. Be sure you get the genuine Eversharp—the name is on the pencil.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

EVERSHARP



Made by
The Wahl Company
Chicago



Ends Your Shaving Troubles

A statement which over 2,000,000 satisfied users have *proved* before it was ever advertised.

In a world full of razors this record stands unique!

SIMPLE SAFE SANITARY

No adjusting; ready for instant use. Apart in one second, together in three.

"Just like wiping your face with a towel"

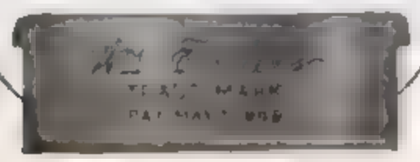
Wm Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents. In Canada—Razor, $1.50. Blades, 50c.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Blades—Hand-stropped, Hand-tested



(Continued from Page 60)

Drew sent Riley on his way with a genial word and returned to the library. Hung stood awaiting him, evidently about to speak.

"Yes, yes—what is it?" Drew asked.

"With your permission," said Hung, "I will go to my room."

"All right," Drew answered. "But be back here in half an hour. You're to serve dinner, you know."

"I will serve it," said Hung, and went noiselessly out.

"What was I saying?" Drew turned to me. "Ah, yes—the girls—the girls will be down in a minute. Bless them! That little Mary Will—like a breath of springtime from her own mountains. Ah, youth—youth! All I have gained, all that I have—I'd swap it to-night for youth. My boy, you don't know what you've got."

I stared at him. "He'll steal your shirt, and you'll beg him to take the pants too." Thus inelegantly had old Drew been described to me in China, and there was some truth in it, surely. Where was my hatred of a moment ago? Confound it, there was something likable about him after all.

I stared at him no longer, for now outside the curtains I could see Mary Will coming down the stairs. Many beautiful women had come down those stairs in the days when social history was making in that old house on Nob Hill—women whose loveliness was now but a fast-fading memory on peeling canvas. But none, I felt quite certain, was fairer than Mary Will. The lights shone softly on her red-brown hair and on those white shoulders that were youth incarnate. She was wearing—well, I can't describe it, but it was unquestionably the very dress she should have worn. Thank God she had it and had put it on! She came into the library, and the gloom and staleness fled, conquered, from the room.

"My dear—my dear!" Henry Drew met her, his eyes alight with admiration. "You are a picture, and no mistake. You carry me back—indeed you do—back to the time when these rooms were alive with youth and beauty." He waved a hand to the portrait of a woman in the post of honor above the fireplace. "You are very like her. My first wife, you know." He stood for a moment, pathetic, unhappy, weighed down by the years, more human than I had ever seen him before. "I don't imagine you two will object to being left alone," he said finally, attempting a smile. "I'm going to have a look at the table. Want everything just right." He crossed the hall and disappeared.

"Well, Mary Will—here I am," I announced.

"Sure enough," smiled Mary Will.

"This afternoon," said I, "at four o'clock, you put me out of your life forever. Twice since then I've popped back. And I'll go on popping, and popping, until you're a sweet gray-haired old lady, so you might as well take me and have done."

"Too bad," mused Mary Will, "about the fog. If you could have seen all those other girls ——"

"Don't want to see them," I said firmly. "Tell me, how do you like it here in the family vault?"

She shuddered.

"It's a bit oppressive. I'm going to strike out for myself to-morrow. Mr. Drew gave me a check to-night—I can live on that until I get a job."

"The cost of living is frightfully high," I warned her.

"But worth it—don't you think?" she asked.

"With you—undoubtedly."

"You just keep going round in circles," she complained.

"You've got me going round in circles," I laughed. I came close to her before the fire. "Mary Will—I've never been in San Francisco before. And I've never been married. Two new experiences. I'd like to tackle them together. To-morrow, after the fog lifts, and I've seen and rejected all the other girls, I'll meet you with a license in my pocket."

"Oh, dear—you are so sudden."

"It's girls like you that make men sudden."

"I never gave you any encouragement, I'm sure," she protested.

"You let me look at you. Encouragement enough."

"Look at me—and pity me."

"Now don't start that. It's love!"

"No—pity."

"Love, I tell you."

This might have gone on indefinitely, but suddenly Carlotta Drew's voice broke in, calling, and Mary Will fled, just as I had nearly got her hand. She fled, and that dim room was instantly old and stale again.

I stood alone with the past. My thoughts were jumbled, chaotic. Drews—Drews innumerable—were looking down at me, wondering, perhaps, about this stranger who dared make love in the very room where they themselves had laughed and loved in the old far days. Wonderful days that glittered with the gold men were extracting from California's soil. Gone now, forever. And lovely ladies, turned to dust. Ugh—unpleasant thought! Look at the windows. Need washing, don't they? Or is it the heavy yellow fog from the tule fields, pressing close against the panes, trying to get in? Quiet—oppressively quiet—what has become of everybody? No sound save the slow, deliberate ticking of the big clock in the hallway. The voice of Time, who had conquered all these people on the wall. "I'll-get—you-too. I'll-get—you-too." Was the clock really saying that? All right—some day, perhaps—but not yet. Now I had youth. "My boy, you don't know what you've got." Oh, yes, I do. Youth—and Mary Will. She, too, must be mine. She had looked wonderful. Where was she? Was I to be left alone forever with that confounded clock?

Suddenly from across the hall came a cry, sharp, uncanny, terrible. I ran out in the direction from which it had come and stood on the threshold of the Drew dining room. Another room of many memories, of stern faces on the wall. A table was set with gleaming silver and white linen, and in its center stood a cake, on which fifty absurd pink candles flickered bravely.

There appeared to be no one in the room. On the other side of the table a French window stood open to the fog, and I went around to investigate. I had taken perhaps a dozen steps when I stopped, appalled.

Old Drew was lying on the carpet, and one yellow lean hand, always so adept at reaching out and seizing, held a corner of the white tablecloth. There was a dark stain on the left side of his dress coat; and when I pulled the coat back I saw on the otherwise spotless linen underneath a great red circle that grew and grew. He was quite dead.

I stood erect, and for a dazed, uncertain moment I stared about the room. Beside me, on the table, fifty little yellow points of flame trembled like human things terrified at what they had seen.

IV

AS I STOOD there, with Henry Drew's dead body at my feet and those silly candles flaring wanly at my side, I heard the big clock in the hallway strike the half hour, and then the scurry of feet on the stairs. Cleared now of its first amazement, my mind was unusually keen. Henry Drew done for at last! By whom? Again my eye fell upon the open French window, and stepping to it I looked out. My heart stopped beating—for amid the shadows and the fog I thought I saw a blacker shadow, which passed in the twinkling of an eye.

I stepped quickly from the room. The light from the window at my back penetrated a few feet only on a narrow veranda, from which steps led down—into a garden, I judged. It was unexplored country to me, the dark was impenetrable, but I stepped off into tall damp grass almost to my knees.

The tule fog seemed glad to have me back. Its clammy embrace was about my ankles; from the bare branches of the trees above, it dripped down on my defenseless head. I took several steps to the right, and ran into an unexpected ell of the house. As I stood there, uncertain which way to go, something brushed against my face, something rough, uncanny, that sent a shiver down my spine. Wildly I swung my arms in all directions, but they touched only empty air and fog.

Still swinging my arms, stumbling amid flower beds, hunting in vain for a path, I continued to explore. My feet caught in a tangle of vines and I came near sprawling on the wet grass. Righting myself with difficulty I stopped and looked about me. The light from the room I had left was no longer visible. I was lost in a jungle that was only the Drew back yard. For a moment I stood tense and silent. How I knew it I cannot say, but I was conscious that I was not alone. Close at hand some human creature waited, holding its breath, alert, prepared. I did not see, I did not hear—I felt. Suddenly I lunged in the direction where I imagined it to be—and instantly my intuition was proved correct. I heard someone back away, and then quick heavy footsteps crunching on a gravel walk.

He had shown me the path, and for that I thanked him. Following as speedily as I could in his wake I came to a gate in the high wall at the rear. It was swinging open. Through this, no doubt, the murderer had gone, and I stepped out into the alley. I could see no one; there was no sound whatever. Then I started and almost cried aloud—but it was only an alley cat brushing against my legs.

My quarry had vanished into the fog, and to look for him would be to hunt the proverbial needle in the good old haystack. It came to me then that I had been all kinds of a fool, rushing out of the Drew house like that at the moment of my gruesome discovery. I had not meant to come so far, of course—but here I was, and there was nothing to do but hurry back. How about Mary Will? Had she, perhaps, been the second person to enter the dining room, and been frightened half to death by what she found there?

I swung on my heel to reënter the garden—and at that instant the gate banged shut in my face. The wind? Nonsense, there was no wind. With a sickening sense of being tricked I put my hand on the knob. I turned and pushed. As I expected, the gate was securely locked on the inside.

What should I do now? Wait here at the gate, holding my friend of the fog a prisoner inside? Useless, I reflected; there must be many ways of escape—a neighbor's yard on either side. Before I had waited five minutes he would be well on his way to safety. No—I must get back to the house as quickly as I could. Since I could not return by way of the garden only one course remained—I must follow the alley until I came to a cross street, then travel that until I came to the street where Henry Drew's house stood. But what was the name of the street where it stood? All at once I realized that I hadn't the faintest idea. No matter, I must get back to that front door somehow. A short distance down an alley lamp made an odd shape in the fog. I hurried toward it. Just beyond I stepped out into the cross street, and paused. Left or right? Left, of course.

The clammy yellow fog stuck closer than a brother. On my feet I wore patent-leather pumps, recently purchased on my return to human society in Shanghai. Their soles were almost as they had left the shop, and I slipped and skidded unmercifully on the damp sidewalk. A small matter—but one that somehow filled me with a feeling of helplessness and rage. What a spectacle I must present! Served me right, though. I had no business at Henry Drew's confounded party.

As best I could I hurried on, staring at the house fronts. But their owners couldn't have told them apart in the mist. My search was hopeless. I had given up and was standing beneath a street lamp, when I heard footsteps close at hand.

Debonairly out of the fog walked Parker, the ship's doctor, humming a tune as he walked. He stopped and stared at me. A fine sight I must have been, too—wild-eyed, with evening clothes, no overcoat, no hat.

"Good Lord, Coolidge!" he said. "What's happened to you?"

There was no friendliness in his tone, and it came to me suddenly—a sickening premonition—that this was the last man it was good for me to meet just now. I resolved to make the best of my plight.

"Parker," I said, "a terrible thing has happened. Old man Drew has been murdered."

"You don't say? Who killed him?"

"I don't know. How the devil should I?" His cool, unconcerned tone maddened me. "I had reached the house, and was waiting for him in the library. Hearing a cry, I ran into the dining room. He was there—dead—on the floor."

"Really? And now you are wildly running the streets. Hunting for a policeman, perhaps?"

I was not unaware of the sneering implication in his words, but I strove to keep my temper.

"I'm trying to get back to the house," I said calmly. "As I was standing beside the old man's body I saw someone moving outside an open window."

(Continued on Page 66)

CHEVROLET
for Economical Transportation

"Four-Ninety" Touring Car, $820
f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

"The Right of Way"

CHEVROLET has the Right of Way. It is a car that deserves first consideration by every prospective purchaser.

There are good reasons for this distinction.

The Chevrolet reputation has traveled around the World. Everywhere you go, you find it is your neighbor's car.

To win such universal approval, the Chevrolet must meet every demand made upon it.

Its powerful valve-in-head motor will surmount any road. Its light weight assures low fuel and tire expense.

The sturdy chassis, well balanced in design, and built of the best materials, will stand hard usage and cost but little to maintain.

Some day you'll own a Chevrolet.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK CITY

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. Canadian Factory: Oshawa, Ontario

Sales Headquarters: For Eastern Canada, Oshawa, Ontario
For Western Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba

More than 4,000 Dealers' Retail Stores and Service Stations in United States and Canada

DODGE
Power Transmission Machinery

Dodge Products Are the Power Transmission Standard of This Shop

The executives of this factory have unanimously decided in favor of power transmission products obtainable from the Dodge Sales and Engineering Company, of Mishawaka, Indiana, or from Dodge Dealers.

Hereafter, all products used for the distribution of power must bear the Dodge, Oneida or Keystone trademarks and the following standards of shop-practice will apply:

The distribution of larger units of power to buildings or departments shall either be by rope or belt drive from the jack shaft or by electrical distribution to departmental motors.

Departmental machinery shall be grouped and belt-operated from a lineshaft driven by the departmental motor; whenever possible countershafts will be eliminated and individual machines driven direct from the lineshaft, being rendered detachable by Dodge friction clutch pulleys or cut off couplings.

Couplings in excess of $2\frac{15}{16}$ inches shall be of the flange type; smaller sizes of the Dodge Keyless Compression type.

To insure minimum friction loss and low cost of upkeep, lineshafts will be equipped throughout with Dodge Adjustable Ball and Socket, Oneida or Keystone four point hangers fitted with reamed self oiling bearings of either ring or capillary type.

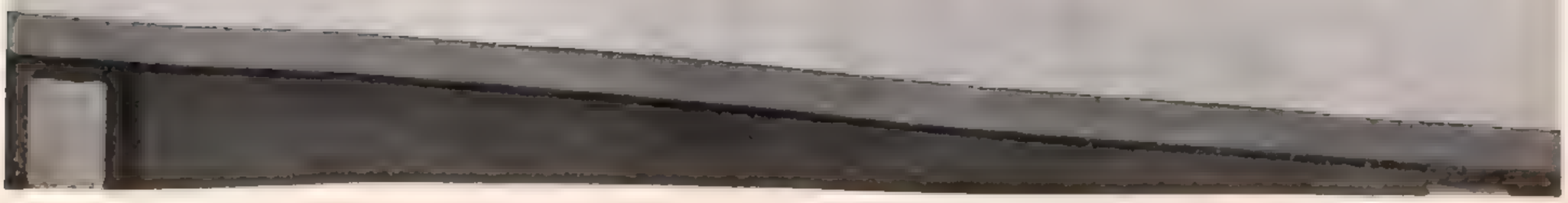
In isolated cases where, because of very frequent starting and stopping of an individual machine, the starting-friction may become sufficient to justify it, ball or roller bearings may be introduced into the hanger equipment of the controlling countershaft.

All shafts shall be collared at each end of the bearing nearest the power receiving unit; where the main lineshaft is segregated into sections by cut-off couplings, each section must be separately collared each side of one bearing at the driven end.

In all instances where pulleys are required, specification is limited to Dodge wood or iron and Oneida or Keystone steel pulleys, according to the particular use to which it is put and in accordance with the recommendation of Dodge dealers.

Economy, safety, minimum upkeep expense and maximum production are the governing factors of this factory and the foregoing shop-standards are to be enforced in order that full time operation and maximum output be maintained.

When Changes Are Necessary Call the Local Dodge Dealer Immediately



Emery

Golf Shirts

AT THE top of your stroke, poised for a long drive—you'll realize to the full the perfect body-freedom of the Emery Golf Shirt.

No restriction of shoulders, arms, chest. Bellows pleats in back open as you swing, giving muscles full play—close as stroke ends, resuming trim Emery fit.

Bellows pockets will hold a full supply of smokes and other needs.

An ideal shirt for tennis, too—and all athletic wear.

Style, withal—more style than was ever thought possible in an outing shirt.

Made in white oxford, repp and self-striped madras—materials possessing unusually good wearing qualities. $3.50 and $4.00

When buying shirts for any purpose or occasion look for Emery—at better-class shops.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 62)

I outlined briefly the series of small adventures that had followed. He heard me out, then tossed away his cigarette, and I saw a faint smile on his cruel face. It occurred to me that I should have to repeat my story—repeat it again and again—and that I was destined to see that smile of unbelief on other faces.

"Very interesting," said Parker, still smiling. "I wish I could be of some help, old man. But as a matter of fact I'm in the same fix as you. I started to walk to the house, and lost my way."

"At any rate," I answered, "you must know the address."

"Don't you?" He laughed loudly. "I say, that's funny."

"To you, perhaps," I said.

"Pardon me. My sense of humor breaks out at most unseemly times. I do know the address, of course. The house is on California Street." He mentioned a number.

"There are no street signs on the lamps," I said.

"No. But at each corner the name of the street is carved in the sidewalk. Let's try that."

We walked along to the nearest crossing. Neither of us had a match; but by stooping and running his fingers along the damp walk Parker came upon the name carved in the stone. I leaned over beside him, and we began to spell it out. It was in such a silly posture that Riley the policeman found us as his big bulk emerged from the fog.

"What the hell?" said Riley, not without reason.

"It's Riley!" I cried, standing erect. "Good enough!"

"Who are you?" he wanted to know.

"A friend of Mr. Drew's," I told him. "I was there a while ago when you called to see if everything was O. K."

"Sure," he said. "You was sitting in the library."

"Of course. Riley—Mr. Drew has been murdered."

"Murdered! He can't be. I was just talkin' to him."

I told him of the events since his call at the Drew house, and repeated the lame story of my actions following my discovery of the crime. He made no comment.

"How about you?" he said, turning to Parker.

"I met this young man by chance," Parker told him. "I was on my way to Mr. Drew's house, where I had been invited for dinner, and I became confused in the fog."

Riley shook his head.

"I don't mind sayin' you both sound fishy to me," he remarked. "We'll go back to the house. You lads follow me—wait a bit. Second thoughts is best. You lead the way."

He pointed with his night stick, and meekly we set out. Riley pounded along at our heels. We must have been far afield, for we walked some distance, passing several corners where motor cars honked dubiously. At last Riley halted us before the Drew house, and we climbed the steps. Finding the door unlocked we entered, with Riley close behind.

THE life of the Drew household appeared to be at the moment centered in the great hall into which we came. Carlotta Drew was lying back on a big sofa at the left, indulging in the luxury of mild hysterics, and Mary Will bent over her, a bottle of smelling salts in her hand. A little old woman with a kindly face, evidently a servant, was weeping silently near the stairs, and at the moment of our entrance Hung Chin-chung emerged from the dining room with no sign of emotion on his inscrutable face.

"Mary Will," I said gently.

She lifted her head and looked at me. There was terror in her eyes, but at sight of me it appeared to give way to an intense relief.

"You've come back," she said, as though in surprise. "Oh—I'm so glad you've come back."

At the moment I did not understand the full meaning of her words. Carlotta Drew sat up at sight of Doctor Parker and abandoned her mechanical exhibition of grief. Perhaps she remembered the effect of tears on even the most careful make-up.

"Now, what's it all about?" boomed Riley. "Mrs. MacShane ——" He turned to the old servant.

"The poor man!" wept Mrs MacShane. "In there—in the dining room ——"

"Has any wan called the station?" Riley asked.

"Sure, I called 'em," said the old woman, evidently efficient even under stress.

"They'll be sendin' a detective over," said Riley. "No wan leaves—that's understood."

He passed on into the tragic room where the candles were burning. Hurrying to Mary Will's side I began once more the tale of my adventures since my finding of the millionaire's body. As I spoke in a low voice I thought she looked at me in an odd way. My heart sank. Was even Mary Will going to doubt my story?

Riley returned.

"It's hard to realize, Mrs. MacShane," he said. "He was a kind man—you know that. Many's the time, on cold nights, he had me in from the misty street for a drop—but no matter."

There was a brisk knock at the front door, and a figure muffled in a huge coat stepped into the hall. Close behind came two policemen in uniform. At sight of the figure leading the way Riley was all respect.

"Sergeant Barnes—you're needed here," he said.

"Yes!"

The voice of Detective Sergeant Barnes rang out sharp and alive and vital in that house of dim shadows and far memories. He slipped off coat and hat and tossed them down on a chair. I saw that he was a cool, quick little man, bald of head, unsympathetic of eye, business from the word go.

"Henry Drew?" he snapped.

Riley nodded. "In the dining room—about forty minutes ago," he said.

"Myers!" Detective Barnes turned to one of the uniformed men. "You take the front. Murphy—the back door for you." The two men left for their posts. Barnes stood, staring about the room. "Drew had a son. Mark Drew—lawyer—Athletic Club. I don't see him here."

"He's on his way, sir," said Mrs. MacShane. "I called him. Sure, I thought of him right away, though why I did I don't know, for not in five years has he set foot in this house ——"

"All right," the detective cut her short.

He was still studying that odd little group: Parker, sneering, unmoved; Carlotta Drew, shaken a bit in the face of a consummation she had no doubt long desired; Mary Will, young and innocent and lovely; the old Irish woman with the tears still wet on her cheeks; and the yellow Chinaman standing patient as a beast of burden by the stairs. And finally he looked at me, whose enemy lay low at last beside the fifty candles.

"No one leaves the house until I have completed my investigation," he announced. "You stay here, Riley, and see to that."

"Yes, sir," said Riley, with a determined look about our circle. Sergeant Barnes strode into the dining room.

"A merry party—to brighten up the old house—to get things going in a friendly way again." The words of the old millionaire spoken in his car as we rode uptown came back to me. How different, this, from the party Henry Drew had planned! No one spoke. Each sat wrapped in gloomy thought under the glare of Riley. Only one sound broke the stillness—the voice of Time in the person of the clock, still ticking its eternal threat.

Mary Will sat not three feet from me, but I had the feeling that she was miles away. Some sudden barrier seemed to have arisen between us. She glanced toward me but seldom, and when she did it was with a look in her eyes I did not like to see. I was glad when the loud peal of the doorbell broke the stillness of the room.

Mrs. MacShane opened the door, and a brisk, good-looking man of about thirty-five came in. The old woman's first words identified him.

"Oh, Mr. Mark," she cried. "Your poor father!"

So this was Mark Drew. There was none of that shrewd, wicked cunning that was his father's in his eyes as he gazed frankly about the room. His face was a pleasant one, wrinkled with the evidence of much smiling. No wonder this man and his cruel old father had come in time to the parting of the ways.

Carlotta Drew stepped forward and held out her hand.

"I am Carlotta," she said. "Your father's wife. We have never met."

He made no move to take her hand.

"I have heard about you," he said gravely, and moved on, leaving her standing foolishly with her hand outstretched.

The wave of hatred that passed over her face was not pretty to see, but she tossed her head and with a hard little laugh resumed her seat. Mark Drew went on instinctively into the dining room, and we heard his voice and that of the detective as they conversed together. Then the voices grew fainter, a window slammed; they had moved on into the garden.

After an interval Drew and the detective came back into the hall. The former sat down, his face in his hands, and Barnes stood in the center of our group playing with a little pack of white cards in his hand.

"Well—let's get acquainted," he began. "How many of you were in the house when this thing happened?"

All save Parker admitted their presence.

"Was there any noise—any sound—from that room?"

"Yes," I told him. "There was a cry—a sharp, rather terrible scream. I was in the library, waiting for—er—him. I ran into the dining room. The table was set—the cake with fifty candles on it."

Mark Drew raised his head. "Sergeant, in regard to those fifty candles ——" he began.

"Yes," said Barnes. "Let that pass for now. You—go on. You went into the room. You were the first to enter, I take it."

"Undoubtedly. Mr. Drew was lying on the floor on the other side of the table, not far from the open window. He was dead—stabbed just below the heart."

"Did you notice a knife—or any other weapon?"

"I didn't look for one. The open window caught my eye, and when I stepped to it I thought I saw someone in the garden."

The moment I had been dreading had come, and I pulled myself together. Once more I must relate my story, and this time the manner of its acceptance was vital to me. I told of the figure in the garden, the footsteps on the gravel, the gate that had been slammed and locked behind me. I pictured myself lost in the fog, trying to return to the house. Though I put forth every effort to make it sound reasonable, it didn't; it sounded silly, preposterous. I felt Mary Will's eyes upon me. The detective gave no sign.

"Before I ask how you got back here," he said, "I want to say—I don't get you. Who are you? What's your position here? A friend of Henry Drew?"

"Decidedly not. I was an employe."

"Decidedly not? What do you mean by that?"

"If I may speak," drawled Carlotta Drew. She stared at me between narrowed lids, cold, calculating, hostile. "If I may speak, I think I can throw some light on that. This young man was employed by my husband in the Yunnan mines, and he claimed he had been unfairly treated. There was some cock-and-bull story about a promise ——"

"There was a promise," I said; "and it was no cock-and-bull story."

"He had quarreled violently with my husband, who dismissed him."

"That's not true," I said. "I resigned."

"By chance they occupied the same cabin on the boat coming from China, along with Doctor Parker here," the woman went on. "I believe the quarreling continued." She looked questioningly at Parker.

"It did," the doctor said. "For several days after they came aboard. I'll swear to that. Then they stopped speaking to each other."

"And yet"—Barnes turned to me—"you were a guest at dinner?"

"Yes," I said. "I believe that for some reason Drew wanted to smooth the matter out. He suggested I come here to meet his partner in the mines, Dr. Su Yen Hun, a Chinese merchant in this town. I agreed to come, but I told him I'd rather not discuss business."

"If you didn't want to talk business, why did you come?"

"I came because ——" I stopped. But I was resolved to tell the truth from start to finish. "I came because I wished to see again Mrs. Drew's companion, Miss Tellfair."

The detective's eyes followed mine and rested on Mary Will. "Huh! You're interested in the young lady?"

"I've asked her to marry me," I told him.

"Yeah. You admit, then, that there had been bad blood between you and Henry Drew over business matters? You claim he cheated you?"

"I do."

(Continued on Page 69)

The Golden Bar for Snow-white Clothes

In the safest, quickest, easiest way known Fels-Naptha washes clothes snow-white!

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha. It is unlike any other soap. It has *never* been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naptha *stay in* till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! The clean naptha odor proves the naptha is always there.

The naptha, even when cool or lukewarm water is used, works its way through every fibre of the clothes and *makes the dirt let go.* Only an occasional light rub is necessary.

Boil clothes or use hot water if you wish, but you don't need to go to that trouble or discomfort. The foamy Fels-Naptha suds flush away *all* dirt; and clothes are left sweet, wholesome, spotless.

It is so *easy!* Try the simple Fels-Naptha way shown on the wrapper, for daintiest finery and everything washable.

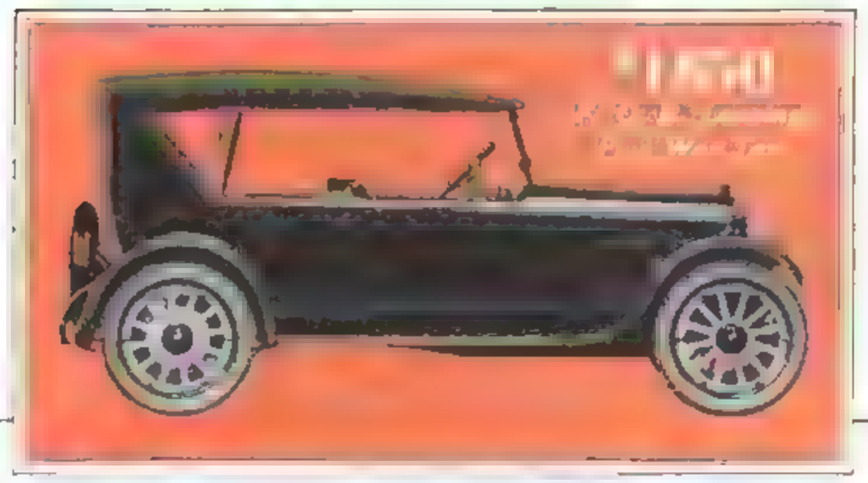
Get Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer today!

Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha!

© 1911, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



REO

"Standardize on Reos"

This suggestion is even more applicable to present Reo owners than to prospective Reo converts. ¶ If you own one or more Reo passenger cars, no matter whether one of the four latest models or one of the earlier Reos—we need not tell you of the quality, the stability or the low upkeep of your car. ¶ Were you in the market for another automobile you would consider none but a Reo. ¶ Or, if you are one of those who say, "I have never possessed a Reo passenger car but I do own a Reo Speed Wagon, and there's nothing else like it in the world!"— ¶ To whichever class you belong, we need only say that all Reos possess the same sterling quality—every Reo ever made conforms to that same high standard. ¶ If, therefore, you now find yourself in need of another—whether a truck or passenger car—add another Reo—make your equipment uniform. ¶ You, or any of the family or the help, can—and on the instant—drive any car in your garage. ¶ From the four models—Roadster, Touring, Coupe and Sedan—you can select the car that exactly fits your needs and your idea of values. ¶ And—fitted with the interchangeable attachments on the standard express body—you can have any or all the modifications of that wonderful Speed Wagon that you may require for your particular service. ¶ Resolve to "Standardize on Reos" from now on. ¶ The economy is tremendous and the satisfaction supreme.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY ⁂ LANSING, MICHIGAN

Copyright Reo Motor Car Company

Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

(Continued from Page 66)

"We left you wandering in the fog, trying to get back to this house, you say. You got back. How?"

"I met this gentleman—Doctor Parker. He had been invited here to dinner and was walking up from his hotel. He claimed that he, too, was lost."

"Doctor Parker?" Barnes turned and surveyed him.

"Yes," said the doctor, smiling his devilishly mean smile. "I met this young man wandering in the fog. I must say he had a wild look about him—but that, of course, is unimportant. Truth compels me to add that he was going at a rather rapid gait away from the house."

"How did you know, if you were lost yourself?" Barnes asked.

"It was later proved when we met Officer Riley and he showed us the way."

I saw the eyes of Parker and Carlotta Drew meet then, and I knew without further proof that a partnership had been formed to fasten this crime on me, if possible. But why? There could be but one reason, and I was startled as it flashed into my mind. Where was Doctor Parker at a little before seven-thirty? Lost in the fog—alone.

Detective Barnes turned again to Carlotta Drew.

"Now, Mrs. Drew," he began, "please tell me what you were doing at half past seven o'clock?"

"I was in my room, dressing for dinner," she said. "Miss Tellfair, my companion, was with me. I have no maid at present, and I had called her up to assist me with some troublesome hooks in the back. We were together there when we heard the cry."

"You heard a cry. What then?"

"My heart stood still. I tried to speak, but I couldn't."

Mary Will turned suddenly and faced her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "Your memory is slightly at fault. You had no difficulty in speaking. In fact, you spoke distinctly."

"Nonsense! I don't remember."

"I do," replied Mary Will firmly. "You said quite clearly, 'He's done it! He's done it!' You said it twice."

"He's done it?" repeated Barnes. "Just what, Mrs. Drew, did you mean by that?"

"If I said it at all," answered Carlotta Drew icily, "which I doubt, I do not know what I meant. I was beside myself with terror."

"But why should you be beside yourself with terror, as you say? You had no means of knowing what that cry meant."

"I knew only too well. My dear husband's life had been threatened—only recently, as a matter of fact—by Mr. Coolidge here."

"I deny that," said I.

"Did you hear Mr. Coolidge threaten your husband—my father?" asked Mark Drew sharply.

"No-o," said the woman. "Not precisely. But Henry—Mr. Drew—had told me he was afraid of Mr. Coolidge. He was very much upset when he found himself in the same stateroom with him. He tried to be moved."

"Then when you cried out 'He's done it!'" suggested Doctor Parker, "you were—almost unconsciously—thinking of Coolidge?"

"That must have been it," replied Carlotta Drew gratefully.

"Doctor—you're invaluable," said Mark Drew with a strange smile.

"Come, come!" broke in Barnes. "Let's get on. You heard the cry?"

"Miss Tellfair ran out of the room," went on Carlotta Drew.

"I started to," corrected Mary Will. The color was rising in her white cheeks. "But you held me back. You clung to me ——"

"I tell you I was beside myself. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You take it up," suggested Barnes to Mary Will.

"I managed to get away," Mary Will said, "and ran downstairs. I looked in the library; it was empty. The dining-room door was open. I went in ——"

"You were, then, the second person to enter the room?"

"Very likely." Mary Will's voice was low now—little more than a whisper. "I thought the room empty at first. The window stood open. I went round the table, and there—on the floor—I saw him—Mr. Drew."

"Yes—go on."

"I—I screamed and ran from the room."

"Ah yes!" said Barnes. "Did you by any chance see a weapon of any sort—a knife—near Mr. Drew's body?"

"I scarcely looked," answered Mary Will, her lovely eyes full on the detective's face. "I was so frightened, you understand ——"

"Of course, of course. No matter," Barnes said. "You screamed and ran from the room."

"Yes. In the doorway I met Mrs. MacShane. Mrs. Drew was coming down the stairs. She followed Mrs. MacShane into the dining room. In a moment she, too, screamed—and I believe she fainted in Mrs. MacShane's arms."

"It was almost a faint," said the old woman.

"Miss Tellfair, please," Barnes insisted.

"I knew where Mrs. Drew kept a bottle of smelling salts," Mary Will continued. "She had used them on the boat, and I'd packed them for her. I ran up and got them—and brought them down. That's—that's all, I think." I fancied that Mary Will was near a faint herself.

"And now, Mrs. MacShane," said the detective, "we'll listen to you."

"Officer—my story's soon told," said the old woman. "I hears the cry, and bein' busy with dinner, ordered at the last minute, as ye might say, I didn't pay no attention. I'm no cook, I'm a caretaker, an' I was doin' the cookin' as a favor to poor Mr. Drew, who sint me the word by wireless to-day, I havin' looked afther the house while he was away. 'Sure,' says I, 'that's a keen cry, an' a bitter wan, but my business is here.' Thin I got to thinkin', so I took a minute off to come trottin' in, an' afther that it was as the young lady says. I found what I found—poor Mr. Drew—God rist his soul!"

The quick eye of Barnes once more traveled round that little group.

"Doctor Parker, I believe, was lost in the fog at half past seven, on his way to the house," he said. "That leaves nobody but his stony-faced Chink. I'd as soon go out in the Sahara Desert and have a chat with the Sphinx as question one of 'em. Come here, you!"

Hung Chin-chung stiffened, and a dignity that was ever part of him shone from his strange eyes as he crossed the room and stood before the detective.

"What's your name?" roared Barnes. He was one of those hundred per cent Americans who believe all foreigners are deaf.

Hung stared at him in amiable contempt. Mark Drew spoke up.

"If I may make a suggestion," he said, "Hung was almost one of the family. He was my father's body servant, for twenty years his best friend, and in these later years, I am afraid, his only friend. Hung's personal name, Chin-chung, means completely loyal, and he was all of that. He has never been known to refuse any request my father made of him, and I am sure my father was extremely fond of him. So was Hung fond of my father, and I am very much mistaken if, despite the lack of evidence in his face, Hung is not the sincerest mourner among us here to-night."

The Chinaman bowed.

"It is sweet indeed," he said, in precise, perfect English, "if I have found such honor in the eyes of my employer's son. You are a policeman," he added, turning gravely on Barnes, "and you wish to know of my movements in this house to-night. When this matter under discussion was in progress I was in my room, whither I had gone with my master's permission. This young man"—he nodded toward me—"was in the room when that permission was granted."

"That's right," I said.

"I am no butler, no house man," Hung went on. "But we had only to-day arrived from China, and there was not yet time to engage a servant of that class. Mr. Drew had asked me to serve the dinner to-night, and I had agreed to do so, as I agreed to all his wishes, always.

"I was in my room making certain changes in my attire, that I might bring honor to my master and my master's house in the eyes of his friends."

"Did you hear anything?" asked Barnes.

"My room," said Hung, "is on the fourth floor, at the rear. No sound of any disturbance reached my ears. I came down, prepared to serve dinner, and found the house in uproar. My master, who was as dear to me as the bones of my honorable ancestors, was dead beside the table where the dinner was prepared."

There is a great demand for this Keds pump this summer—either with a heel or without. Similar models have an ankle strap. Of fine white canvas with either smooth or corrugated rubber sole

One of our eight famous "Leather-trim" models—for sports, for school, for everyday hard wear. Heavy canvas uppers with brown leather ankle patches and reinforcements. Thick soles of red rubber—smooth, corrugated or suction grip

One of the largest selling shoes in the world. Carried by almost every shoe dealer in the country. In high and low models, all grades and sizes for men, women and children. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles

20,000,000 men, women and children will be wearing them this summer

Another season of advance for the canvas rubber-soled shoe—Keds, a complete line with a type for every need

THINK of having the comfort of an old-fashioned tennis shoe combined with the neatness and style and wear of a regular shoe! That's what the Keds line offers you—men, women and children.

And that is why you will see Keds everywhere you go this summer—at the seashore, in the mountains, at the country club, on the tennis court—on the street and at home.

There are many different styles and types of Keds, ranging all the way from the sturdy "Leather-trim" outing shoe for men and boys to the trimmest model of woman's oxford.

With their easy, springy fit Keds put new life in your step. They allow the foot perfect freedom with just the right support.

You can find Keds at every good store where shoes are sold. Try on the various models—notice how light and cool they all are. If your dealer does not have your style he can get it for you in a day or so. Be sure to look for the name *Keds* on the shoe—the guarantee of quality and service.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

All canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoe.

Protection—

Ask for the genuine Beaded Tip. Be sure the label reads BEADED TIP *before removing it.*

Beaded Tip
Shoe Laces

The long wearing quality of Beaded Tip Laces comes from strong-fibred yarns of highest grade and fine workmanship. The tip is *crimped* into the fabric—won't come off.

"Buy an Extra Pair"

Genuine Beaded Tip Laces are sold everywhere. If they cost a *little* more than ordinary laces, they are worth *much* more. Buy them in quantity.

Manufactured by
UNITED LACE & BRAID MFG. CO.
Providence, R. I.

BEADED

"There's a back stairs?" suggested Barnes.

"Ah, yes," replied Hung, "a back stairs, leading through the kitchen of Mrs. MacShane. If I had passed that way ——"

"He didn't," said the old woman. "I never left the kitchen from five this afternoon till I come in here. I saw nothing of Hung. He speaks the truth."

Barnes stood staring at Hung through his vivid little eyes, but the beady eyes of the Chinaman gave back no answering gleam. Still the detective played with the pack of white cards in his hand.

"We're getting nowhere," pouted Carlotta Drew. "I must say I feel faint and weak. Surely we may be excused now."

"Not yet!" snapped Barnes. "I'm sorry. I believe you've had no dinner. If Mrs. MacShane here could make us all a cup of coffee ——"

"I can that," said Mrs. MacShane.

"Go and help," said Barnes to Hung, and the latter, after a moment of open defiance, turned slowly on his velvet-shod feet and followed the old woman to the kitchen.

Barnes stood in deep thought, looking from one to another of the group that remained. His eye as it met mine was cold and calculating, and I knew that if he could fix a semblance of guilt on my head he would do it.

A man prominent in San Francisco life was murdered, there would be an outcry in the newspapers, and an arrest must be made to save the face of the police—the guilty man if possible; if not, someone who seemed guilty.

"Let's go back," he said with sudden decision. "Henry Drew was giving a birthday party to-night. I noticed, Mr. Drew, that when you saw the cake with the fifty candles you appeared surprised. I take it this was not your father's birthday."

"It most certainly was not," Mark Drew replied. "If you will consult the family Bible in the library you will find that my father was born, not in December but in March. He was sixty-nine years old last March."

"Sixty-nine," mused Barnes. "Yet this was somebody's fiftieth birthday—somebody Henry Drew thought highly enough of to honor with a party. Whose birthday was it? Mrs. Drew—do you know?"

"I do not," said Carlotta Drew. "My husband confided few of his affairs to me."

"Yes? Well, I guess we can take it for granted that the person in whose honor the party was given was to be among the guests." Barnes held up the little pack of white cards. "I've got here the place cards for the party, which I gathered up from the table." He began to read. "Mr. Coolidge—you're not fifty. Miss Tellfair—I don't need to ask. Doctor Parker—er—how about you?"

"Not guilty," Parker said. "It's not my birthday, and Mr. Drew wouldn't have given me a party if it were."

Barnes held up another card, and for a long moment gazed at the face of Carlotta Drew. He must have seen the lines and wrinkles that even the best of make-ups could not completely hide.

"If you will pardon me, Mrs. Drew ——"

"I have already told you," answered Carlotta Drew angrily, "I do not know whose birthday it is."

"Well, no offense," smiled Barnes. "That leaves me just one card—the card of the guest who for some reason or other has not come to the party, Dr. Su Yen Hun. The other partner in the Yunnan mine, I believe?"

"So I understand," said I.

"Do you know him?"

"I met him four years ago—in Shanghai."

"He was a partner in the fraud you claim was practiced on you?"

"I understand he was a partner in all of Drew's shady deals."

"An interesting guest. I'd like to see him." Barnes turned to the patrolman, who was still waiting. "Riley, before I let you go back to your beat, do this for me. Go to Su Yen Hun's house—you know, the big Chinese millionaire—it's just round the corner on Post Street. Give Su my compliments and ask him to step over here a minute."

"Yes, sir," said Riley, and promptly disappeared.

"I can tell you in advance—this is not Su's fiftieth birthday," Mark Drew said. "He's a very old man—eighty or more."

"I know he is," Barnes answered, "but he's worth a question or two anyhow. Now while you people are waiting for your coffee I'll have a look about the upstairs." He paused at the foot of the stairway. "Myers is in front, and Murphy's in the garden," he smiled. "Good men, both of them. So keep your seats."

As the detective walked briskly up the stairs I was startled to see Mary Will's eyes following him, wide and frightened. I went quickly to her side, but before I could speak Doctor Parker cut in.

"This is an outrage!" he cried. He rose and walked angrily up and down. "Why should I be held here? I came to this house for a party, not an inquest. When that fool detective comes back I'm going to demand that he let me go."

Mark Drew answered in a low, surprisingly hostile tone.

"I would not call that fool detective's attention to myself if I were you," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" snarled Parker, turning on him.

"Lost in the fog," smiled Drew. "Not much of an alibi, doctor, if you ask me."

"Do you dare to insinuate ——"

"That you would injure my father? When have you ever done anything else?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, don't you? I mean you are too eager, my dear doctor—you and this woman here—to fasten the crime on the head of a young man who may or may not be guilty. Don't think you can fool me. Don't think I can't read you—the pair of you. You have made the last years of my father's life a hell. And what does his death mean to you? This woman with a big share of my father's money—and no more need for secrecy. Take care, Doctor Parker. Lie low. I'm telling you—the fog is a rotten alibi."

"You're a lawyer," Parker cried. "You know I could have you in court for talk like that."

"Don't worry," said Drew. "Before this affair is ended you'll have me in court—or I'll have you!"

They faced each other, evidently on the verge of blows. But over Drew's shoulder Doctor Parker caught a look from the eyes of Carlotta Drew, and backing away he stepped to the window. I turned to Mary Will. She seemed to have heard nothing; her gaze had never left the head of the stairs.

"Mary Will—what is it—what's the matter?" I said softly.

"Oh—go away—please go away!" she whispered. "They mustn't see us talking together—now."

Without question I did as she asked. But I was filled with amazement. How was Mary Will involved in the murder of Henry Drew?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Wilson Bro's

ESTABLISHED 1864

AMERICA'S COMPLETE FURNISHERS OF MEN

CHICAGO BOSTON DALLAS DETROIT LOUISVILLE ST. LOUIS NEW YORK PARIS

Shirts for spring and summer

Once wear Wilson Bro's shirts and you'll always wear them. They're such ample values! This is one of our fine white negligees with self stripe—a favorite for business wear—$3 and up. One of a thousand new Spring patterns our dealers are showing

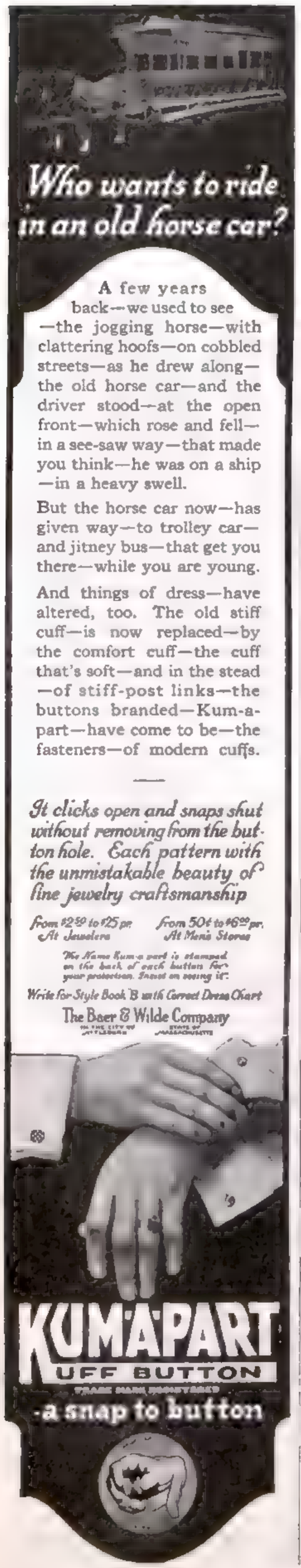
Our complete line

under one "overhead" gives our thousands of men's wear dealers every known advantage and economy in selecting their goods. That enables them to give you more for your money. You save every way by concentrating on Wilson Bro's shirts and furnishings

Each Recommends All

SHIRTS SCARFS HOSIERY UNDERWEAR GLOVES FURNISHINGS

515


Who wants to ride in an old horse car?
A few years back—we used to see —the jogging horse—with clattering hoofs—on cobbled streets—as he drew along—the old horse car—and the driver stood—at the open front—which rose and fell—in a see-saw way—that made you think—he was on a ship—in a heavy swell.
But the horse car now—has given way—to trolley car—and jitney bus—that get you there—while you are young.
And things of dress—have altered, too. The old stiff cuff—is now replaced—by the comfort cuff—the cuff that's soft—and in the stead—of stiff-post links—the buttons branded—Kum-a-part—have come to be—the fasteners—of modern cuffs.
It clicks open and snaps shut without removing from the button hole. Each pattern with the unmistakable beauty of fine jewelry craftsmanship
from $2.50 to $25 pr. At Jewelers
from 50¢ to $6.00 pr. At Men's Stores
The Name Kum-a-part is stamped on the back of each button for your protection. Insist on seeing it.
Write for Style Book B with Correct Dress Chart
The Baer & Wilde Company
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
-a snap to button

PORTS OF EMBARKATION

(Continued from Page 12)

of one of the largest steamship lines engaged in carrying emigrants to America. The steamship line has an excellent organization throughout Europe, and its agents feed emigrants down to the steamships with military precision. This director was a complacent man, and the mere thought that America contemplated any stopping of the immigrants who proved so remunerative to his company was highly repugnant to him.

Indeed, the thought was what our leading literary journals like to refer to as unthinkable—until it was forced on him.

"You people in America mustn't worry about immigration," he said. "The present abnormal movement is a purely temporary movement. In five or six or seven years it will probably sink back again to the prewar figures, so why should you disturb yourselves?"

Like many other steamship officials, this official was assuming that because America with a pitiful lack of wisdom and foresight was permitting more than a million immigrants a year to litter her shores before the war she should continue to do so indefinitely, even though the entire million proved economically and socially undesirable.

Europe's Solution of Our Problem

"With the numbers that are going now," continued the director, softly stroking his chin, "our steamship line will be kept busy for years to come, so that any new legislation wouldn't affect us. Most of them, you see, have relatives in America, and you can't keep out relatives."

"Why not," I asked him, "when a large percentage of the relatives are cousins and uncles and aunts and brothers-in-law? Why should America be obliged to take them, if they are undesirables?"

"Oh," he replied, "you've got to take them if they're relatives."

"How do you feel," I asked him, "about the emigrants who are stuck in Holland without any funds and are obliged to stay here?"

"That is very bad," he replied. "We cannot afford to have them in Holland, for there is no work for them. There is not a sufficient amount of work for our own people. They are very bad for us, and we cannot have them. We shall have to find some method of getting rid of them."

"If you feel that way about it," I said, "how can you think it so strange that America doesn't want them? We're in the same position that you are."

"That's different," he said. "America is a big country. You've got Texas and Oklahoma and all those places where there aren't many people. Let them go there."

"They don't want to go there," I told him. "They want to go to New York and Brooklyn and Chicago and other large cities."

He shrugged his shoulders. And that, so far as he was concerned, closed the argument.

On the following day I went down to the dock, from which a big liner was sailing for New York with 1800 emigrants aboard. I selected a spot from which I could watch the stream of emigrants moving slowly past the final examiners, and found myself beside a husky six-footer in the uniform of a ship's surgeon. All that I knew about him was the fact that he was employed by the same steamship line that employed the director whom I had interviewed on the preceding day.

"What do you think about this crowd that's going over to America?" I asked him.

"What do I think about them?" he repeated. "I'll tell you what I think. I think it's criminal for any country to allow such a mass of people to be poured into it. You can call it what you like, but I call it a crime! Nothing but a crime! Over in America we're getting so that the country is packed with hyphenates, and still we let this mob go rushing in to add to the crowd that is six of one thing and half a dozen of another thing. I say it's a crime not to stop these people from coming to America; and that's what every other decent American says after he has seen what they are and how they act and what they believe in. I was reading in a Paris paper the other day that a United States senator said that emigration conditions over here had been exaggerated.

"All I wish is that I could bring that bird over here and give him a good look at conditions."

This expression of opinion, which might reasonably be termed a mouthful, is highly interesting when contrasted with the opinion of the higher and more sheltered officials of the same steamship line.

There are many facts connected with the matter of immigration which are difficult to face. One of the most difficult is the matter of race. It is the constant cry of sentimentalists that America consists of layer upon layer of immigrants and that to stop immigration is to stop the growth and impair the greatness of America. Such people refuse to realize or to recognize that practically all immigration to America prior to 1880 was composed of people of the Nordic race, the tall, blond, adventurous people from the northern countries of Europe—from Sweden and Norway and Denmark and England and Scotland, from Germany and Belgium and Ireland and France and Holland. The Nordic people possess certain characteristics: They have long skulls and blond hair—hair, that is, which is lighter than black; they possess to a marked degree the ability to govern themselves and to govern others; and from their ranks have always been recruited the world's voluntary explorers, pioneers, soldiers, sailors and adventurers. The early migrants to every new country have invariably been Nordics. America, then, was a nation of Nordics.

The New Invaders

Since 1880 the bulk of immigration to the United States has been composed of people from the other two main races of Europe, which are known to biologists and ethnologists as the Alpine race and the Mediterranean race. The Alpines are the stocky, slow, dark, round-skulled folk who inhabit most of Central Europe and whose chief representatives are the large part of the different Slav peoples. The Mediterraneans are the small, swarthy, black-haired, long-skulled people who form the bulk of the population in Southern Italy, Greece, Spain and the north coast of Africa.

These people which have been pouring in since 1880—and only since 1880—have displayed one marked characteristic throughout the centuries. Never have they been successful at governing themselves or at governing anyone else. They have rushed to the spots where a stronger and hardier people have established successful enterprises; and by their low standard of living and their willingness to subordinate everything to immediate gain they have forced out the people who preceded them.

One of the oldest stories in history is the repeated influx of Alpine and Mediterranean peoples into Nordic people, and the resultant and almost invariable breeding out of the Nordics by the Alpines and Mediterraneans.

To these people, who have never been able to govern, America is blindly intrusting both her government and the maintenance of her ideals; and that is why Americans all over Europe, after watching and studying the type of immigrant that is rushing to America, are writing and cabling to their people in America and to the Department of State that immigration is a matter of life and death to the American people—death if it continues unrestricted and life if it is stopped. There will be many to smile at this statement as being an exaggeration. It is no exaggeration, but a matter of cold fact; and it will be upheld by every American who has seen European emigration at its sources—with the exception of those whose racial or business affiliations have impaired their eyesight.

It should be distinctly understood, however, that the attitude of the Americans in Europe who protest so vigorously against the continuation of the present immigration is not inspired by race feeling or any trace of it, but by the desire to keep out of America people who are economically and politically unfit. There is no fear or thought, for instance, in their minds of a Zionist movement to control and subjugate the world—a matter which I have investigated in almost every country in Europe, only to be convinced that it is the rankest poppycock. There is, however, the knowledge that the people who are coming to America are, from the nature of their training and their environment, undesirable.

Melting-Pot Fallacies

The emigrants who are passing through the ports of Northern Europe to-day on their way to America have certain things in common. Practically all of them are paupers. Every one of them is going for economic reasons or to escape military service. I have questioned these people by the hundreds; and though practically every one claims to be going to join a near or a distant relative, and though all of them speak glibly of oppression, I have never found one who had himself suffered the indignities he described so freely or whose journey to America was a purely sentimental one for the purpose of joining relatives. It is understood among the emigrants that if they cannot produce letters and even affidavits establishing the fact that they have relatives in America, the United States will refuse to allow them to go. Consequently they harp constantly on their relatives. But the real reason that drives them to America is, as they themselves phrase it, "rotten business" in the countries from which they come. Business is rotten all over Europe, and millions are out of work—just as they are in the United States.

A former member of the Federal Reserve Board recently declared in respect of immigration that "the strongest and best man material of Europe comes here, for it takes a strong heart and an ambitious character to tear itself up by the roots, leave home, family and friends and travel, usually 'mid all the unpleasantness of third class, to the uncertainty of a new life in a new land."

This is one of the old sentimentalist views of immigration; and it is emphatically not true to-day. The emigrants who are passing through the Northern European ports of embarkation are, so far as the great majority of them are concerned, the weakest and poorest man material of Europe. They are the defeated, incompetent and unsuccessful—the very lowest layer of European society. They are usually paupers by circumstance and too often parasites by training and inclination. They are expedited out of their countries by governments that do not want them, and they usually travel on money they have begged or demanded from America.

Nor do these people consider that they are going to the "uncertainty of a new life in a new land." They are going from countries where business is rotten, taxes are high, food is scarce, money is hard to get, military service is likely to seize the menfolk, and armies are likely at any moment to start marching and simultaneously begin seizing all the cattle and poultry and other edibles in sight. They are going to America, the world's greatest sure thing; America, where all the money in the world comes from; America, who has so much money that she sends her sons all over the world to give it away; America, where conditions at their worst are better than conditions in other countries at their best. These are the universal opinions of the emigrants. Suggest to them that they are going to the "uncertainty of a new life in a new land" and they will wonder privately whether you are sick or only crazy. The land to which they are going is no uncertainty: it's a lead-pipe cinch. The only Europeans who are taking

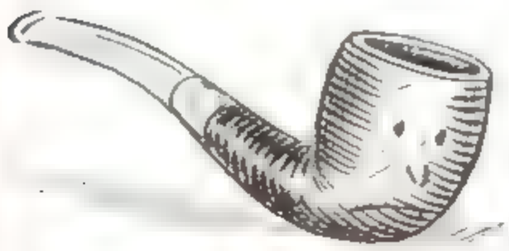
(Continued on Page 75)

Interwoven TOE AND HEEL Socks

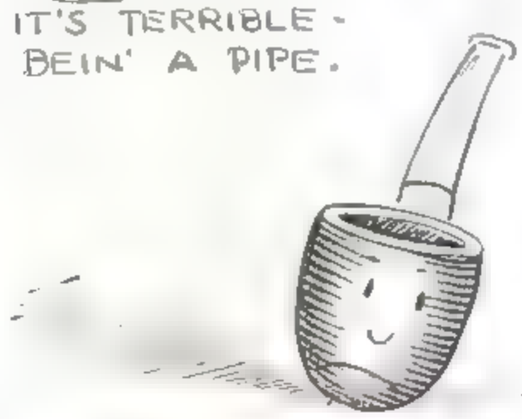
Because They Wear

If Pipes Could Talk by BRIGGS

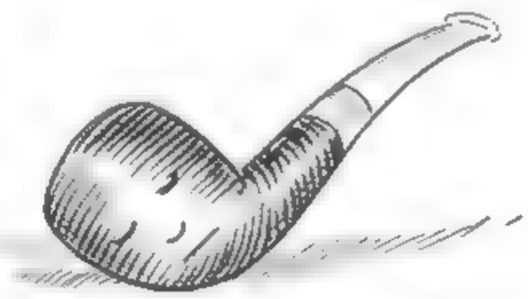
GEE! THIS IS A TOUGH LIFE — THE BOSS KEEPS FILLIN' ME WITH AWFUL HARSH BITEY STUFF — I GET RED HOT SOMETIMES, DARN NEAR IT



I BITE HIS TONGUE ALMOST OFF — AN' HE CUSSES — AN'- AW! GEE! IT'S TERRIBLE - BEIN' A PIPE.

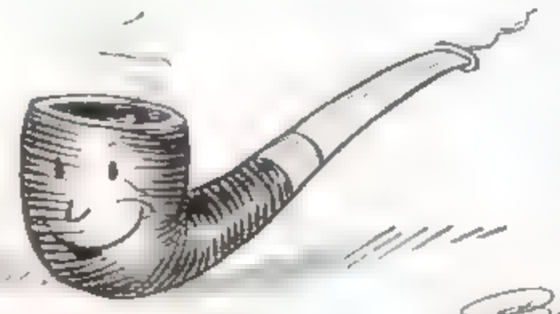


AH- NOW TO COOL OFF A BIT — HE JUST WENT OUT FOR SOME MORE TOBACCO — MORE **FUEL** - I CALL IT.

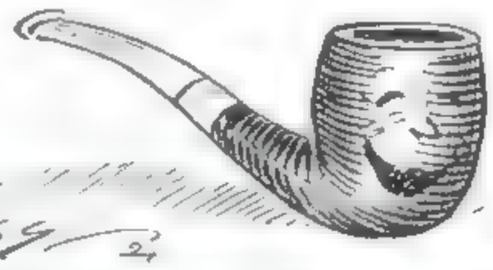


HELLO! HE'S CHANGED THE BRAND AGAIN. H-M-M-M — KINDA RICH - LIKE AGED-IN-THE-WOOD BURLEY— OUGHT TO BE GOOD

SURE 'NUF - GEE WHIZ! THIS IS GR-R-R-RAND! IT'S **VELVET!!**



SOME LIFE! THE KING'S BEEN SMOKIN' VELVET THREE MONTHS NOW. WE'RE CLUBBY AS STRING-BEANS.. YOU OUGHT TO HEAR HIM **BRAG!!** HE THINKS IT'S ME — BUT I KNOW BETTER- IT'S THE **VELVET!!**



BRIGGS '21

(Copyright 1921, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.)

(Continued from Page 72)

a long chance to-day are the ones who stay at home.

It is probable that the menace which present-day immigration presents to the American people, American customs and American ideals can never be comprehended by persons who have not seen the masses of peculiar and alien peoples pouring out of Europe to America in unending streams. Many influences and many traditions—traditions, for example, like those that all men are born free and equal, and that America is obliged to shelter all persons who consider themselves persecuted or oppressed, regardless of her own well-being—make it impossible to present the facts about immigration without causing sentimentalists, near Americans and other sincere but misinformed persons to emit deafening roars about exaggeration, race hatred, inhumanity, brutality and retardation of the national growth. The great cry of American consuls and observers in Europe is: "The people at home can never understand what immigration means unless they can see it as we see it. They don't believe us when we send word home about it."

An American consul in one of the most important emigration centers in the North of Europe made the following statement to me in January, 1921:

"Nine-tenths of all the emigrants which pass through here on their way to America have no political principles or convictions and are entirely without patriotism. Of the young men who are going, a large proportion are running away from military service. The emigration is almost entirely assisted emigration. The voluntary or unassisted emigrant is unable to compete with them for accommodations. The United States, at the present time and under the present regulations, is getting only people fit for the sweatshop or for the lowest types of labor."

Low Types the Rule

This statement is not only true of one particular port of embarkation but of every port of embarkation in the North of Europe—of Cherbourg, Havre and Boulogne, of Antwerp, Rotterdam and Dantzic; and when the German ports are thrown open to emigrants it will be true of them as well.

Paris is not strictly a port of embarkation; but through Paris flow the emigrant streams which spread out to the French ports of Havre, Boulogne and Cherbourg. There are little clusters of emigrants from every part of Eastern Europe scattered through cheap lodging houses in various sections of Paris; but the largest numbers may always be found concentrated at the headquarters of an immigrant aid society. Any information concerning any agency which assists emigrants to go to America is flashed broadcast through the countries from which the emigrants come by their seemingly strange methods of underground communication. Letters come back from America to Polish and Rumanian and Hungarian towns, telling of the miracles which it has accomplished in locating relatives. This news spreads through the towns, and to adjoining towns, whereupon hundreds of people sell all that they have for hardly enough money to get them to the nearest aid office; and when they have arrived there they proceed to locate their relatives in America and call for money.

This aid society is a remarkable and an excellent one, and the good which it does is enormous. None the less, it is a great stimulator of emigration to America. The fact that this stimulation is unconscious does not make it any less dangerous.

Fifteen hundred emigrants come daily to headquarters in Paris to get assistance of some sort in connection with their journey to America. Most of them are from the extreme east of Europe—from Rumania and Bessarabia. From 15 to 20 per cent of them come from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and the Ukraine. There are two fairly large courtyards around which the buildings are grouped; and at all hours of the day these courtyards are filled to overflowing with the wretchedly clothed, undernourished men, women and children who are waiting for money from America or boats to America or information as to how to get to America. Wherever a board is loose in the underpinning of a house fronting on these courtyards, or wherever there is a space under a stairway, or wherever there is any sort of aperture, the emigrants have crammed the opening with the filthy, vermin-filled clothes which they wore when they arrived in Paris, and which they discarded as soon as they could buy, beg or borrow other garments. The emigrants led me to these rag deposits in order to impress upon me the condition that most of them are in when they reach Paris. I asked them whether the vermin didn't crawl out of the old clothes and settle in the new. They scratched themselves pensively and admitted that they did; but apparently it never occurred to them to burn their old clothes.

One needs only to set foot in any place where there is a concentration of emigrants in order to be almost overwhelmed by a rush of men, women and children eager to give information or seek information.

The Vermin-Ridden Women

When I was going through the delousing plant in Dantzic with Doctor Linson, of the United States Public Health Service, we ran across a girl whose hair, though particularly beautiful, was full of nits.

"Ask her," I told the interpreter, "how often she washed her hair when she was at home."

Without the slightest hesitation the young woman replied that she washed it six times a week. Thinking that she hadn't understood the question, I told the interpreter to repeat it. She nodded her head and said that she had understood the first time, and that she always washed her hair six times a week. The other women who were crowded around us obviously realized that the young woman had made her story a little too strong. The next woman I asked—a venerable lady who was also carrying a large assortment of nits—replied that her hair had always been washed three times a week. Eight other women, all with nits, owned up to washing their hair only twice a week. All of them came from small Polish towns, where washing facilities are in about the same condition that they were in when Adam, as the cruder army persons used to say, was a lance-jack.

During one of my visits to relief headquarters in Paris a man whom I was questioning asked my interpreter why I was questioning him. The interpreter replied that I wished to help him get to America. Since I was able to understand him, and since I had no desire to arouse false hopes in anyone's breast, I told the interpreter to tell the truth and asked him why he had lied. He spread out his hands in hurt amazement.

"What difference does it make what you tell them?" he asked. "Tell them anything if it will help you to get what you want. If I told them that you wanted to write about them they wouldn't tell you nothing but pretty sentiments."

There are several ways of getting at the truth when questioning these emigrants; and an absolutely sure way of not getting it is to question them individually in such a way that they cannot be overheard by any of their own people. If they are led to argue among themselves over points at issue, and if no official of any organization or government is present, the truth usually slips out in the heat of argument.

In the many talks I had with emigrants at relief headquarters in Paris I was particularly struck by the keen interest the men of military age exhibited in the question of whether or not they would be taken for soldiers when they reached America. Several sought private interviews with me in order to settle their doubts on this matter. It was obvious that they were about as anxious to serve in an army as they were to lose a couple of legs.

One Rumanian explained to me that the Rumanian Government was wholly bad. His reason for pronouncing it so evil was its custom of taking everybody for military service—unless he guaranteed that he was going to America. All the Rumanians at this office assured me that this was true; they could escape the army by going to America.

One young man followed me from place to place with such diligence that whenever I wanted to make a note in my notebook I first had to push him forcibly away from my elbow. He seemed always on the verge of speaking, but he never spoke. I finally told the interpreter to find out what he wanted or to keep him away from me. He then announced that some of his friends had told him that he would be taken in the Army when he reached America, and demanded piteously to be told whether it was so. I assured him that it was not. His face

(Continued on Page 77)

HERE'S the way to get complete satisfaction and greatest value when you buy underwear. Pay one dollar—no more.

Ask for the famous Topkis Men's Athletic Union Suit.

It's the kind you'd specify if underwear were made to order. *Real* fit—no skimp—no bagginess—touches body at few points, light as a feather. Full size guaranteed.

Fit you can *depend* on—golf, tennis, or seventh-inning stretch—just as much as when you sit quietly at your desk.

Pre-shrunk nainsook and other high-grade fabrics that survive many launderings. Sound workmanship that slights no detail.

Men's Athletic Union Suits	$1.00
Men's Shirts, 75c; Drawers	75c
Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union, and Children's Waist Union Suits	75c

Ask your dealer for Topkis. Look for the name.

Write us for illustrated booklet.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY

Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

White Teeth—the Klenzo Smile-Sign

THE flash and glisten of polished white teeth—do you envy them?

You ought to have white teeth, too. You *can* have them! By using Klenzo—the white dental creme.

There is no other dentifrice made exactly like Klenzo. Klenzo's *white*, snowy foam penetrates every crevice—searches out old secretions and food particles, and destroys them. Cleans, polishes, and *whitens* the enamel. And, besides all that, leaves that delicious Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling in your mouth.

This delightful feeling—more than mere flavor—is a proof of the cleansing work Klenzo is doing. And results show in *whiter* teeth, a healthier mouth.

Start getting *whiter* teeth this very day. Ask for Klenzo *only* at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

The Rexall Stores

are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Continued from Page 75)

brightened tremendously, and he shook his fist at two other young men. "The robbers!" he cried. "They try always to frighten me." Later this same young man came back to me and assured me that he was very unhappy that America wouldn't make him fight. He wanted to fight, he declared. I asked him whom he wanted to fight, and why he would be willing to fight for America when he wouldn't fight for Poland. He replied that he would be glad to fight anyone that America wanted him to fight, and that his reason for being anxious to fight was to show his relatives in America that he wasn't afraid of anything.

A pallid man about forty years old, who claimed Budapest as his home, at this point delivered himself of a few pregnant words.

"I think," said he with an unpleasant sneer, "that if he went in your Army he would go to fight Mexico and to save Rockefeller's money for him."

I asked this man whether he was an extreme socialist or a regular Bolshevik. He replied that he was a Minimalist. Did he believe that all capital was bad and should be destroyed? He did. Time, he said, would destroy all capital. If by any chance Time failed to make good, he intimated that he would be glad to do all that he could to help the good work along. I asked him whether he talked in this strain to the other emigrants. He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "They don't know what is Mexico or what is Rockefeller," he replied.

This man, after being well tongue-lashed for his attitude, began to whine that he couldn't go to America yet because he had a disease. When he got over it he would go, he said. One might say that he will be a great asset to any community—if one didn't care what one said. Not one emigrant out of a thousand is in possession of so much superficial knowledge of America as this man possessed, but a very large number of them have a very cynical attitude toward the country: Money will get you anything; nobody does anything for nothing; a resident of America has more rights and is entitled to more consideration than the resident of any other country; you've got to lie to get to America, and you've got to lie to stay there; it is safest never to tell the truth to anyone in America, because all the people there have crazy ideas; America is better than Palestine or Canada or South America, because there are more jobs there.

Why Should He Worry?

Among the thousands of emigrants who are pouring over, it is common knowledge that great numbers of people are out of work in America. They don't care, however. They all say that they can find something to do.

One man from Bukharest was going to Philadelphia, where his cousin worked in a factory. What did he care that many in America had no work? His cousin had promised to fire somebody from the factory and give the job to him. He should worry, as the saying went.

An emigrant from Bessarabia was going to Neffyork. At home he was a butcher, but what he would do in Neffyork he didn't know. One could always push a cart around and sell things from it. Yes, he had heard that there were two million out of work in America, and he was willing to be the two-million-and-first. The interpreter explained to me privately that the butcher was a good feller. Anything went with him, and he didn't care what he did. He had some cousins in America. Let the cousins do the fretting, not?

An emigrant from Transylvania, another from Jassy, a third from Odessa, a fourth from Budapest and a fifth from Bessarabia—all knew that many were out of work in America; but they expected their relatives to get work for them—or loan them enough money to start in business for themselves. This was the universal thought of hundreds that I talked to. There were many who talked a great deal about the terrible treatment they had received. Throats had been cut; they had been thrown from moving trains; they had been robbed and beaten. I questioned these people carefully. The things of which they spoke had not happened to them, but to people of whom they had heard.

I spent three days at relief headquarters, and never a man came forward who had had these things happen to him. Everyone was going because business was rotten.

I do not mean to say that these people have never been oppressed, because they have been; but I do mean to say that their motive in going to America is not to escape oppression; it is to get a better job. Those in Poland and Hungary and Rumania who have fairly decent jobs—and there are many who have—have little intention of going to America.

In Paris I had an interesting conversation with the head of the Paris office of an aid society. He declared that America could take in fifty million more immigrants and never notice them. Such states as Nebraska, Texas, Utah and other Southern, Middle Western and Western States were practically unpopulated. "America," he declared, "must keep her doors open for the sake of humanity. The Statue of Liberty signifies that America offers protection to those who suffer in other lands. The great trouble in America is that the immigrants live in the slums; and that is a very easy thing to change. All that America needs to do is to spend a little money to get them out onto the farms. It doesn't do a bit of good to spend a lot of money trying to Americanize them. That money is thrown away. If the country would spend a quarter of the money to get them to farms, the results would be much better."

The Emigrant Flood

At this point I interrupted.

"I'm going to ask you to forget for a moment that you are an official of an aid society," I told him, "and to remember only that we are two American citizens talking together. Our country, as you must know, has become the home of a larger number of unassimilated racial groups than ever existed even in old Austria-Hungary. If you know anything about our immigration troubles, you know that recent immigrants want to live in cities and they insist on living in cities. You've seen the types that are rushing to our cities by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands. America can neither take care of them nor assimilate them. As one American citizen to another, now, haven't we the right to protect ourselves against this influx?"

The official hesitated for a moment, and then he answered my question in an indirect but none the less satisfactory manner.

The person who starts out to look for emigrant hotels in the ancient gray Belgian city of Antwerp quickly comes to the conclusion that there are almost as many of them as there are antique shops in Paris or garment-making establishments in the vicinity of Thirty-first Street and Fifth Avenue. If he tries to visit all of them he will have to spend several days in Antwerp, and his expense account will be full of taxicab bills and his clothes will be well populated with vermin; for the emigrant hotels are almost as dirty as the homes from which the emigrant comes, and the interiors of most of them smell like the more violent brands of cheese which the Dutch restaurateurs restrain beneath a glass bell. The emigrants who populate these hotels are all going to the United States direct or by way of Canada.

The flood of emigrants which began to rush through Antwerp to America early in 1920 made the Belgians sit up and take notice. The Belgian journal, L'Independance Belge, began to howl with wonderment at the end of the first three months of 1920, when thirteen thousand got away to America.

"The emigrants from Poland and Southeastern Europe," said L'Independance Belge, "pass through in parties of several hundred, looking like ragged, emaciated, diseased paupers, but nevertheless apparently able to pay the high steamship passages now demanded."

If L'Independance Belge had done a little more investigating, it would have found that the money to pay for the steamship passages came from America.

The first three months of 1920 were the smallest emigration months of the entire year so far as Antwerp was concerned. By summer the numbers which streamed into the city were limited only by the number of steamships which sailed. As soon as a ship sailed and the emigrant hotels were emptied the steamship agents flashed word to the interior, and emigrants poured in until the hotels were filled again. All the steamship agents in Antwerp, as well as every person who has had an opportunity of studying emigration, agree that if triple or quadruple the present number of steamships were sailing from Antwerp the number of emigrants flowing down from the interior would instantly increase to such an extent that they would all be filled.

There is a heavy traffic in false passports in Antwerp, due to the large numbers of people who for various reasons leave their homes without passports. Forged Polish passports, which are freely manufactured in Berlin and other large cities, can be bought at cut rates. Large numbers fled from Poland into Germany in order to escape military service. They find it difficult to return to Poland, so they are moving down to Antwerp and sitting up nights to scheme out methods of getting to America. The false passport is very popular with them; but their style is considerably cramped by the fact that American consulates nowadays are demanding that passports be visaed in the country of origin. Consequently the holders of forged passports are frequently obliged to invest in false American visas and counterfeit ten-dollar consular-fee stamps.

A pleasant mess in connection with the false-passport traffic was uncovered in Berlin late in 1920. A man stepped forward one day in December and announced that he could tip off the Americans to a place where false Polish passports, false Belgian visas and false American visas were being manufactured. It developed that he had been engaged in the false-passport business with several others, but that his share of the profits had been disappointing. He was willing to sell out cheap, he said. All he wanted for double-crossing his business associates was a genuine passport from the Polish Government, the price of his fare to America from the Belgian Government and a genuine visa from the American Government.

He was given the official razz, whereat he broke down and told everything. His six accomplices were arrested, and a few false passports were found. Three hundred and ninety, known to have been printed, were not found. In other words, they were in circulation. At the same time information was uncovered showing that American ten-dollar consular-fee stamps were being made by several groups of counterfeiters; but none of them was caught. One of the Polish passports seized, by the way, was so good that the Polish consul maintained for some time that his forged signature was genuine.

The Forged Passport Trade

These forged passports are causing some intricate problems. I was questioning emigrants at the largest of the emigrant hotels in Antwerp, when a man came to me and begged for an audience. He said that a hyphenate American had come to him in Kamenets-Podolski with a false-passport proposition. He had accepted; so the hyphenate provided false passports for the emigrant family, and they all went to Antwerp with and on the hyphenate. Arrived at Antwerp, the emigrant cabled his brother in New York for money with which to pay for the false passport. The brother obligingly sent a thousand dollars. Unfortunately the money was sent to the emigrant in his own name, whereas he was traveling on a false passport made out in another and was consequently unable to collect. This twisted matter was explained by cable, and the thousand dollars was accordingly sent to the dealer in false passports. The latter promptly collected it and faded away, leaving the emigrant holding the sack, as one might say. He then cabled to his sister, and his sister sent five hundred dollars. With the five hundred dollars he sent his wife, his father, a child and a sister to New York, and remained in Antwerp himself.

Having spilled the beans in this ingenuous manner, he begged me to tell him what to do. I told him that he had shown too much skill at borrowing to quit now. Further investigation of the passport merchant disclosed the fact that he had bunked eight emigrants out of a total of five thousand dollars, and had then sloped back to America to direct his talents in other channels. There are large numbers of men of the same type still engaged in the pasaport business and in what they hazily designate as the "import and export business" between Paris, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Dantzic, Warsaw and more distant points in Poland. The "import and export business" to-day covers such a multitude of sins that charity, by comparison, couldn't cover a postage stamp.

SERVED to you right from the electric toaster just as it reaches that delicious golden brown? Served hot, slice by slice? You can serve your toast this way *always* if you will have a ***C-H 70-50 Switch*** attached to your toaster cord to-day. Then you can turn the current "on" or "off" at will by merely pushing the light or dark button. No pulling at the hot connector plug or leaving the table to turn off the current.

You can see these switches at any electrical dealer's. He will show you how handy they are on the more modern irons, toasters and grills that now come equipped with 70-50 Switches. Then you will want him to attach one to the cord of your toaster, iron, grill or other electrical appliance. They cost but 75 cents. After you have used a 70-50 Switch you will better understand why a million housewives say it has doubled the convenience of electrical appliances.

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO.
Switch and Specialty Department
MILWAUKEE AND NEW YORK

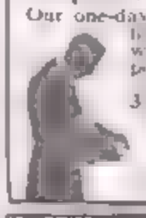
C-H Seventy Fifty (70-50) SWITCH

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE FEET

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease Powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Rapid Film-Developing Service



WONDAY PHOTO CO.
535 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

KEYS DUPLICATED
2 for 25c. Any type key.
Send key with order.
Special rates to clubs and organizations
Philadelphia Key Co., 156 N. Broad St., Philadelphia

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

You're always right!

YOU don't waste any time in the morning fitting garters to your legs if you wear Ivory Garters. Ivories have no rights or lefts, because the scientific construction makes them fit either leg perfectly. And they'll conform to any shape—short, long, thin or fat. That's because they're elastic all the way 'round.

Ivory Garters won't bind or press your legs. They never leave a mark on your skin because they can be worn loose without slipping or skidding. Just put on Ivories, and your leg feels as cool and free as in the old barefoot days.

You'll like the quick, easy way the Ivory clasps work. And it is a fact that you can wash Ivories in cold water because there's no metal to rust and eat thru the fabric. The durable, clinging elastic holds its strength for months of useful service.

There are no "just the same" garters. Ivory Garter construction is patented and cannot be duplicated. So when you ask your dealer for Ivory Garters, you're certain of getting what you want. That does make a difference! Say "Ivories" and make sure you get them.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

As in every other European port, practically all emigrants through Antwerp have relatives in America. This state of affairs should not, however, be regarded as anything unusual. Practically every emigrant who went to America before the war also had been preceded by a relative. Families in Central Europe have never been noted for their smallness. The number of children in each family runs from five to fifteen. When one contemplates a family of eight or ten children growing up and in turn begetting eight or ten children apiece, one can readily understand that a Central European can easily be and almost invariably is wealthier in relatives than in anything else.

A prospective emigrant was being questioned in one of our consulates regarding the number of relatives he had in America. He thought deeply, counted laboriously on his fingers, and finally announced that he had seventy-three cousins in America. He came back later with the thrilling news that he had forgotten five uncles and a pair of aunts.

The fact that emigration from Europe to America is a visa proposition—that every one of the hundreds of thousands of undesirables who are flocking to America must go to an American consulate and have his passport stamped—is bouncing back on the heads of American travelers and business men in a most unpleasant way. Country after country is discriminating against Americans in the matter of visa charges, charging three, five and ten times as much for placing a visa on an American passport as for placing it on the passport of any other country. It makes no difference to European countries that all of them are eager for American tourist traffic, whereas America does not wish immigrant traffic. They discriminate against Americans just the same. America discriminates against nobody. In Belgium the Americans and the Germans are put in special classes together, and charged more for Belgian visas than the citizens of other nations. Foreign consuls are even beginning to hold up American travelers and make trouble for them, for the admitted reason that American consulates are making it difficult for travelers to get visas.

How Russian Reds Slip In

On the day that I left Warsaw for Paris I sent my passport to the French consul in Warsaw for a visa. The consul refused to give it. He was asked why.

"The American consulates make trouble for Frenchmen who want American visas," he replied. "Now I am making trouble for Americans. Turn about is fair play."

He was reminded that American consulates are swamped with emigrants, and cannot discriminate between different nationalities. The French consul didn't care.

"You make trouble for us," he repeated; "now we make trouble for you."

If the Hoover mission to Poland had not made special representations in my behalf I should have been unable to leave for Paris; and to lose a train in the more distant parts of Europe to-day is an expensive, time-destroying and embarrassing matter. No foreign country seems willing to recognize that America has the right to exercise close supervision over the immigrants who enter this country; and none of them will recognize it until America really excludes undesirables without waste motion, instead of going through countless gestures of exclusion which keep out nobody and inconvenience everybody.

The emigrants who are passing through Antwerp have these things in common with the emigrants who are passing through the other Northern European ports: Their morale is bad from six years of war; their moral standards are bad as a result of their custom of living in crowded rooms in congested districts; the young men are running away from military service; and they are all going to America with the sole thought of bettering their economic condition. This last fact needs emphasizing; for too many people have the idea that the present emigration movement is the result of oppression or of a purely sentimental desire to join relatives.

The majority of the throngs that embark at Antwerp are from Poland. Next to them in numbers are those traveling on Rumanian passports. Some of these are actually residents of Rumania, but a great many are people who have fled from the Ukraine—which is under soviet rule.

Our State Department demands birth certificates from these people, the idea being that if the bearer of a Rumanian passport cannot produce a birth certificate showing that he was born in Rumania the American consul won't visa his passport. Little things like birth certificates, however, don't worry these emigrants, because they are easily counterfeited and can be bought in Bukharest at reasonable prices. With thirty dollars in American money I could buy ten Rumanian birth certificates proving that I was born in ten different Rumanian towns.

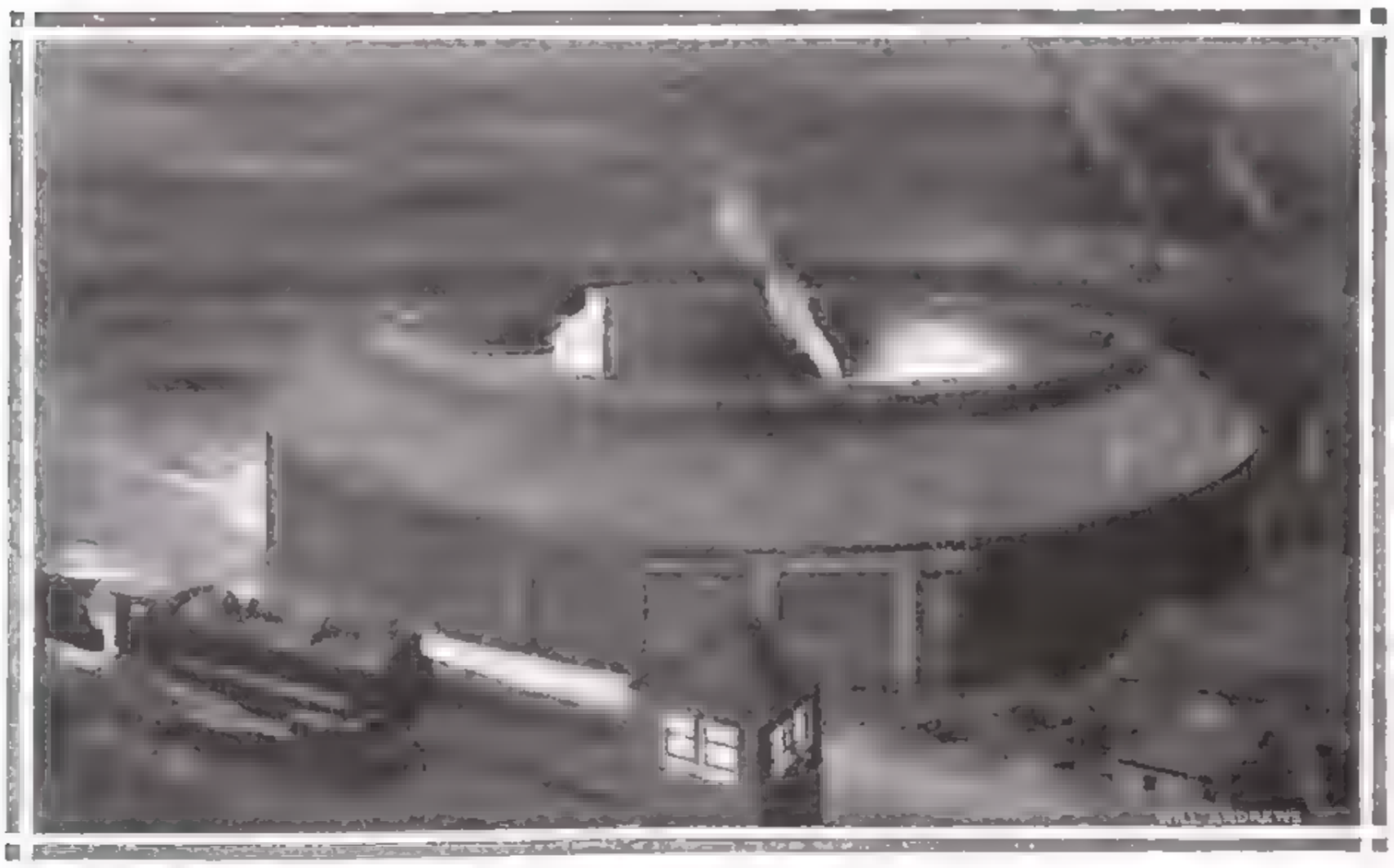
As a result of this, hundreds from Soviet Russia are entering America every week. Their minds are loaded with Bolshevik propaganda; for this propaganda is extensively circulated among all classes by the very thorough and industrious Bolshevik propaganda bureau.

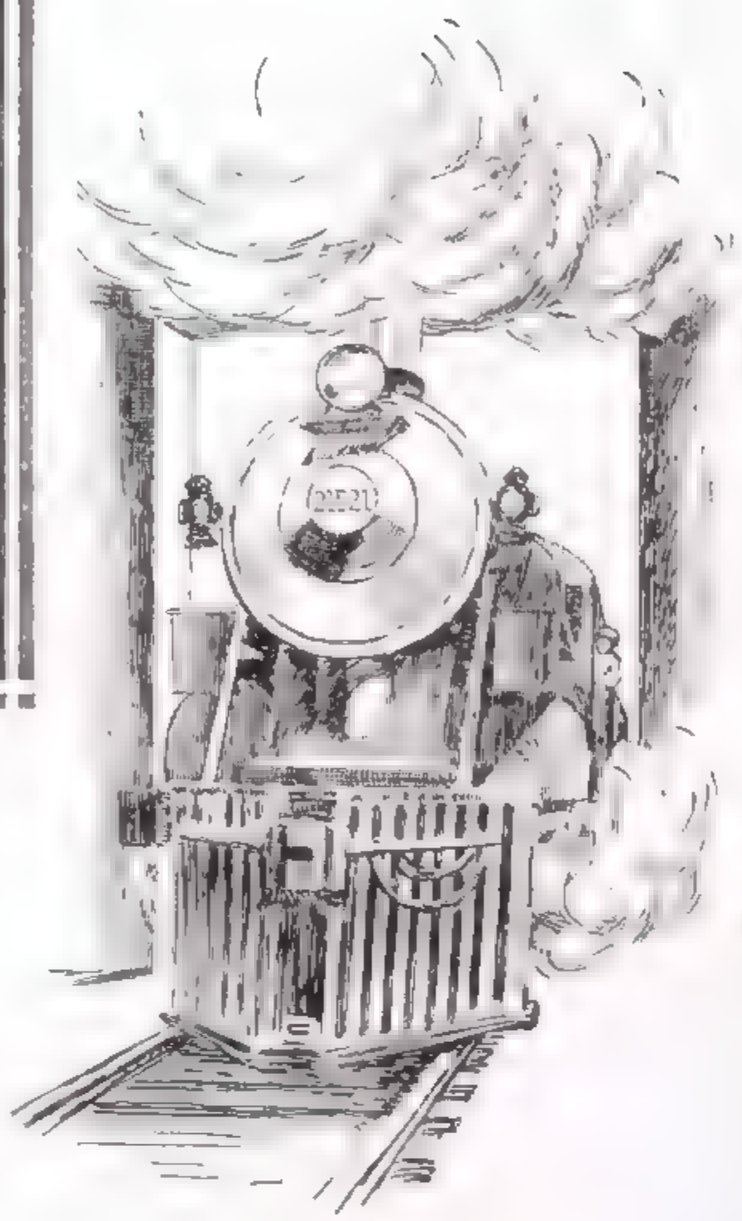
The Rush to Our Cities

In addition to the Poles and Rumanians, there are Slovaks, Swiss, Belgians and even Bulgarians who pour out of the Antwerp emigrant boarding houses and into the steerages of the transatlantic liners.

I stood on the line in Antwerp with two examining doctors on the day before a liner sailed and on the morning of its sailing. For hours the long line crept past. The doctors called my attention to the subterfuges resorted to in order to get past without proper examination. When a doctor's back was turned they would slip their examination tickets onto a table and scuttle past. When a preliminary examiner had placed a red cross on a ticket, showing that the bearer had lice, they would attempt to rub it off. More than 50 per cent of the women and an even larger per cent of the men were well stocked with lice, even though many of the Antwerp emigrants have gone through delousing stations before arriving in Antwerp. Careful questioning showed that all of them—city dwellers as well as Polish and Rumanian farmers—were going to cities with the intention of going into small businesses or factories and of increasing our already tremendous unassimilated foreign slum population.

Every reliable American authority on emigration in Paris and Antwerp declares firmly and without qualification that the emigrants leaving those stations for America are highly undesirable additions to our country at this or at any other time. In America there are and always will be a number of people who mean well but who have never seen European emigration at its source, and who continue to assure everyone that all these emigration stories are wild flights of fancy. Further comment seems unnecessary.





An Extreme Test For Roofing

There is no more severe test for ready roofing than service on a locomotive roundhouse. Year after year, such roofs are subjected to abnormal conditions—vibration, excessive heat, smoke, fumes, flying sparks and embers. It takes a ready roofing of unusual quality to withstand this combined assault.

Ruberoid is *that* roofing. It is built for service—built to withstand every condition to which a prepared roofing may be subjected. It embodies the manufacturing experience and laboratory control of nearly forty years devoted exclusively to the production of weatherproofing products. It has proved its worth by actual service of over a quarter of a century on hundreds of industrial plants. This furnishes the best evidence that in Ruberoid there is economy as well as permanent protection.

When you build or repair remember the name Ruberoid. It is your assurance of service in weatherproofing products.

Ruberoid
Weatherproofing Products

Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofing
Mineralized Roll Roofing
Unit Shingles
Strip Shingles
Roof Coating
Insulating and Sheathing Papers
Floor Covering
Deck Cloth
Waterproof Felt
Asphalt Saturated Felt
Cement-Waterproofing
Plastic
Paints
Varnish

The RUBEROID Co.
FORMERLY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY
95 Madison Avenue, New York

Chicago *In Canada:* **Boston**
The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

RU-BER-OID roofing

SHINGLES FELTS ROLL ROOFINGS PAINTS BUILT-UP ROOFS VARNISHES BUILDING PAPERS PLASTICS

Let Sousa Tell You His Success Secrets

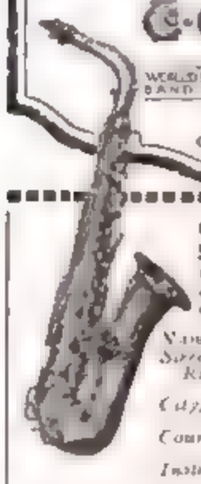
GET this free book. Sousa and nine other famous musicians tell you how to cultivate your musical "bump." Combine pleasure and profit playing in band or orchestra. *Attractive summer engagements open everywhere.*

Free Trial; Easy Payments
Any Conn Instrument

Easiest playing instruments manufactured. Choice of the world's great artists. Highest honors at world expositions. *Send coupon today* for your copy of free book and details of free trial offer. Mention instrument that interests you.

Special opportunities for players of clarinet, oboe, French horn, and baritone, as well as cornet, saxophone and trombone.

C. G. CONN Ltd.
536 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.
Agencies in all large cities
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS



C. G. Conn Ltd.
536 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send my copy of "Success in Music" and details of free trial offer.
Name
Street or Rural Route
City, State
County
Instrument

Learn Palmer Method Rhythmic Penmanship and Stop that Pen-Digging Contortion-Producing Finger-Movement Writing. A Simple, Fascinating Course by Correspondence. Failure Impossible.

No one is too old to learn if nerve force is unimpaired. Write today for handsomely illustrated booklet of genuine specimens and information.
THE A. N. PALMER CO., 30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

Blank Cartridge Pistol Modeled on latest type of Revolver. Takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. *A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs.* Price 50c postpaid. Better make and superior quality for $1.00. Blank cartridges .22 cal., shipped express 50c per 100. Johnson Smith & Co., 3234 W. Halsted St., Dept. 296, Chicago

50c and $1.00

Cut Me Out

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 234 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details telling how our subscription representatives easily make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in their *spare time!*

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____
*State*_____

SUNNY GOES HOME

(Continued from Page 11)

asked me two years ago. But I've learned a lot in these two years. Jim's an awfully good man. Girls always feel kind of scared at the last, don't they, Isobel?"

"Of course," her bedfellow repeated soothingly. "Of course, they all do. You're just tired and excited. Go on to sleep, honey."

And after a while Sunny did.

Late the next afternoon, as gay and excited as the evening before, a little round blue hat over her curls, a woolly coat buttoned close under her chin, in tan-leather leggings and woolen mittens on a string, she boarded the Chicago train with Edna.

The man across the aisle had smiled invitingly at the little girl with the tangled red curls and proffered her candy; the brakeman had given her a nickel and an old lady in the section in front had asked her what she was reading, before the train had passed Poughkeepsie. She was a very shy little girl, especially with the conductor. When he spoke to her she scarcely looked up, keeping her head over a large illustrated copy of Alice in Wonderland, her hair shaken forward over her face.

In the crowded aisle, waiting for a place in the diner, several kindly people tried to scrape acquaintance with her. The little girl had very little to say. Once in a while she would raise upward-curling lashes and smile trustingly. A nice old gentleman patted her soft baby cheek and said, "She looks kind o' like Mary did at her age, don't she?" to his wife, who nodded wistfully and sighed for a moment over Mary's vanished little girlhood. Mary was sixteen.

It was snowing the next morning, and the train, already late, puffing along the shore of Lake Erie, was further delayed by a hot box at Ashtabula. The little girl and her aunt, well bundled in coats, joined the other passengers in stamping up and down the snowy platform. The little girl, however, was still shy.

"How long are we going to stay here?" her aunt asked the porter.

"Oh, ut'll take 'em ten minutes, miss—maybe mo'," he said.

She turned to the little girl, speaking in an undertone and omitting the gentle air of patronage she had used in the diner.

"I'm going in and call up Fred, in Cleveland," she said. "He'll have just about time to get down to the station with a box of candy by the time we get there."

The little girl nodded, and when the rest of the passengers had had enough of such bleak wintry air and climbed back into their cars she did, too, blowing on her fingers as she pulled off her little mittens. She rubbed a clear space in the frosty window at her seat and peered through at the snowy scene of Ashtabula. The platform was deserted and the town view palled soon. She had turned away from the window, and so scarcely noticed when the train began to move slowly. As it jolted a little faster she turned sharply to the window. The station was already a city block away, and she could barely see a frantic, futile Edna dashing out on the snow-covered platform. The little girl pounded on the window excitedly. The young man across the aisle guessed at once what had happened.

"Wasn't that your mother on the platform?" he demanded.

The child shook her head.

"She was the lady you were with, wasn't she?"

"Yes—Aunt Edna."

The young man braced himself for fears and tears.

"Well, she's left behind all right," he said. "But don't you be frightened. We'll call the conductor and he'll fix up everything all right."

The child had become suddenly surprisingly calm in the face of such an emergency.

"Aunt Edna had her coat and her pocketbook," she assured him, "and she's traveling on expense anyway, so it's all right."

"Oh, she'll be all right, of course," the young man agreed. "She can get the next train, and the conductor will look out for you. So there's nothing to be afraid of."

"No," said the child calmly.

"It's a shame you got separated, though." The young man vouchsafed this uneasily. He felt sure that there must be a false note in this childish coolness.

"Yes, it's too bad. But then if we had to be separated it's better she should have been left with her pocketbook than that I should have been, without one," she said philosophically.

The conductor came down the aisle just then and the young man told him of the little girl's plight. She seemed afraid of the conductor and would not even look up at him. He looked at her ticket, assured her that he would see that she was cared for, wrote something in his book and passed calmly on. Little girls' plights were all in the day's work for him.

The child turned back to the window and began drawing figures placidly in the frosty border of the pane. The young man watched her idly for a few moments, thinking he had never before seen a deserted child so abnormally tranquil. Then he crossed and sat down in her aunt's vacant place. The little girl turned and regarded him with a shy, trusting smile. He was a very pleasant-looking young man in a dark gray suit.

"If you will overlook the fact that we haven't been introduced," he said, with twinkling formality, "don't you think it would be pleasant for us to get acquainted?"

The little girl nodded and waited. The young man was evidently a bit uncertain as to how to proceed.

"Suppose you tell me your name," he suggested at last.

"Sunny."

"That's a pretty name. Is it your real name?"

"No—they call me that. Father wanted a boy, so he started calling me Sonny. Then my hair, you see—it is rather bright."

"It's very pretty, I think," said the young man politely.

"It does very well," said the little girl. "My real name, though, is Susan Coolidge Moore. What is yours?"

"James Walter Amberly."

"What do they call you—not all of that, do they?"

"No; generally Jim."

The little girl giggled.

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing. It's—just kind of funny your name should be Jim."

"Oh, I don't know. I've heard lots of funnier names than Jim."

The little girl did not pursue the conversation, and after a few moments of silence the young man tried a new tack.

"How old are you?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"I have passed my ninth birthday," she said quaintly. "How old are you?"

Jim smiled.

"I've passed my ninth, too," he admitted.

She twinkled.

"Long ago?"

"About eighteen years."

The little girl raised her curled lashes and regarded him innocently.

"Have you any little boy or girl of your own?" she asked.

"Lord, no!"

"Aren't you married?"

"No."

"Or engaged?"

"No."

The little girl sighed childishly.

"I like men like that best," she admitted.

"Engaged?"

"No, not engaged."

"For the love of heaven, why?"

"They're nicer. Not so absent-minded."

The young man smiled. The little girl scratched a few moments on the thick frost and then pursued her inquiries.

"Why aren't you engaged?" she asked. "Don't you like being engaged?"

"I imagine I should like it very much. But, you see, for the last few years I've been where there weren't any ladies that I could possibly get engaged to."

Sunny widened her baby eyes.

"Where is that?" she demanded incredulously.

"Oh, the bush around Loanda, Angola, Portuguese West Africa, for one place."

"It sounds like the chorus of a song," said the child. "Why did you go there?"

"Looking for oil."

"What for?"

"For an oil company."

"Oh!"

She pondered this for a few moments in silence.

"Do you just go around anywhere it happens to strike you looking for oil?"

"Oh, no, they send me where the oil is."

Again she pondered.

"If they know where it is," she objected, "why do they send you to look for it?"

"They know where they think it is," the young man explained, "and they send me down to scratch up the earth and the rocks to see if I think so too. I'm what they call a geologist."

He waited for the little girl to ask what a geologist was, but she didn't.

"Have you ever seen a hippopotamus—at large?" she asked.

"Shot twenty-seven on my last trip."

She whistled small-boyishly.

"Did you ever shoot an elephant?"

"Two."

She was not greatly impressed.

"Anybody could shoot an elephant," she observed. "They're so big."

"Anybody could not!" the young man corrected her loftily. "Their hide is so tough that you've got to hit them in the brain on your first shot."

"Oh!" She paused for a few moments. "Have you ever seen Capetown?" He nodded. "And Zanzibar, where the cloves come from?"

"Yes."

"Did you bring home any souvenirs?"

The young man shook his head.

"Nobody to bring 'em to," he said.

"Have you ever," with a delicious shudder, "seen a cannibal?"

"One tribe that were supposed to be cannibals."

"Weren't you scared?"

"Well, I was a little uneasy once or twice. The tribe was at peace at the time, though. They only eat people when they're on the warpath."

"That makes it nice," said the little girl. "I should think they'd be kind of nervous people to chum around with, though." Again she paused. "Have you ever been to Paris?"

"Just came from there, on my way back."

"Are they wearing their dresses as short there as we do here?" she inquired interestedly.

He looked down at her little kilted skirt.

"Not quite so short as you do," he said.

The little girl appeared to recall something, and turned to scratching at the frosty window. After a silence the young man inquired in the tone that grown-ups save for conversing with children, "Is this the first time you've been on a train?"

"I should say not! I've been over this road eight times."

"Good heavens! What are you, child? A traveling salesman?"

"I've traveled with Aunt Edna," she explained. "She's an actress."

"Is that so?" The young man showed the interest in actresses common to young men. "Do you know other actresses too?"

"M-h'm—quite a few."

"Are they—do you like them?" He showed the same awed curiosity about actresses that she had shown about cannibals.

"Some I do," said the little girl, "and some I don't."

"I imagined," said the young man, "that that's the way it would be."

"Have you ever read Alice in Wonderland?" She held up her illustrated book.

"Not since I was a kid. A fairy story, isn't it?"

"Kind of. It's awfully funny."

She passed him the book, open to Advice From a Caterpillar.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

Grinning, Jim turned the page and read aloud on to where the young man questions his father as to his ability to finish the goose with the bones and the beak.

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'"

(Continued on Page 83)

What is "Compression Tread"?

TWO years ago Converse Engineers started to design the Converse Cord. They knew:

1. That compressed rubber is hard to cut — resists wear strongly. (If they could build this fact into a tire tread it would mark a new epoch in tire building.)

2. That stretched rubber is easily cut — wears away quickly. (The round tread of the ordinary tire is stretched out sideways by car weight, presenting a taut, easy-to-cut, easily-worn-away surface to road obstacles.)

With these two facts as their foundation, these engineers designed and built the Converse Cord.

The Converse Cord has a rugged *flat* tread which is strongly compressed by inflation pressure plus car weight, when in contact with the road—*compressed from both sides in toward the tread-center.* The tread, thus compressed, is saturated with wear-and-cut-resisting elasticity. This is the chief reason for the amazing mileage given by Converse Cords.

Staunchly Anti-Skid—Stern tests show Converse Cords practically 100% efficient as anti-skids. The tough, thick tread is armed with sturdy, never-failing suction grips which hold fast to the slipperiest road surface. Because of its broad, flat contact-surface, the Converse Tread wears slowly, smoothly, evenly—no early wearing away of suction grips in the middle of the tread. Converse Cords hold their anti-skid qualities far longer than the ordinary non-skid tire.

Striking Good Looks—Made of fadeless night-black rubber, Converse Cords are called "the handsomest tires in America."

To know more about Converse Cords, ask your dealer or write for our free booklet. Address Converse Tire Division, 801 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Converse Tires

Serve DELICIOUS *Roasts —perfectly* COOKED *on the Red Star* OIL STOVE

IN THE Red Star oven—an *oil stove* oven, mind you, you can cook a big roast to a turn in the exact time required per pound. A 3½ lb. chicken will roast tender as butter in 70 minutes *by actual test*. Biscuits require 12 minutes. Toast made on a regular gas stove toaster is ready to serve in 8 minutes on this oil stove.

These are cooking feats which *no* other process of cooking can outdo.

It's the scientific Red Star burner that is responsible. Made of grey annealed iron. Weighs 8½ lbs. Has no wicks or wick substitutes. Makes gas from gasoline, kerosene or distillate. Burns it like a gas range. Gives two rings of intense flame instead of one. Burner becomes red hot, adding this even *metal* heat. Saves 25% of fuel. Gives 19 hours' heat from each gallon.

The all-year-'round Red Star is sold by leading furniture or hardware dealers. Go see a demonstration at your local dealer's store. In the meantime write for copy of our Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

No Wicks
No Odor
No Smoke

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

(Continued from Page 80)

The two laughed delightedly.

"Aren't the pictures funny?" Sunny demanded.

Jim chuckled over the haughty young man with his fat father, over the March Hare and the Mad Hatter and the immortal White Rabbit with his watch in his waistcoat pocket.

"They're Tenniel's pictures," Sunny explained. "Didn't he draw funny pictures?"

"I like these," said Jim. "But to tell the truth I've never noticed any others—by name, I mean."

"If you like pictures or stories," said Sunny sternly, "you ought always to notice who drew or wrote them. It's only fair to the people who made them."

"I suppose so," the young man admitted humbly, and as though forgetting for a moment that he was talking to a little girl he added with a touch of wistfulness, "I'd like to know more about things like that."

Then he read on in Alice, the two laughing delightedly over Carroll's delicious absurdities.

"You're a funny little girl," Jim observed at last. "I read this book when I was about your age, and it didn't strike me as funny at all then. I always thought kids didn't have much real sense of humor, beyond laughing at a fat man falling downstairs or something like that."

"I'm a very unusual little girl," said Sunny gravely.

"You are that!" the young man agreed.

When the waiter came through the car calling "Fust call for luncheon in the dinah!" Jim invited her to go in with him. Seated at the little white table so close to the whirling white landscape, he passed her the menu.

"I don't know what kind of things little girls eat," he admitted. "What would you like?"

She looked at him, childishly speculative.

"How much money have you got?" she asked.

"Lots," he assured her.

She sighed blissfully.

"Then I'd like something expensive and partyish and indigestible, like crab meat au gratin or chicken à la King in timbales or—or——" She searched the menu zestfully. "It's lots of fun to read this column instead of the price side, isn't it? When you just read the price side looking for something that's only thirty cents it's so likely to be ripe olives or French dressing or something like that, which is very nice but not very filling to make a meal on."

Jim laughed.

"I've been all through the stage of ordering everything from the price-list side. This is a party to-day, so go to the limit, my dear."

For an instant a bit of the wide-eyed babyishness went out of Sunny's face.

"It's a—a kind of a farewell party for me," she said.

"Farewell to what?"

"Farewell to—oh, to parties. This kind of parties, I mean. This is my last trip. I'm not going to travel with an actress any more."

"No? What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going back home to Benson, Iowa, and live in a house—not an apartment where you wash the dishes in the bathroom, you know—a regular house with a front porch and a back porch where you keep the ice-cream freezer, and a pantry and a cold cellar where you keep vegetables and preserves, and a kitchen with a real oven that you can bake cookies in and muffins for Sunday-morning breakfast."

"That sounds good, doesn't it?"

Sunny nodded.

"It will be. I'll love it. There'll be a fireplace, too, and in the summer a hammock on the front porch. It will be grand. But parties like this are nice too. I'm going to have a perfectly grand time at this one—as long as it's going to be my last."

"We'll make it a regular send-off," agreed the young man.

So they ordered expensive, indigestible party food, even strawberry shortcake for dessert.

"I haven't had any regular American strawberry shortcake in five years," said the young man. "You can talk all you like about foreign cooking—there's nothing that really tickles a real American like real American food. This, my dear, is some party!"

And because it was his first party in some time and to be her last, the two became very gay and hilarious. He told her more about Africa; of his long days in the bush with forty black porters; of how hippopotamuses had to be killed to provide the forty with food; of tropic nights with the little red fires and the minor m'rimbas twanging wistfully in the blackness. Sunny sighed.

"I used to wish I were a man," she said, "so I could go to all sorts of places like that."

"And you don't now?"

She shook her head.

"Now I think that living in a home would be nicer, where you don't leave most of your clothes in your trunk under the bed to be ready to pack in a hurry, and you put your suitcase up into the attic and let it get dusty."

"I don't know when I've seen an attic," said the young man—"a regular attic where there are old kerosene lamps and chairs with the seats out and a broken-down rocking-horse."

"And old shawls and portières packed in moth balls," Sunny went on delightedly, "and a hatbox full of Christmas-tree trimmings."

They both smiled reminiscently.

"And you go up there when it rains and do trapeze stunts on one of the rafters. Lord, that seems as far away as the moon!"

"How long have you been away from home?"

"I haven't had a home to be away from for over ten years," he said. "My mother died when I was starting tech school."

Sunny's eyes softened sympathetically.

"Haven't you anybody you belong to?"

He shook his head.

"Not a soul. Have you a whole family?"

Sunny, too, shook her head.

"Nobody," she said, "but a married cousin and a—a sort of relative I'm going to live with."

Then they went back to Africa, Sunny listening wide-eyed.

"Isn't it funny that you've sailed the seven seas and seen half the world, and the farthest I've ever been out of this country is Staten Island! I've never seen a cannibal, even in a circus."

"Well, we're even," observed the young man. "As far as I know, I've never seen an actress off the stage."

"Actresses," said Sunny, "aren't so much."

But she told him a little about them.

"I used to think once before I knew anybody on the stage," she confessed, "that getting on the stage was like going through a door. Once you got through the door, I thought you were in for the rest of your life. But, my goodness, it isn't like that at all! It's more like—well, like climbing up an icy hill. You slip every time one contract ends, and just as likely as not you slide clear down to the bottom again, and it's almost as hard getting started again as though you'd never started at all."

When luncheon was over the young man took Sunny back to her Pullman, saying that he was going forward for a smoke. Sunny had scratched a clear space on her frosty window, and through the little peephole watched the winter scenes whirring past—the snow-covered cornfields, the huddled farm buildings, the occasional little town of Northern Indiana. Sunny had not slept very well in their crowded berth. The night before that she had packed till after two in the morning. She had just had a hearty luncheon, the train was warm and its motion soothing. When the young man came back from the smoker she was sound asleep, sitting bolt upright in her seat.

He sat down in his own seat and opened a magazine. The train lurched, and he glanced across the aisle to see the little shoulders lurch too. Taking his magazine, he crossed and seated himself again beside Sunny. She was swaying with the motion of the train, so he slipped his arm around her to steady her, spread a handkerchief over his rough coat and pillowed her head on his shoulder. Then, comfortably settled, he went back to his magazine.

He finished his story, and still the little girl slept limply against him. Once she stirred as though frightened, and he tightened his arm reassuringly. She caught the edge of his coat and held it tightly in her sleep. At this unconscious, instinctive gesture of trust the young man drew the yielding little figure closer still and looked down at the curly head against his shoulder.

"You funny little kid!" he said tenderly, and bent down and brushed his cheek against her soft, bright hair.

When Sunny woke nearly an hour later she straightened up and blushed flamingly

(Continued on Page 85)

Right weight Roofing
of supreme quality, for every purpose

CAREY roll roofings are ideal for covering or for re-roofing garages, warehouses, storage sheds or farm buildings used for purposes that do not justify a large expenditure.

These ready roofings are made in smooth finished styles and also with rough, fire-resisting, mineral surfaces. Most styles are made in light weight for short term buildings, and in medium, heavy and extra heavy weights for more permanent buildings.

Dollar for dollar and pound for pound their quality and value cannot be surpassed. They are manufactured on the basis of quantity production in one of the largest roofing plants in the country. Costs are further reduced because all the felt is manufactured right in the Carey mills and the asphalt is refined for perfect adaptation to the felt right at the Carey factory.

Forty-eight years of scientific investigation, asphalt manufacturing experience and Carey reputation are behind every Carey product you buy.

By selecting the special type and right weight Carey roofing for your particular kind of building, you are certain to get the protection you require at the lowest cost per year of service. Ask us for free samples and see your lumber and building supply dealer.

Carey

ASPHALT ASBESTOS MAGNESIA

BUILDING AND INSULATING MATERIALS

"A Roof for Every Building"

Carey Shingles, Roll Roofings, Wallboard and Roof Paints are sold by Building Supply and Lumber Dealers

CAREY ROOFING PAINTS include Asphalt-Asbestos Fibre Coating for renewing and preserving worn-out wood, metal and composition roofs. Carbon paint for hot metal surfaces. Noah's Pitch for stopping leaks. Universal coating for creosoting lumber, etc.

CAREY BUILT-UP ROOFINGS include eleven different specifications for permanent Asphalt-Felt and Asphalt-Asbestos sheets to be applied in courses, and built on the job—one course above another. A roof for every type of building.

CAREY BOARD—a superior water-proof wallboard that takes the place of lath and plaster. Inexpensive, easy to apply, non-cracking, vermin-proof, sound-deadening, requires no painting, insulates against heat and cold.

CAREY ASFALTSLATE SHINGLES are beautiful, safe, enduring. They are made of Carey felt Carey asphalt, and crushed slate by a process which makes them non-curling. The fadeless red or fadeless green slate surface is spark-proof and never requires painting.

The Philip Carey Company

5 Mills Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

"Y" Engines Give Dependable Power from Low Grade Fuel Oils

THE *reliability* and *economy* of "Y" Oil Engines are proven by the daily performance of thousands of installations handling all classes of work. A large percentage have replaced other types of power after careful and exhaustive investigations were made by discriminating buyers.

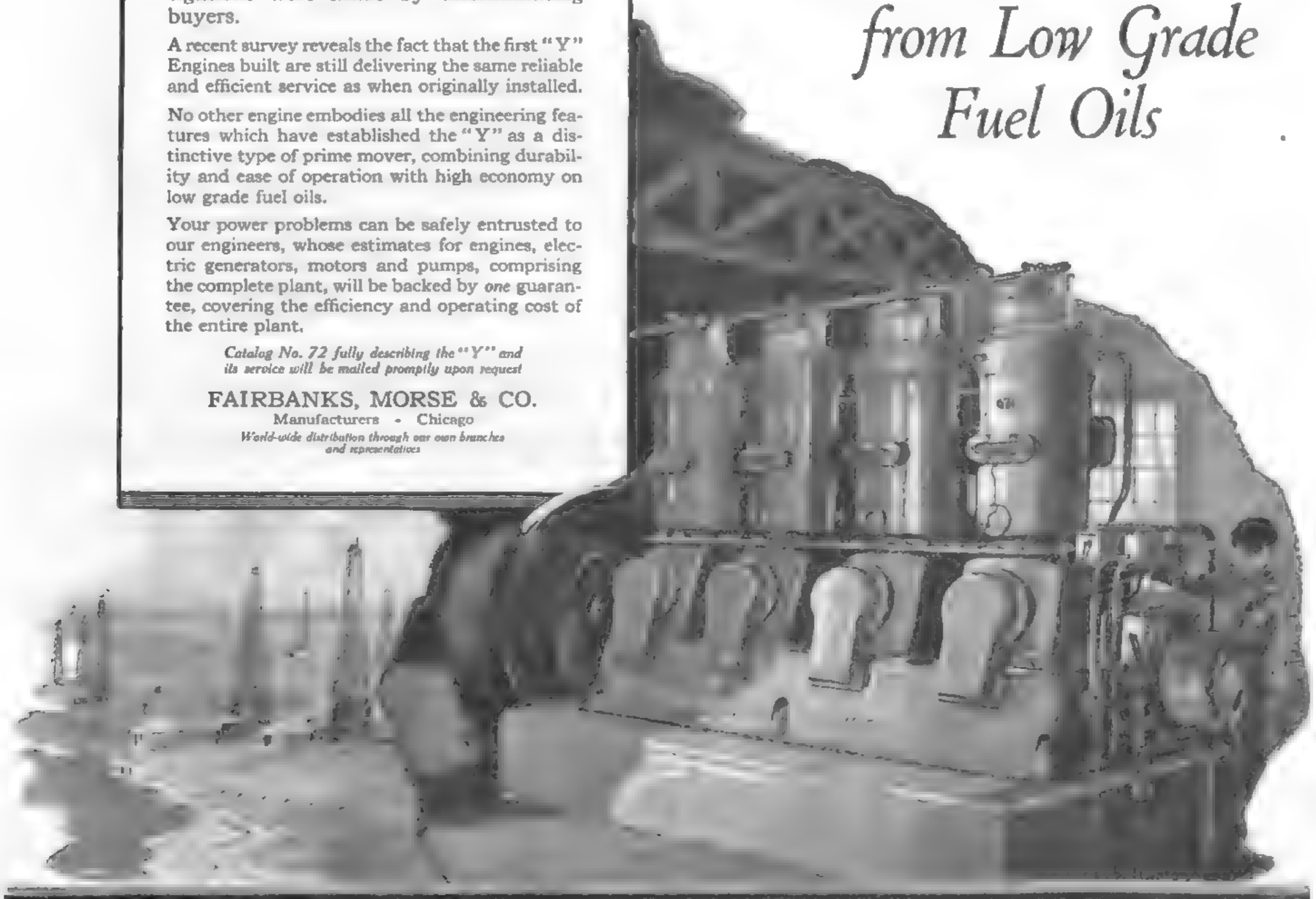
A recent survey reveals the fact that the first "Y" Engines built are still delivering the same reliable and efficient service as when originally installed.

No other engine embodies all the engineering features which have established the "Y" as a distinctive type of prime mover, combining durability and ease of operation with high economy on low grade fuel oils.

Your power problems can be safely entrusted to our engineers, whose estimates for engines, electric generators, motors and pumps, comprising the complete plant, will be backed by *one* guarantee, covering the efficiency and operating cost of the entire plant.

Catalog No. 72 fully describing the "Y" and its service will be mailed promptly upon request

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers - Chicago
World-wide distribution through our own branches and representatives



FAIRBANKS-MORSE

FAIRBANKS-MORSE QUALITY F M 100%

Send for lists of successful installations made for:

Cotton Ginners
Flour Mills
Grain Elevators
Rice Plantations
Irrigation and Reclamation Projects
Manufacturers
Oil Producers
Railroads
Municipalities
Water Works
Public Service Companies
Electric Light Plants
Mining Companies
Machine Shops
Refrigeration Plants

(Continued from Page 83)

clear down to the crisp collar of her middy blouse.

"Oh, I fell asleep!" she gasped.

"M-h'm," said Jim.

"W-was I asleep long?"

"An hour or so."

"Was I—leaning against you all the time?"

"Most of it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

But for some time after that she wouldn't talk, sitting primly, looking out the little peephole in the frosty window. After a while she asked him with her naïve little air of politeness where he was going from Chicago.

"Mexico next—for two years," he said.

"Mexico!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you scared? Isn't it dangerous?"

"Not very—in the part I'm going. And I'll make more money than I've ever made in my life. Besides, it's what grown people call a big chance."

"I see," said Sunny. "Well, I think you should go to Timbuktu, if you really think it's the best thing for you. Don't you?"

"I do," said Jim. "while you're young and full of pep especially."

"Are you going to-morrow?" Sunny asked.

He nodded.

"At noon. You go right on to-night, don't you?—to Benson?"

"M-h'm."

She turned back to the window, and was silent again for some time; for so long, in fact, that he was about to seek a new magazine when she turned back.

"Let's talk about marriage," she said.

"About marriage? Thinking of getting married, Sunny?"

She laughed appreciatively.

"Don't you think marriage is an interesting thing to talk about?"

"Oh, yes, very—of unfailing interest. But I didn't know that it began to be interesting at your age."

"A girl often thinks of it," said Sunny, "far younger than I am."

"Is it possible?" And then indulgently, "Well, what do you think about marriage?"

"I've been thinking especially about a young lady I know, a friend of Aunt Edna's. I've heard Aunt Edna and Isobel and a musical show girl named Carol talk lots about her. She's going home to get married." Sunny paused as though uncertain how to go on.

"That sounds very nice," said the young man encouragingly.

"It is nice," said Sunny, "all but one thing. She isn't quite sure whether she's going to like the young man or not. She thinks she will, of course. He's an awfully nice young man."

"Well," Jim suggested reasonably, "why doesn't she wait then till she's sure?"

"She can't," said Sunny. "She's afraid somebody else will get him if she does."

"Sounds kind of dog-in-the-mangerish," the young man observed. "She wants him to keep somebody else from getting him, but she isn't sure that she won't wish somebody else had him. Is that it?"

"Well-l-l, yes, in a way, I suppose it is. You see, she's an actress, and she's had awfully bad luck, and she's decided that she hasn't much talent, anyway, and she doesn't know how to be anything but an actress, and she hasn't any money left, and—and she has nightmares and wakes up all trembling, thinking she's in some queer far-away place and can't get out, and one manager was awful to her, and told her to come back to him if she thought better of it later, and—well, Carol says girls have got so broke and so scared, you know, that they have thought better of it, and Aunt Edna says that if anybody's right to know about that, Carol ought to"

"I see. And the other young man—the one she's going to marry—he would keep away the nightmare and the manager and everything."

"Yes, that's it," said Sunny eagerly. "He asked her to marry him two years ago, and he still wants her to; but she thinks he's beginning to—to notice another girl a little and—well, you know how such things go."

"Yes, I know how such things go."

"And she says she really doesn't think the young man at home—his name is Jim, just like yours—would ever be sorry. If there were sometimes things she didn't like about him, or times when he got a little bit on her nerves—the girls say men can get on a woman's nerves sometimes—why, she'd remember the nightmares and the manager and would think where she would have been in ten years if she hadn't married him—too old to play kid parts, and without any more money than she has now, unless there had been a manager, and then—well, she'd think about things like that and she'd be so grateful to Jim that she'd overlook almost anything. She'd make an awfully good wife to him. She'd try harder than a girl would who didn't know how hard being an actress is."

The other Jim nodded.

"You see, too, she's learned how to get along with people. You do learn that being in a road company where the ingénue is jealous of you because she thinks the press agent is crazy about you and does more for you than for her, and when you like the press agent's wife and don't like the leading woman, and the other stage manager is rather irritable and—well, you learn to get along with people. She wouldn't expect as much of Jim in a way as some other girls might—you know, remembering anniversaries and things like that that worry a man so—and she'd never nag at him, and she'd keep his house beautifully—she'd love having a house so—and she'd try to do just what he wanted her to—entertain his boss' fiancée, you know, and get up little suppers when he wanted to have men in to play poker and—oh, she'd try so hard! Don't you think it would be all right if she did her very best to be a good wife to him—a little better than an average wife—don't you think it would be all right?"

"All right for him, you mean?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I should certainly think so. I imagine even knowing why she was doing it wouldn't make him want to back out any. If he really loved her he'd want to marry her all the more, knowing that she needed somebody to look out for her. And she probably would make him a better wife than a girl who had never known what it was to knock around for herself. But how about her? She'd be taking the chance of finding somebody else that she really wants to marry when it's too late."

"She'd have to take that chance," said Sunny. "You have to pay something for almost everything you get, don't you?"

"I guess you do," Jim admitted. "I should think that would look like a whale of a big price to her, though. I should think ——"

He paused, then dropped his suggestion, looking at Sunny with frankly puzzled eyes.

"You're a funny kid!" he observed.

"Oh, I hear what all the older girls say," said Sunny hastily. "Look, isn't that a pretty doll that little girl has?"

"Very pretty," said the young man, glancing out at the station platform. "But to get back to our subject, what do you think about marriage yourself?"

He found a surprising and pleasing piquancy in their strange conversation. Sunny was suddenly a very shy little girl.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, busily breathing on the frosty window and rubbing clear a larger space.

"Well, when you grow up and get married, what kind of a husband do you want?"

Roguishness crinkled the corners of Sunny's baby eyes.

"I'd like a man about twenty-seven," she said demurely. "I'd want him to have dark hair with about ten gray hairs in it. I'd like to have him have nice gray eyes and a very straight nose. And I'd want him to wear a dark gray suit and be a geologist and have seen cannibals and Paris."

"You scamp!"

Sunny twinkled with impudence.

"That was what you wanted me to say, wasn't it?" she demanded wickedly.

The young man threw back his head and laughed till the train butcher looked over his shoulder curiously.

"Oh, Sunny, Sunny! Lord help the men when you're ten years older!"

"I get along with them very nicely," said Sunny complacently, "right now."

But after that Sunny would not talk. Jim tried one subject after another, but after a few faint sentences each subject languished and died. Sunny, her chin on her hand, stared out the window in silence.

"A penny for your thoughts," Jim offered curiously.

"They aren't worth a penny," said Sunny, and continued to stare out the window.

The train was due in Chicago about six, but the heavy snows had made it late, and now at five it was still rolling through the farm country and scattered villages of

Boss Work Gloves in the Garden

YOU have all of the fun and none of the blisters when you wear Boss Work Gloves for gardening. They protect your hands from dust, dirt, and minor injuries.

Boss Gloves are tough enough for the most rugged work. Yet, they are so flexible that you can wear them to pull the smallest weeds.

Around the auto, too, Boss Gloves are useful in a dozen ways. They are made of the finest quality white canton flannel. In sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Ribbed, band, and gauntlet wrists. Your dealer sells them.

THE BOSS MEEDY—best quality, medium weight canton flannel.
THE BOSS HEVY—very best quality, heavy weight canton flannel.
THE BOSS XTRA HEVY—finest grade of extra heavy canton flannel.
THE BOSS WALLOPER—best quality, heaviest weight canton flannel.

The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Kewanee, Ill.

Boss Gloves WORK GLOVES

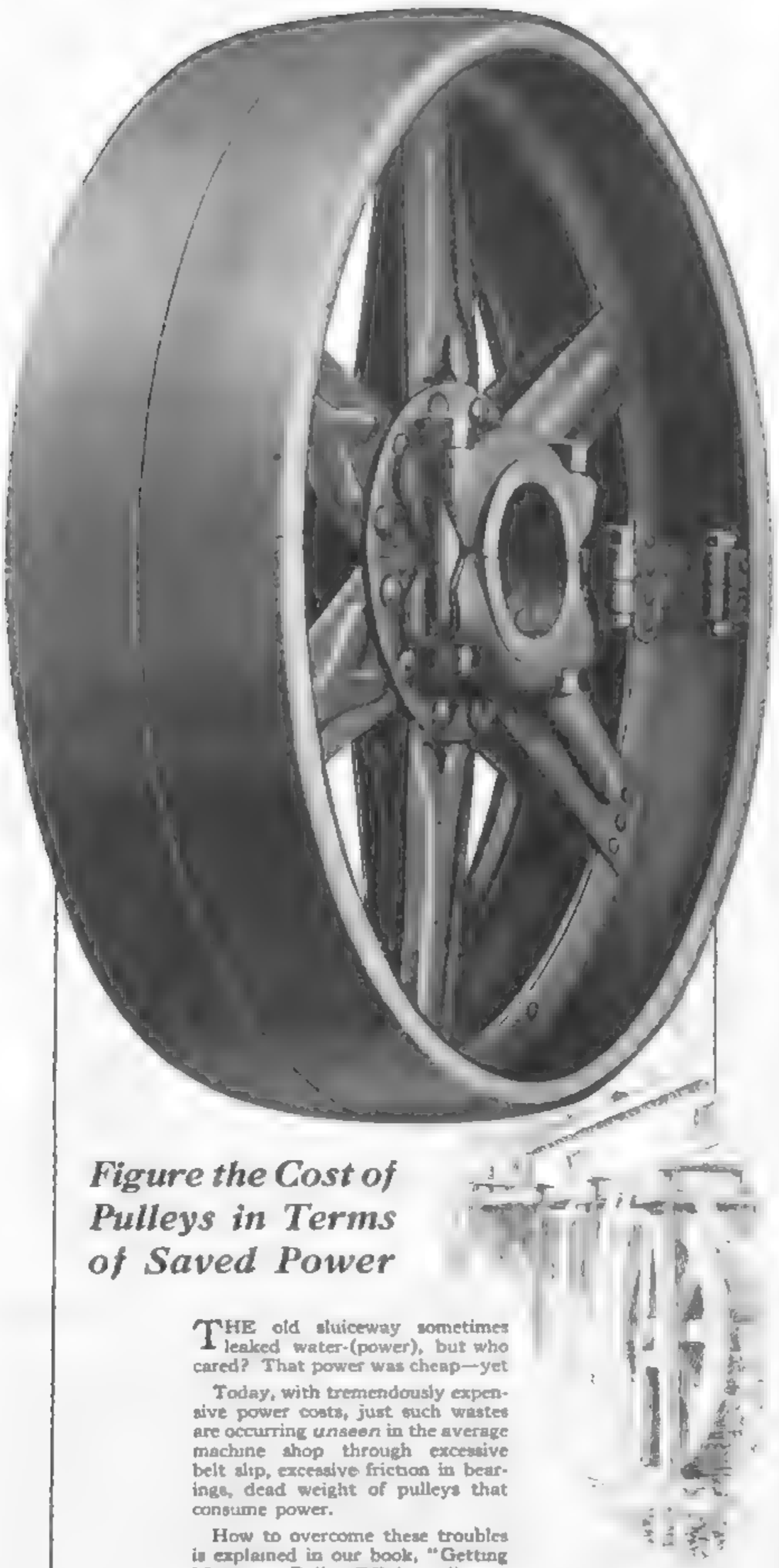


Figure the Cost of Pulleys in Terms of Saved Power

THE old sluiceway sometimes leaked water-(power), but who cared? That power was cheap—yet

Today, with tremendously expensive power costs, just such wastes are occurring *unseen* in the average machine shop through excessive belt slip, excessive friction in bearings, dead weight of pulleys that consume power.

How to overcome these troubles is explained in our book, "Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency."

The American Pulley Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
STEEL SPLIT
PULLEYS

Northern Indiana. The snowy fields turned softly mauve in the twilight. The bare trees became less sharp. There were firs, weighted with snow, mysterious, wistful, like ghosts of Christmas trees.

Lights began to gleam in the scattered villages and a bright street car climbed a distant hill.

Twilight is an eerie mirror. In its shadows one sees himself. If he is happy, dusk, half wistful with mystery, is atwinkle with the shine of a million home fires. If he is lonely, dusk is the loneliest hour of day or night.

"Work is through for the day," said Sunny softly, "and everybody's going home."

Jim nodded understandingly and laid his hand on hers. Silently they watched the soft gray grow thicker and darker.

Across a snowy field was one little house on a hillside, with wide bright windows and smoke curling palely from its chimney. It was a snug, cozy little house. Standing there alone in the winter twilight, it was home itself, all warmth and brightness, shelter, comfort, protection, the home that was waiting for Sunny in Benson.

The train was creeping along over its snowy track, and for a long time Sunny could see the little house. She leaned close to the frosty window to watch it as it slipped away into the darkening dusk. When it was only a tiny bright point of light in the distance she turned quickly to the man beside her.

"I'm not going to Benson," she said. "I'm going to stay in Chicago. The Arts Club will put me up for two or three nights on faith. I'm going to stay in Chicago."

"You're—what?"

The man's bewildered face recalled to Sunny the part she had been playing

"I'm not a little girl at all," she explained. "I'm nineteen years old."

The man appeared only the more bewildered, staring blankly at her little kilted skirt and middy blouse.

"Oh, I don't dress this way regularly," she explained hastily. "These are some of my stage clothes."

"Then what the ——"

"I had to dress this way in order to ride half fare—half fare was all the money I had. Please don't mention my age to the conductor. When I get the money I shall send an anonymous confession to the railroad, but I'd sooner the conductor didn't know just now."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Understanding, delightedly admiring understanding, was slowly dawning on the young man. "You little sport! You good little sport!" And after a few minutes, curiously, "What are you going to do in Chicago?"

"Get a part if I can," said Sunny promptly. "They do some casting there. Or if I can't get a part, earn my living some way—in a store or waiting on table or anything. There must be lots of ways."

"Oh, there doubtless are!" he agreed.

"Well, I'm going to find one of them."

The young man fell suddenly silent. Sunny turned back to the window. The snowy fields and the fir trees had been blacked out. There was only the reflection of the train's lights on the snow. She stared thoughtfully at these flickers of gold as mile after mile was crept by. It was quiet in the car. Passengers who had had close connections to make in Chicago had finally accepted the inevitable and settled down to a disgusted patience. At the first call for dinner they filed out, glad of any diversion, leaving an old gentleman sleeping peacefully, a fussy little widow in the front seat and Jim and Sunny alone in the car.

As soon as the last skirt had flirted past down the aisle Jim turned to the girl. Excitement, curbed in his voice, shone in his eyes.

"Sunny," he said, "how would you like to go to Mexico?"

"To—to Mexico? How—how do you mean?"

"Marry me and go with me!" Exultantly: "Oh, Sunny, what a time we'd have! I'll make good on the big chance! I know I will! Two years, and then we'd take six months off and I'd take you anywhere you wanted to go—to see Paris or cannibals! And after that—there's oil all over the world! And with you—why, there's nothing I couldn't do! Oh, Sunny, what a life we'd have! Won't you, please?"

"But—but you don't know anything about me. How do you know you want me?"

The exultation was sobered quickly away.

"I know I want you all right. Whether you come with me or not, I'll always want you. I didn't know it could come over a person like this in one day. It's you who don't know anything about me, but—Sunny, oh, if you'll just take me on faith! If you just like me! I haven't any—any past you'd need to worry about. And as for looking ahead, of course, I may not really be able to move the world as I feel now that I could, but God knows I'd always do my best for you, Sunny."

The girl twisted the end of one red curl and did not look up. The man leaned forward, fingering the edge of her little blouse.

"Will you marry me to-morrow? Will you, Sunny?" he begged humbly. "If you had a family I wouldn't try to rush you like this, but we're both all alone in the world. It's two years and—and I do love you so! Won't you?" And as still she did not speak, "Tell me, what are you thinking? Is there anything I can do or say to—to ——"

Sunny raised her eyes to his.

"I was thinking," she said, "that if you didn't mind it would be better to be married to-night. I have only three dollars and twenty cents, and getting into Chicago so late ——"

"Sunny!"

Just then the lad who had the upper berth over Jim's returned inopportunely from the diner and sat down across the aisle, regarding the couple with mild interest. He thought it was dashed nice of the young man to waste so much time on the little girl. He could see them plainly, but thanks to the low rumble of the train he could not hear them.

"We won't get into Chicago before nine or ten," this young man of action was saying. "We can't get a license at that hour, and I'm not sure we could get married right away. But"—snapping his fingers sharply after a moment of concentration—"I know where we can. St. Joseph! I was there one summer. It was a regular Gretna Green. Couples used to come over from Chicago in the excursion boats Sundays and be married by the hundreds. We haven't passed South Bend yet. We can drop off there and catch an interurban."

They fell silent again for a few moments. Then "We'll have to dodge the conductor, getting off," said the practical masculine.

And "I'll have to change my clothes," said the eternal feminine. "I can't get married looking like this."

The town lights twinkled off beyond the station. The train, blacker than the winter darkness, roared away down the track. The two stood alone on the icy platform.

"Jim, aren't you going to kiss me?"

He looked down at the slim, brown-suited young woman beside him.

"I'm afraid to," he confessed.

She looked up at him. Under the rakish, down-slanting feather of her sophisticated little hat her eyes were wide, trusting. Under the smart mesh of her modish veil was the sweet curve of Sunny's little-girl cheek. Jim's fears abated.

"My little sweetheart!" his arms around her. And then after a bit, "Are you the little girl you were telling me about—yourself—the girl who was going to be married so she could have a home with a hammock on the porch and a preserve cellar and an oven for muffins?"

She nodded, shamefaced, close against his ulster.

"And I can't give you any of them! Not even a home of any kind for years and years, maybe, just one long foreign tramp after another. It may not even always be safe. You—you're sure you don't want to back out?"

She flashed him a look of flaming assurance.

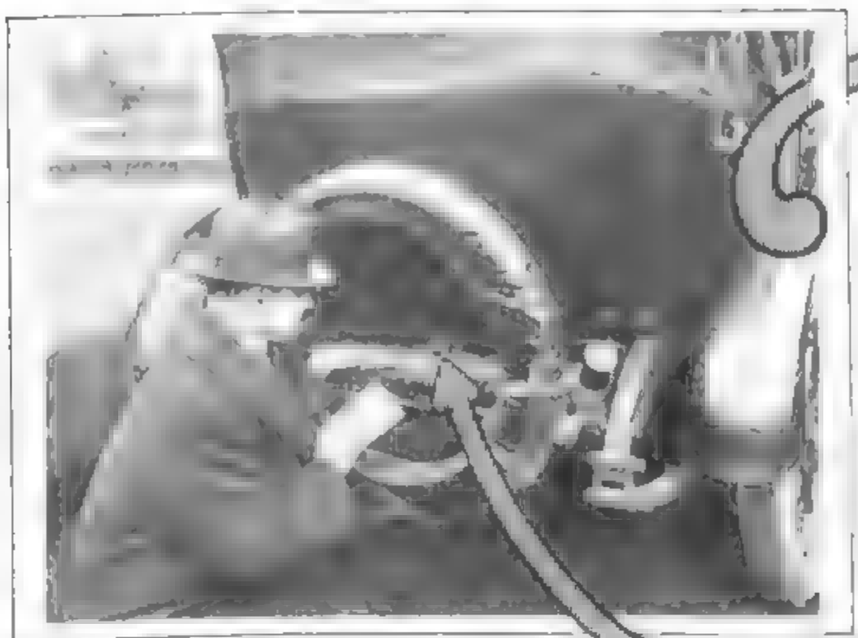
"Sure!" she said. "I'd given up that other home even before you asked me to go with you. I—I was going to stick it out some way, just on the chance of your coming back sometime."

"You darling!" And then, "I have a funny feeling, Sunny," he confessed half shyly, "that it will be home for us though, wherever we are—in a dinky little shack perhaps in Mexico, a tent in the African bush ——"

"A rowboat on the ocean, Jim, as long as I'm with you!"

They kissed again in the faint light shining through from the station news stand, two gallant young adventurers. And in that kiss, plighting a troth of jeopardy and wandering, was the kindling of another hearth fire, the hanging of another crane

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



What "Mileage" Do You Get From Your Electric Motors?

SUPPOSE your little runabout ate up as much gas as your big seven-passenger car. You wouldn't be likely to buy another runabout right away.

"Costs too much to run it," you would say.

But did you ever carefully check up that same "running" expense on the machinery in your factory?

You probably have out in your plant machines doing "runabout" jobs for which you are paying "seven-passenger" power bills. Not the fault of the machine—nor yet of the motor. Both are good, standard equipment, but they never have been *fitted to each other*.

Lincoln Engineers are saving manufacturers thousands of dollars by scientifically fitting the electric motor to the machine which it drives. They do not do this work in your plant, for it would take a year to test each and every type of machine in a large establishment.

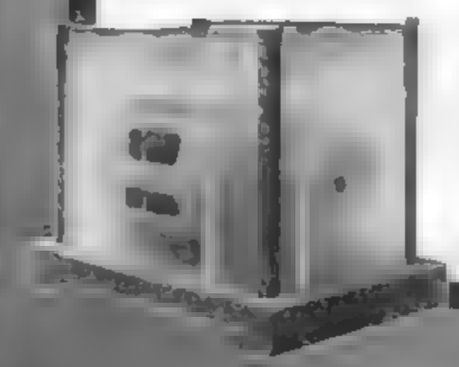
They work with the machinery manufacturer instead, test exhaustively each model of his machines and determine once and for all what special type and size of Lincoln Motor will do the most of that work with the least power.

So when your machinery maker recommends Lincoln Motors or insists on supplying them on his machinery—listen to his advice. He is giving you service—trying to increase your "mileage" and save you money.

Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.
Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK."

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "50 degree" or "continuous rated" motor.

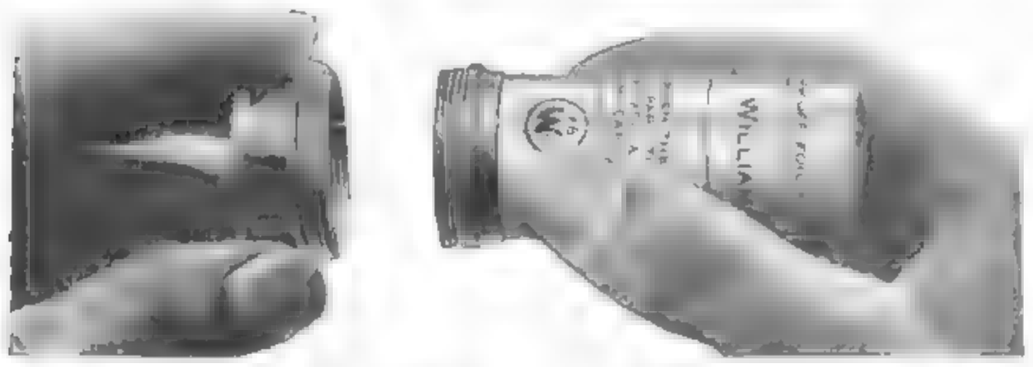


Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Syracuse

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, Ohio

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
[illegible]
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.



The Re-Load
for Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick

Why should a man buy the Re-Load? For two reasons:

Economy. When your first shaving stick is used up, you need buy only a Re-Load—thus avoiding the cost of a new metal holder and box—which means a material saving.

Convenience. By buying several Re-Loads at a time, you are assured of always having one on hand when you need it in a hurry. That means a lot sometimes.

Some unique advantages of Williams' Holder-Top Stick and the Re-Load are:

1. When you have almost entirely used up your first shaving stick, you unscrew the metal collar easily, and screw in a Re-Load.

2. Each Re-Load has its own threaded collar of non-corroding metal, which holds the soap firmly and screws tightly into the metal base—making the stick secure against breaking off or twisting out.

3. The hermetically sealed wrapper protects the soap against dust and the effects of climate until you open it, and tears off easily and smoothly as the soap wears down.

4. The firm, fine texture of the soap prevents its becoming soft. This means greater economy.

5. The lather does what a lather must always do to be right. Works up as thick as you want it—rich and cream-like. "The kind that won't dry on the face." Softens the wiriest beard—is soothing and comforting to the skin—in a word, "makes a fellow feel fine" after the shave.

Send 10 cents in stamps

for sample, *full size* permanent holder-top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Load, saving the cost of a new metal holder and box.

The J. B. Williams Co., *Dept. A*
Glastonbury, Conn.

The Finishing Touch

A few drops of Williams' Aqua Velva, an after-shaving lotion, adds the finishing touch to your shave. New, scientifically prepared, entirely different from toilet waters. Soothing—cooling—refreshing—delightfully perfumed.
At your druggist's.

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 17)

these facilities are wanting. I want to ask why a large class, if not the whole of our population, is not educated up to the level of wide understanding and fully developed capacity such a schooling as I have sketched out implies.

Well, the first fact obvious to every parent who has ever inquired closely into the educational outlook of his offspring—the first fact we have to face is this: There are not enough properly equipped schools, and, still more, not enough good teachers to do the job. It is proclaiming no very profound secret to declare that there is hardly such a thing in the world to-day as a fully equipped school—that is to say, a school having all the possible material and apparatus, and staffed sufficiently with a bright and able teacher, a really live and alert educationist in every necessary subject, such as would be needed to give this ideal education. That is the great primary obstacle, that is the core of our present problem. We cannot get our modern community educated to anything like its full possibilities as yet, because we have neither the teachers nor the schools.

Now is this a final limitation?

For a moment I will leave the question of the possibilities of more and better-equipped schools on one side. I will deal with the supply of teachers. At present we do not even attempt to get good teachers; we do not offer any approach to a tolerable life for an ordinary teacher; we compel them to lead mean and restricted lives; we underpay them shockingly; we do not deserve nearly such good teachers as we get. But even supposing we were to offer reasonable wages for teachers—an average all-round wage of one thousand pounds a year or so, and respect and dignity—it does not follow that we should get as many as we should need—using the methods that are in use to-day—to provide this ideal schooling for most of our population, or, indeed, for any large section of our population.

You will note a new proviso creeping in at this point—using the methods that are used to-day.

Educational Weaknesses

Because you must remember it is not simply a matter of payment that makes the teacher. Teachers are born and not made. Good teaching requires a peculiar temperament and distinctive aptitudes. I doubt very much, even if you could secure the services of every human being who had the natural gifts needed in a good teacher, if you could disregard every question of cost and payment—I doubt whether even then you would command the services of more than one passable teacher for a hundred children, and of more than one really inspired and inspiring teacher for five hundred children. No doubt you could get a sort of teacher for every score, or even for every dozen children—a commonplace person who could be trained to do a few simple educational things—but I am speaking now of good teachers, who have the mental subtlety, the sympathy and the devotion necessary for efficient teaching by the individualistic methods in use to-day. And since—using the methods that are used to-day—you can only hope to secure fully satisfactory results with one teacher to every score of pupils, or fewer, and since it is unlikely we shall ever be able to command the services of more than a tithe of the people who could teach well, it seems that we come up here against an insurmountable obstacle to an educated population.

Now I want to press the idea of that difficulty home. I am an old and seasoned educationist; most of my earliest writings are concealed in the anonymity of the London educational papers of a quarter of a century ago; and my knowledge of educational literature is fairly extensive. I know, in particular, the literature of educational reform. And I do not recall that I have ever encountered any recognition of this fundamental difficulty in the way of educational development. The literature of educational reform is always assuming parents of limitless intelligence, sympathy and means, employing teachers of limitless energy and capacity. And that to an extreme degree is what we haven't got and what we can never hope to have.

Educational reformers seem always to be looking at education from the point of view of the individual scholastic enterprise and of the individual pupil, and hardly ever from the point of view of a public task dealing with the community as a whole. For all practical purposes this makes waste paper of a considerable proportion of educational literature. This literature, the reader will find, is pervaded by certain fixed ideas. There is a sort of standing objection to any machining of education. There is, we are constantly told, to be no syllabus of instruction, no examination and no controls, no prescribed textbooks or diagrams—because these things limit the genius of the teacher. And this goes on with a blissful, invincible disregard of the fact that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand the genius of the teacher isn't and can't be there; and also of the fact that this affair of elementary education has in its essentials been done over and over and over again for thousands of millions of times. There ought to be as much scope left for genius and originality in ordinary teaching as there is for genius and originality in a hen laying an ordinary egg.

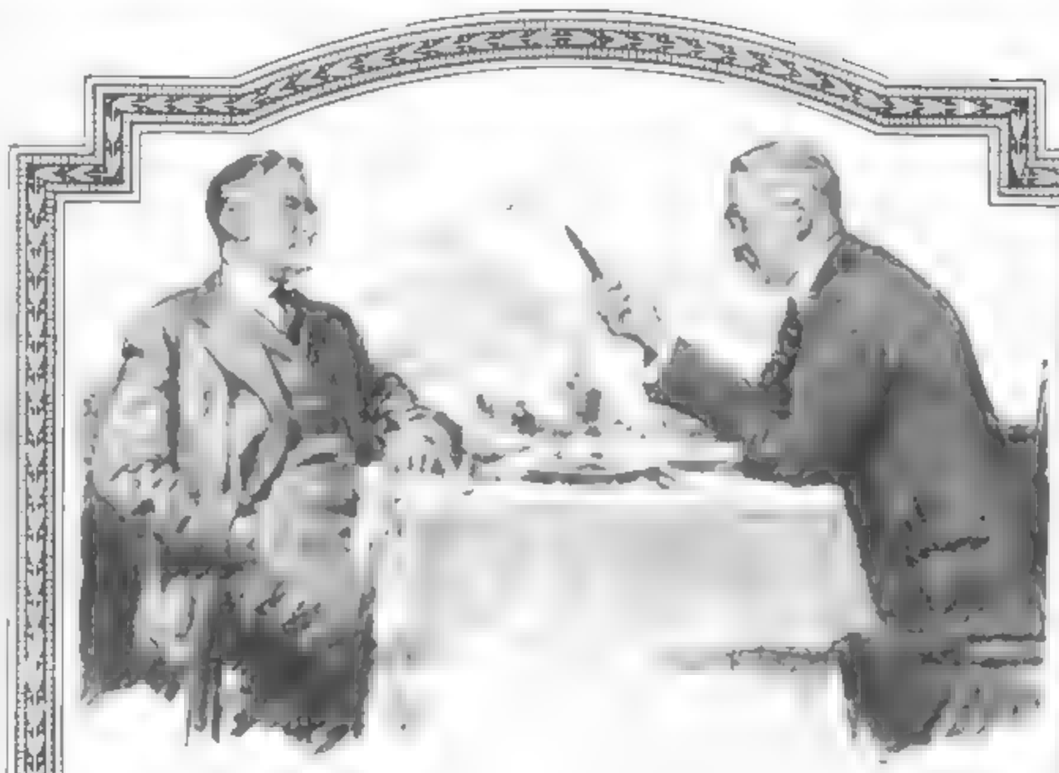
School Equipment

These educational idealists are always disregarding the fundamental problem of educational organization altogether—the problem of economy, economy of the most precious thing of all—teaching power. It is the problem of stretching the competent teacher over the maximum number of pupils, and that can be done only by the same methods of economy that are practiced in every other large-scale production—by the standardization of everything that can be standardized, and by the use of every possible time and labor saving device and every possible replacement of human effort, not in order to dispense with originality and initiative, but in order to conserve them for application at their points of maximum efficiency.

I have said that a disregard of the possibilities of wide organization and its associated economy of effort is characteristic of most advanced educational literature. You will, if you will examine them, find that disregard working out to its natural consequences in what are called the advanced schools that appeal to educationally anxious parents nowadays. You will find these places, often very picturesque and pleasing-looking places, are rarely prosperous enough to maintain more than one or two good teachers. The rest of the staff shrinks from scrutiny. You will find these schools adorned with attractive diagrams drawn by the teachers, and strikingly original models and apparatus made by the teachers; and if you look closely into the matter or consult an intelligent pupil, you will find there are never enough diagrams and apparatus to see a course through. If you press that matter you will find that they haven't had time to make them so far. And they will never get so far. No school, however rich and prosperous, and however enthusiastically run, can hope to make for itself all the plant and diagrams and apparatus needed for a fully efficient modern education such as we have sketched out.

But now I think you will begin to see what I am driving at. It is this—that if the general level of education is to be raised in our modern community, and if that better education is to be spread over most of our community, it is necessary to reorganize education in the world upon entirely bolder, more efficient and more economical lines. We are inexorably limited as to the number of good teachers we can get into the educational organization, and we are limited as inexorably as to the quality of the rank and file of our teaching profession; but we are not limited in the equipment and systematic organization of teaching methods and apparatus. That is what I want particularly to enlarge upon now.

Think of the ordinary schoolhouse—a mere empty brick building, with a few hat pegs, a stale map or so, half a dozen plaster casts, a few hundred tattered books, a blackboard and some broken chemical apparatus. Think of it as the dingy insufficiency it is! In such a place the best teacher must needs waste three-quarters of his energies.



"speaking of ham and eggs"

"Jim, when I think of real value I think of two things—ham-and-eggs, and Cinco cigars. Look round this dining car and you'll see a lot of other plates bearing evidence of the same kind of wisdom. And when you go into the smoking car you'll see the Cinco side of my philosophy.

"I see people flounder round for ten minutes over the menu and then order ham-and-eggs. And I've noticed when a seasoned smoker stands up to a 20-foot cigar case, and gets lost in confusion of brands, he finally calls for Cinco.

"We Americans are getting more natural every day. We are good spenders. But when we want a combination that gives us the necessary calories that the food experts talk about, we find more of them by instinct in ham-and-eggs than in anything else. And when it comes to a real meritorious cigar at a reasonable price, our ham-and-eggs common sense says 'Cinco.'

"Cinco is the most popular cigar in America—and it deserves to be. It's the result of 70 years of experience in the hands of a single family, and these men have always given value plus.

"For real value and a mild smoke you can't beat the old rule—

"STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE"

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INC.
PHILADELPHIA
ESTABLISHED 1850

Copyright, Otto Eisenlohr & Bros., Inc., 1919
Registered U. S. Patent Office

THE only remaining fashion of 1866 is the one established by Dr. Lyon's—the fashion of fine teeth. Dr. Lyon's was the first to make it easy to have clean, white teeth. They are fashionable everywhere today.

Except for the dentist, Dr. Lyon's has done more than any other agency to make American teeth the admiration of the world. It cleans the teeth of millions of people every day *safely*.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder Cream

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
530 West 27th Street, New York

Canadian Distributors
LYMANS, LIMITED
344 St. Paul St., West, MONTREAL

FREE SAMPLE—Powder or Cream sent to anyone

In such a place staff and pupils meet chiefly to waste each other's time. This is the first and principal point at which we can stanch the wastage of teaching energy that now goes on. Everywhere about the world nowadays the schoolhouse is set up and equipped by a private person or a local authority in more or less complete ignorance of educational possibilities, in more or less complete disconnectedness, without any of the help or any of the economy that comes from a centralized mass production. Let us now consider what we might have in the place of this typical schoolhouse of to-day.

Let me first suggest that every school should have a complete library of very full and explicit lesson notes, properly sorted and classified. All the ordinary subjects in schools have been taught over and over again millions and millions of times. Few people, I think, realize that, and fewer still realize the reasonable consequences of that. Human minds are very much the same everywhere, and the best way of teaching every ordinary school subject, the best possible lesson, and the best possible succession of lessons, ought to have been worked out to the last point, and the courses ought to have been stereotyped long ago. Yet if you go into any school to-day, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred you will find an inexpert and ill-prepared young teacher giving a clumsy, vamped-up lesson as though it had never been given before. He or she will have no proper notes and no proper diagrams, and a halting and faulty discourse will be eked out by feeble scratchings with chalk on a blackboard, by querulous questioning of the pupils and irrelevancies. The thing is preposterous.

And linked up with this complete equipment of proper lesson notes upon which the teacher will give the lessons, there should be a thing which does not exist at present in any school and which ought to exist in every school—a collection of some hundreds of thousands of pictures and diagrams, properly and compactly filed; a copious supply of maps, views of scenery, pictures of towns, and so forth, for teaching geography; diagrams and tables for scientific subjects, and so on, and so on. You must remember that if the schools of the world were thought of as a whole and dealt with as a whole these things could be produced wholesale at costs out of comparison cheaper than they are made to-day. There is no reason whatever why school equipment should not be a world market. A lesson upon the geography of Sweden needs precisely the same maps, the same pictures of scenery, types of people, animals, cities, and so forth, whether that lesson is given in China or Peru or Morocco or London.

Teaching by Talking Machines

And next to this full and manageable collection of pictures and diagrams, which the teacher would whip out, with the appropriate notes, five minutes before his lesson began, the modern school would have quite a considerable number of gramophones. These would be used not only to supply music for drill, and so forth, and for the analytical study of music, but for the language teaching. Instead of the teacher having to pretend, as he usually pretends now, to a complete knowledge of the foreign language he can really only smatter, he could become the honest assistant of the real teaching instrument—the gramophone. Here, again, it is a case for big methods or none—a case for mass production. A mass production of gramophone records for language teaching throughout the world would so reduce the cost that every school could quite easily be equipped with a big repertory of language records. For the first year of any language study, at any rate, the work would go always to the accompaniment of the proper accent and intonation. And all over the world each language would be taught with the same accent and quantities and idioms—a very desirable thing indeed.

And now let me pass on to another requirement for an efficient school that our educational organization has still to discover—the method of using the cinematograph. I ask for half a dozen projectors or so in every school and for a well-stocked storehouse of films. The possibilities of certain branches of teaching have been altogether revolutionized by the cinematograph. In nearly every school nowadays you will find a lot of more or less worn and damaged scientific apparatus which is supposed to be used for demonstrating the elementary facts of chemistry, physics, and the like.

Now that is the sort of thing that still goes on. But it ought to be entirely out of date. All that scientific bric-a-brac in the cupboard had far better be thrown away. All the demonstration experiments that science teachers will require in the future can be performed once for all—before a cinematograph. They can be done finally; they need never be done again. You can get the best and most dexterous teacher in the world—he can do what has to be done with the best apparatus, in the best light; anything that is very minute or subtle you can magnify or repeat from another point of view; anything that is intricate you can record with extreme slowness; you can show the facts a mile off or six inches off, and all that your actual class teacher need do now is to spend five minutes on getting out the films he wants, ten minutes in reading over the corresponding lecture notes, and then he can run the film, give the lesson, question his class upon it, note what they miss and how they take it, run the film again for a second scrutiny, and get out for the subsequent study of the class the ample supply of diagrams and pictures needed to fix the lesson. Can there be any comparison between the educational efficiency of the two methods?

Mass Production in Education

So I put it to you, that it is possible now to make—and that the world needs badly that we should make—a new sort of school, a standardized school, a school richly equipped with modern apparatus and economizing the labor of teaching to an extent at present undreamed of, in which, all over the world, the same stereotyped lessons, leading the youth of the whole world through a parallel course of schooling, can be delivered.

I know that in putting this before you I challenge some of the most popular affectations of cultivated people. I know that many people will be already writhing with a genteel horror at the idea of the same lesson being given in identical terms to everybody in turn throughout the world. It sounds monotonous. It will rob the world of variety—and so on, and so on. But, indeed, it will not be monotonous at all. That lesson will be new and fresh and good to every pupil who receives it. And remember it is by our hypothesis the best possible form and arrangement of that lesson. It is to take the place of a sham lesson or no lesson at all. There is an eternal freshness in learning as in all the other main things in life.

It will be no more monotonous than having one's seventh birthday or falling in love for the first time.

You see in all this I am driving at—what shall I call it?—syndicated schools, syndicated lesson notes, and, so far as equipment goes, mass production. I want to see the sort of thing happening to schools that has already happened to many sorts of retail shops. In the place of little ill-equipped schools, each run by its own teacher and buying its own books and diagrams and material, and so forth, in small quantities at high prices, I want to see a great central organization, employing teachers of genius, working in consultation and coöperation and producing lesson notes, diagrams, films, phonograph records, cheaply, abundantly, on a big scale for a nation, or a group of nations, or, if you like, for all the world, just as America produces watches and alarm clocks and cheap automobiles for all the world. And I want to see the schools of the world being run, so far as the intellectual training goes, not by local committees but by that central organization.

It is only by this reorganization of schooling upon the lines of big production that we can hope to get a civilized community in the world at an educational level very markedly higher than the existing educational level.

But if we could so economize teaching energy—if we made our really great teachers, by the use of modern appliances, teachers not of handfuls but of millions; if we insisted upon a universal application of the best and most effective methods of teaching, just as we insist upon the best and most effective methods of street traction and town lighting—then I believe it would be possible to build the civilization of the years to come on a foundation of mental preparation incomparably sounder and higher than anything we know of to-day.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six articles by Mr. Wells. The final article will appear in an early issue.

Say, Man! What a Difference It Makes in the Feel of Your Face

The barbering fraternity of this country has done much to maintain our business morale. Nothing does more to give a fellow that money-in-the-bank feeling, to give him CONFIDENCE and send him out against all comers ready for ACTION than a few minutes daily in a good barber's chair.

That crisp, fresh laundered look unquestionably gives you an edge on the field.

Any good barber will increase your chances fifty per cent.

He will take that face of yours and RECLAIM it. He will pull out the *worry lines*, wipe out that over-worked look, put gimp and snap and RED into your skin, and make you keen for your big battle,

and he will do it with BONCILLA.

BONCILLA has scored a terrific success in America. Successful men everywhere are streaming into barber shops from coast to coast and coming out MADE OVER—full of pep—snapping with that UNLICKABLE stuff.

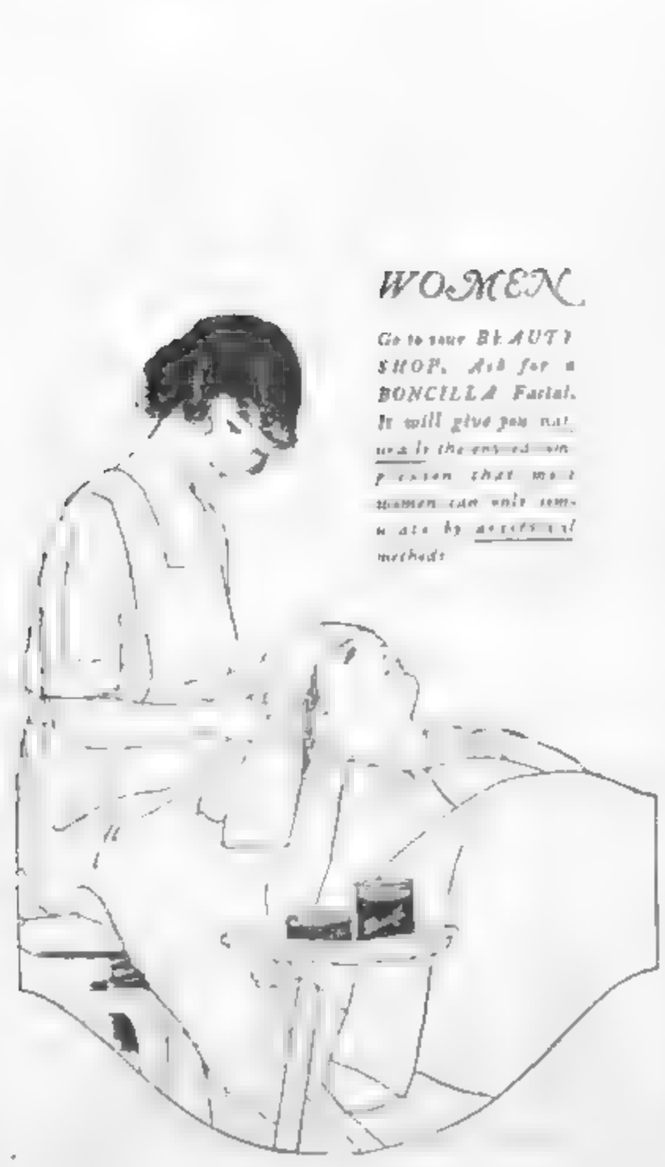
Here's what BONCILLA does: First of all it cleans your face to the bone—builds up the muscular upholstering of your face—pulls out the blackheads—drives out pimples with surges of rich, red blood—and takes up the SLACK in your skin. It fights WRINKLES and makes you look younger.

Best of all, it gives you a BRAIN BATH of pure, fresh blood and washes out the fumes of fatigue.

At first, you ought to take at least two BONCILLA treatments a week—later you cut it down to one treatment a week. But remember, *there is no such thing as too many BONCILLA treatments—any more than there is such a thing as too much pure air.* The longer and oftener you use BONCILLA, the smoother and more healthy your skin will become.

As a protection against inefficient or harmful substitutes, insist on seeing the genuine Boncilla label.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES of the Crown Chemical Company
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.


WOMEN
Go to your BEAUTY SHOP. Ask for a BONCILLA Facial. It will give you that [illegible] complexion that most women can only simulate by artificial methods

This is the Complete BONCILLA Method.

1—Apply two or more hot towels to open pores.

2—Cover the face with BONCILLA Beautifier—covering the face thoroughly, but NOT rubbing it in. Do this quickly, before the pores have a chance to close. Be sure the whole face is covered, up to the hair and down under the chin. Also apply to the eyelids.

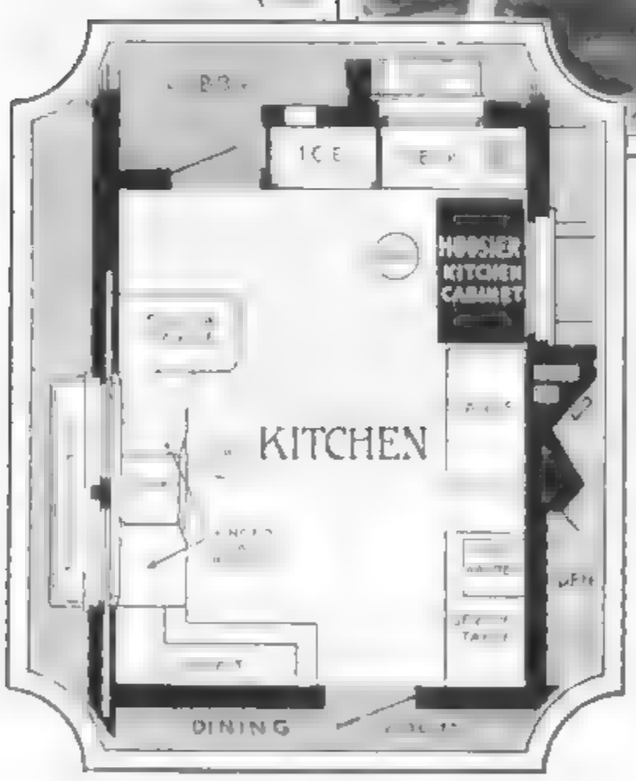
3—When thoroughly dry, remove by using a very wet Turkish towel—tepid (not hot). Press the water from the towel into the application until it is soft. It will then come off with practically [illegible]. Go over the face with hot towel, cleansing thoroughly.

4—Next apply BONCILLA Cold Cream, steamed in with hot towel.

5—BONCILLA Vanishing Cream is then used, massaging the face in a thorough manner, until almost dry, as this cream closes the pores.

6—Go over the face with dry towel. Then apply BONCILLA Face Powder lightly. This completes the BONCILLA Method of Facial Treatment.

There is no such thing as too many BONCILLA treatments—the longer and oftener you take them, the smoother and healthier your skin will become.



If you are planning to build or want to rearrange your present kitchen to save more steps, write for the Kitchen Plan Book, perfected out of the experiences of 343 Architectural Draughtsmen. Sent postpaid for 25 cents—much less than the cost of preparation.

Saves Steps

Two Million HOOSIER OWNERS Do Their Kitchen Work *"at ease"*

There must be a reason why two million women prefer the HOOSIER. Marked preference such as this can never be the result of an accident. It means real supremacy. And HOOSIER owners will tell you that HOOSIER is the Kitchen Cabinet supreme.

These women prefer the HOOSIER because it is the one device that does most to simplify kitchen work. HOOSIER literally saves its owners miles of steps each day. Seated before HOOSIER's big uncluttered work-table, you perform your most tedious kitchen duties with ease.

Every needed tool and utensil, every spice and ingredient is right at your fingers' ends. The one article you want seems to come naturally to your hand, exactly when you need it.

Every woman who really desires to make her housework lighter owes it to herself to investigate the HOOSIER. Ask your HOOSIER dealer to show you the several models of HOOSIER Porcelain Tables and HOOSIER Cabinets —Prices $12.50 to $92.50, f. o. b. factory.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

521 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana

BRANCH OFFICES—Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, California

368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

HOOSIER

ANDY DUNNE AND THE BARKER

(Continued from Page 7)

intentional foul. Burke thereupon aimed a swing at Andy so vicious that it pivoted him clean around as the watchful arbiter ducked, leaving him in a position where he was promptly collared from behind and thrown bodily out of the ring by the efficient official amidst the appreciative hoots of the crowd. The light heavyweight—he was fighting at one hundred seventy-five then—dropped in at Andy's quarters, with his manager, informally looking for a match.

"Snootin' around for something easy," in Andy's contemptuous words.

"Where's all yer fancy scrappers?" he growled, looking about the empty place.

"Gone to the war," was Andy's reply. "They ain't fightin' the Kaiser with a paintbrush neither."

Bim's alleged job was in the painting department.

"They're safer there than here with Bim on the hunt," put in the manager smartly. "Ain't you got anything left?"

"Nothing easy, like Bim's lookin' for."

Burke, growing purple, started a genealogical sketch of the Dunne family; but forbore as Andy moved toward him, and expressed an earnest conviction that he could take on anything ever trained by Andy and ruin it in one round.

"If," began the veteran, "yah don't mind gettin' k-o'd by a middleweight a good deal lighter ——"

"Show'm to me!" bellowed the caller.

Andy summoned his pupil.

"That?" said Burke, and burst into a guffaw.

Andy jerked his head toward the invader as if he weren't worth a more effortful gesture.

"Bill, will you fight this?"

"Yes, sir, if you say so."

"'Sir'!" commented the hugely entertained Bim. "'If you say so'! Oh, goils, I've lost me sewin' bag!"

"He'll likely try to butt yah," warned Andy, paying not the slightest heed to the other.

"All right," agreed Martin.

"He'll hit low."

"Yer a liar!" shouted the enraged visitor.

"And yah got to look out in the clinches that he don't bite yah."

"Come away!" ordered the manager, collaring Bim. "He's getting your goat. You'll get your comeback in the ring."

Andy, his plan of slow maturing now come to its time of unfolding, said to his pupil, "It's a stiff game yah're goin' against."

"I don't care," replied the other listlessly.

"He's a mean fighter, Bim Burke. That ain't his name any more than it's yours. Remind you of anybody, does he?"

"No, sir."

"I thought he might. His real name is Gomph."

This brilliant fiction produced a galvanic effect upon Martin.

"Gomph!" he cried. "Not — -"

"Yep. His brother." And indeed there was a sort of brutalized likeness—quite enough to give verisimilitude to Andy's truthless invention. "I thought I ought to tell yah, in case yah'd be scared," said Andy artlessly.

"I'll kill him!" said Martin.

That he did not carry out this promise when the pair met in one of the semiprivate shipyard contests ten days thereafter was not for lack of trying. The challenger's superior weight was met by better conditions, more finished science and a strength almost equal to his own, and backed by a murderous ferocity. At the end of the third round the heavyweight, already considerably cut up and more daunted, confided to his seconds that he could stand the gaff as well as any guy: what got him was the queer noises this nut made when he hit. In Bim's uneasy opinion the gink was batty. He wasn't safe to be in the same ring with. At the conclusion of the fourth he communicated his distresses to the referee.

"He's barkin' at me," he complained, "like a dog."

"Well, yuh can moo at him," generously conceded the referee, "like a cow."

"Gomph!" barked Martin in the sixth, and sent home a left jolt with rib-shattering impetus.

The recipient crawled between the ropes on all fours and could by no inducements be persuaded to reënter.

Pondering deeply upon this gratifying result, Andy Dunne evolved therefrom a philosophic theory which I present in the original as enunciated by him.

"Some guys will fight for a fight. Some guys will fight for money. Some guys will fight for an idear. If it wasn't for the idear-scrappers I s'pose we'd all be livin' in caves yet, and I'd be trainin' young huskies in animal skins to uppercut with a stone hatchet. Martin was one of these idear boys. His idear was Gomph. As soon as I'd figured that out the rest was easy."

Having found his man's fighting formula, Andy took him to the Far West for a year and put him up against anything that offered. His instructions were brief and explicit.

"All yah got to do when yah get in the ring is to make yahrself think the other lad is Gomph. Then go to him."

Shouting the battle cry of Gomph, Martin went to them, no matter what their records or weight. From the first rally to the finish he Gomphed with every blow that he delivered. The fight followers, not understanding, jeered and howled until they had taken the measure of his abilities. Then they began to make a ring idol of the Barker, as they called him, or, for short, Doggy. But Andy, the shrewd and foreseeing, kept him mostly to short fights, well below the championship class, designing to bring him back East, still little known, and spring a dramatic sensation. There was a further plan in his mind.

Doomed, as is every trainer of that various and mutable genus, the pugilist, to recurrent disappointments, Andy, nevertheless, cherished in the depths of an invincible romanticism the hope of producing a real champion who should retire undefeated and take his, Andy's, place as the dean and mentor of the Department of Fistics in the University of Life. Fire in the ashes of this ambition was fanned by Doggy Martin's success. Doggy was one of those rare finds who have everything except weight, and he was slowly gaining in that respect. Moreover he was unfailingly docile to the trainer's directions; a bit of fighting mechanism, answerable to the master hand. Andy felt that he could do whatever he liked with the boy. For eighteen months he fought the Barker up and down the Coast, across the mountains and as far east as Kansas City. He brought his prize back to his old haunts with fame almost unheralded.

Almost—not quite. Kinnicutt, New Jersey, had learned of Doggy's prowess through a traveled denizen. It invested him with the Order of Favorite Son and invited him down home as the guest of a committee of welcome. Misgivings beset Andy. He feared the effect of hero worship upon his tractable child. But Martin was so keen to go—he wished, it appeared, to see an old-maid school-teacher for whom he had preserved a boyish fondness—that his preceptor acceded. They went down together, and while Andy was entertaining the committee with a record of the hero's exploits, and assuring them that their plans to have him make a speech at the banquet that evening would probably affect his heart adversely, that young man was making his escape and pointing for the side street where his former teacher lived.

Andy walked uptown with Chet Parmly, and at the Four Corners came face to face with Gomph. His first thought was one of unqualified terror that Doggy Martin would meet his prey before he, Andy, could interfere, kill him out of hand and finish the most promising career of the day in the electric chair. His second, as he greeted Gomph courteously, was that the athletic salesman had altered. There was a strange, uncanny look in his eye.

"How are yah?" said Andy, holding out his hand.

"First rate, thank you, Mr. Dunne," returned Gomph cordially.

"Doggy Martin's in town. Young Bill Martin," Andy corrected himself. "You remember?"

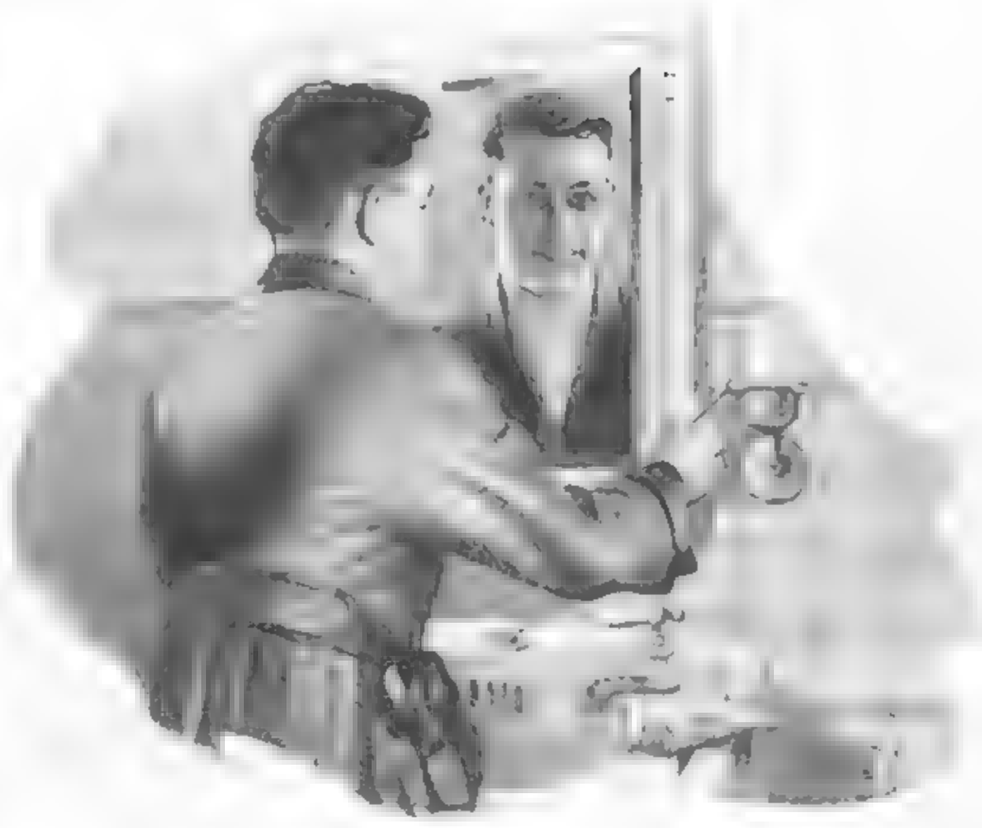
"Yes, I remember."

"He's lookin' for yah—that is, he will be if he knows yah're here."

"Will he?" said Gomph indifferently.

"I thought I'd give yah a tip," said Andy, "in case ——"

And then he stopped, for it goes against my friend's inherent chivalry to hint, except for business purposes, that one man is or ought to be afraid of another.



Watch Them

These delightful effects on the teeth

You are welcome to this ten-day test, and every effect will delight you. Then you will know the modern way to whiter, safer teeth—the right way for you and yours.

Millions now use this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. The benefits are too apparent to dispute. If you do not know them, let this test bring them to you.

That dingy film

Teeth are coated with a dingy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed, it night and day threatens damage to the teeth.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It often forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

Most tooth troubles are caused by that film. Statistics show that those troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat film day by day. Careful tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now they are widely adopted, half the world over, largely by dental advice.

The methods are embodied in a modern tooth paste—Pepsodent. And glistening teeth seen in every circle indicate its users.

Essential aids to Nature

Pepsodent brings three other effects which might come from proper diet. But the average diet is defective. A tooth paste should help rectify the defects.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits—another tooth enemy.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Pepsin is also included.

Thus every application fights the film, the starch-coats and the acids in most effective ways. To millions it has brought a new dental era.

Cut out the coupon—now before you forget it—and learn what these benefits mean.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Act today

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. All the results will delight you.

638

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 680, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Gently relieve the pressure that causes painful feet.

YOUR tired, aching, burning feet are probably caused by the pressure of lowered or misaligned bones.

Enduring these foot discomforts, ignoring their cause, only makes matters worse—relief should be sought without delay.

And relief will come instantly when the pressure is relieved and the bones restored to their normal position and comfortably kept there.

There is one device that brings foot sufferers a natural, comfortable and permanent relief—

Wizard
LIGHTFOOT
ARCH BUILDERS

There is no metal in Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders —they are made instead of soft, pliable leather, skillfully shaped to provide a firm, continuous yet cushion-like support.

Thus, the foot functions normally and in comfort on a surface as soft and smooth as the shoe itself.

And soft inserts of the proper thickness placed in pockets on the underside of the appliances gently raise the bones to their natural position. The pressure gone, the relief is instant and lasting.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are but one of the Wizard products made to relieve sufferers from foot troubles. They are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write us. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charges.

Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Co.
1755 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Room 1302 Printing Crafts Bldg., 34th St. & 8th Ave., New York City
175 Piccadilly, London

Wizard Exclusive Features

All arches are different, all feet are different. Any device to effectively correct foot troubles must be adjustable to the conditions affecting the individual foot.

Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of any desired thicknesses placed in them will build a comfortable support to the exact height required and in the exact location needed to restore the bones to normal.

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pocket principle.

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run-over heels. These may be had separately or in combination.

"Thank you," acknowledged Gomph dryly, and still with that queer look.

"Still on the road for Standing & Co.?"

"No, I'm in business for myself now. Same line."

"Keep up yahr sideline of bag-punchin'?"

"Yes. I have to do most of it with one hand now."

Glancing quickly down, Andy saw that the other's right wrist was flattened and distorted. Looking up again, he realized the nature of the strange facial expression. Gomph's right eye gleamed with a brilliancy superior to any which unaided Nature ever achieves.

"Get it over there?" asked Andy jerkily.

"Yes."

"Shell?"

"Part shell, part motorcycle."

"Oh! Say, Mr. Gomph, I know yahr game. And I know yah cleaned up on Martin twice," said Andy slowly and painfully. "But this ain't the same boy. This is Doggy Martin, the Barker. He went through the West like a cyclone. He's bad ——"

"Yes, I know all about that, Mr. Dunne. I've been hearing nothing else all day."

"And yah won't just keep out of the way until ——"

A gleam came into Mr. Gomph's working eye and emphasis into his tone.

"I certainly won't!"

"Then I got to hustle and find the boy first," said the discouraged but admiring Andy.

He set out for the school-teacher's house. As he went down one street Doggy Martin came up another. Doggy and Gomph met face to face on Dwyer Avenue, with Andy eating up the background in long strides, making strange, loud, protesting noises.

"Gomph!" barked the Barker so loudly that Andy's knees, working violently still half a block away, wabbled beneath him with prescience of slaughter.

Gomph stood and waited. Doggy Martin advanced, crouching a little.

"This time it's goin' to be different," he said venomously.

Gomph put up his hands, watchful and undismayed. A restricted queerness in the action of one of them struck the circling fighter. His quick look passed to the enemy's face and held there.

"What's the matter with your right?" he snarled.

"None of your business."

"Where'd you get that eye?" A tone of dismay, of protest, had crept into the snarling voice, for Doggy Martin knew as well as if Fate had told him that these wounds had been won on a field forbidden to him.

By way of answer Gomph hit him a smart crack on the ear. The Barker, with a snort of fury, led purposely short with the right and swung a full, murderous left straight for the jaw, a blow which would have finished the hardiest professional on whom it landed. Andy, almost at the spot, emitted a muffled yell. But something happened in midcourse to that mighty haymaker. It seemed to lose both impetus and direction. Harmlessly it glanced from the curve of Gomph's head, not even staggering him. He put in a creditable left which cut Doggy's lip wide and deep and loosened two teeth. More than once Andy had seen a punch of twice the caliber fail even to jar his disciple or check his advance. Now, to his consternation, Doggy, the redoubtable Barker, destined for the championship, backed up, sat down on the curb, bent his head in his hands and wept. Gomph walked slowly over to him.

"You pulled that blow," he said accusingly.

Martin, dabbing at his swelling lip, made no reply.

"Didn't he?" Gomph appealed to Andy Dunne, who was bending over the mourner. "You saw it. Didn't he pull it?"

Andy shook his head dubiously. His soul was filled with conflicting opinions and emotions.

"What did you do it for?" Gomph demanded.

"Go away and lemme alone," mumbled the discredited warrior.

Gomph went away. Like a stern school principal with an erring truant, Andy Dunne took his pet pugilistic hope by the ear and raised him.

"Come on! We're goin'!"

"Where?"

"Home—the back way."

"The committee——" began Doggy Martin.

"The committee," said Andy grimly, "can go find a pawnshop and hock itself. We're for the first trolley out."

A fortnight later Andy entered his white hope against a willing but not particularly able light heavyweight named Brodsky. And it came to pass that the last fight of Doggy Martin was worse than the first, and very similar to it. The only reason why Brodsky did not kill him was that he could not catch him.

Doggy Martin barked only once in the course of the encounter. That was in the first round, and it was a distinct vocal failure. The Barker was through.

IV

"NO, FOUR'S my limit," said Andy, pushing aside his empty glass. "It was one before prohibition." He mused darkly for a period before propounding his problem.

"Yah're a wise guy, cully. Been to college and know everything there is to know, don't yah?" Andy's attitude toward the higher education, though purposefully sardonic, fails to conceal a somewhat exaggerated view of what academic training implies. "What do yah think? Was Doggy yellow? Did Gomph really have the Indian sign on him? Or was it something"—Andy's voice dropped and softened—"different?"

"Why didn't you ask him, Andy?"

"I did."

"Well?"

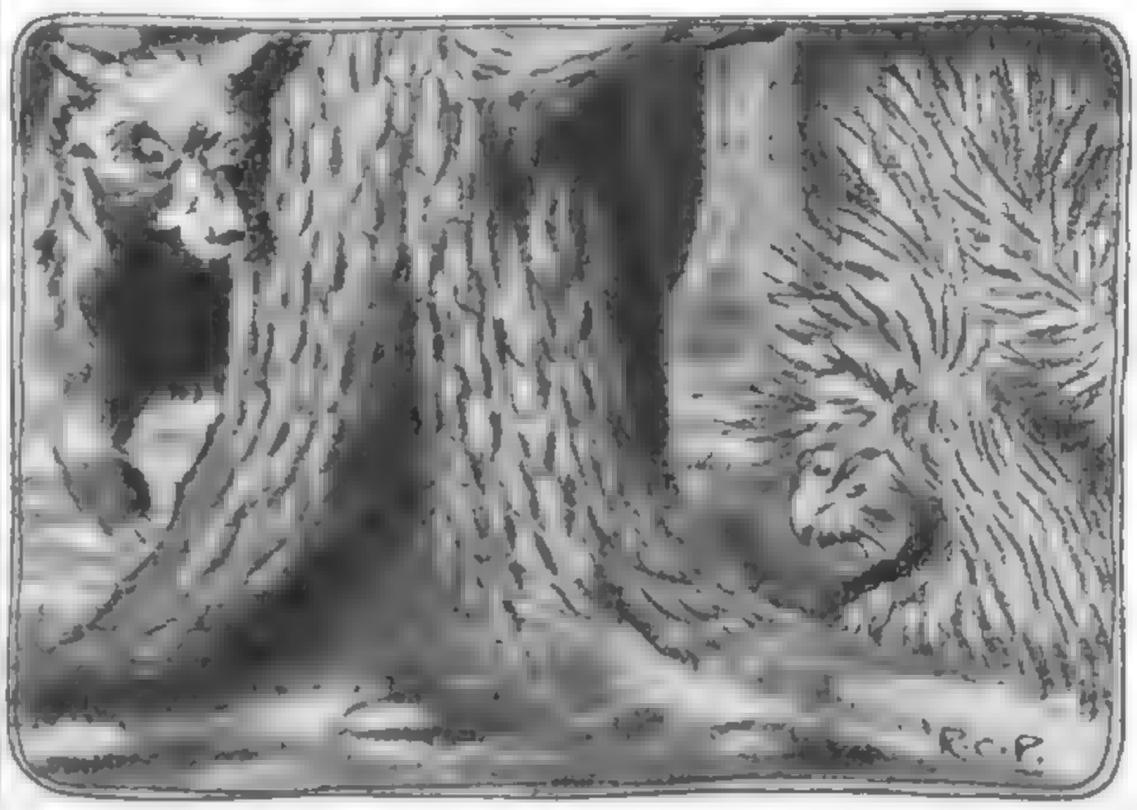
"He threatened to lick me if I ever spoke to him about it again. Doggy Martin! Me! What do yah know about that? And I guess he'd have done it too," he added, wondering and morose. "Me that could eat up any three Gomphs that ever tapped a bag, in the same ring at once!"

"What became of him, Andy? What's he doing now?"

"Him? Doggy?"

"Yes."

"Why," said Andy, "he's Gomph's sidekick in the sporting-goods line. I buy most all my stuff from them."



You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, clever, practical crystal glass pound humidors with sponge moistener tops that keep the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Get yours, too! Put it up to a pipe—and P. A.!

You're off to a flying start on joy'us smokes when you stock up with a jimmy pipe and a generous supply of Prince Albert! And, it's spilling it straight that you never will be headed wrong as long as you play this combination right across the board!

Tell you for a fact, something great's going to beat it your way when you hob nob with a pet pipe and P. A.! You're going to get glad on smokes like you never were glad before; you're going to chum it with that pipe like it was your old buddy boy!

And—with Prince Albert for ammunition! Well—you're due for refreshing satisfaction you never believed possible; yea, sir, due for the most delightful flavor and fragrance that ever came out of tobacco! Why—you'll be so keen to get fired-up these spanking-spring-a.m's the coverlids won't hold you after sun up!

Prince Albert can't be measured with any other smoke; not by any yardstick that ever was invented! For P. A. is always cool, always appetizing, always fascinating to the most fastidious taste! And you can smoke a barrel full without bite or parch—which are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Don't sit there getting pipe-hungrier by the minute!!! Go on and pick a pipe—and some P. A.—and get smoke set for life!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Drying the Hands of the Millions

and Keeping the Country in White

Every day 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 individual towels, each soft and sanitary, and as many more jackets, aprons, napkins and tablecloths, are delivered by the Linen Supply to professional and business men.

YOU drop into a restaurant in New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Kalamazoo, and refreshing, snowy napery invites and reassures you.

You call on a barber for your morning shave, and find him garbed in a sprucely starched, smart white jacket.

You step into the washroom in office or factory, and ready at hand are stacks of pleasingly soft white towels.

Everywhere—at the doctor's or druggist's, at the dentist's, at the hairdresser's—white, sanitary linen!

Having this linen ready and waiting for you every morning is the mission of the Linen Supply Service.

It is this service which relieves business and professional men of the bother of looking after and laundering linen.

Instead of laying in stocks of white jackets, aprons, trousers, napery or towels, modern business and professional men simply call the Linen Supply, and the linen they wish is promptly delivered at their doors. When it becomes soiled it is as promptly collected, laundered and returned again—and only a nominal rental fee is charged for the service.

The individual or organization is relieved of all petty details—refreshing, sanitary linen is made as convenient and economical as the mail that's daily laid on your desk.

Yet, to give this service requires 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 towels alone, *daily*—and almost as many millions more of jackets, aprons, napkins, tablecloths and other pieces. Two thousand plants comprise the industry; 40,000 men and women are employed by it.

And behind all is one of America's greatest public service institutions—the modern laundry.

The Linen Supply reaches every city in the country of 15,000 or more people—when you need fresh, clean linen in any form, you will find this service always competent and qualified to meet your needs. Just use the phone.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

THE CHIMNEY

(Continued from Page 22)

"Wa-al," said Murphy, "y' have a nice day for it. The spout will still be war-rm, but there should be no fumes risin'. Mind the ladder, matey, when ye do be gettin' near the top, and test them careful before givin' them your weight. The boss should be here now. He will be wantin' a word with ye befure ye start to wor-rk."

Even as he spoke, there came the thrum of a motor at the gate, and the owner, accompanied by a younger man, entered the factory yard. He bustled up to the little group in a fussy, nervous way.

"Well, here we are!" said he. "Good morning, O'Connor. Got everything ready, Murphy? Just step in the office for a moment, will you, O'Connor? I declare, I've been fretting over this job as much as if I had to climb up and do it myself, and I don't suppose you gave it another thought until this morning. That's my nature. Always borrowing trouble. For you artisans with dangerous occupations it's just part o' the day's work."

He continued to rattle away as they came out of the office, talking to the young man with him, his brother-in-law and solicitor.

"These fellows don't think any more of it than you would of going up your fire escape. They haven't got any nerves like you and me. Just look at the top of that thing, Sid—looks like it was falling this way!" He moved to one side as a big cumulus cloud drifted past not so high above the chimney. "Think of climbing up there on those little loops or toggles or staples or whatever you call 'em! But he doesn't care."

"How do you know? He wouldn't tell you if he did."

"You only got to look at his face. He might be going to dig a ditch, it's that indifferent. Well, it's a good thing we ain't all nervous."

"I don't think you are right about him, John. He looks bad to me."

"How d'you mean, bad?"

"He looks sick—all worn out."

"Well, why wouldn't he? Been nursing his wife and kids, down with flu. Everybody is all in nowadays. You got to hire a man where you can catch him."

The young man nodded.

"I suppose so. It may be nursing flu, but I've seen that look he's got in the faces of men waiting the order to go over the top—brave men too."

"Well," said the factory man, "that's just what O'Connor is doing now."

The proprietor was perfectly right. James was waiting his orders to go over the top—of the two-hundred-foot chimney. His mental state was no doubt very similar to that of the soldier who is terribly afraid but has nerved himself to see the business through unless he falls in the attempt.

The two high endeavors really touched at many points. Both were stimulated by lofty motive, unselfish duty to those at home. Both were of short and intense duration, to be attended quickly by victory or destruction. In each case the moral victory had been already won before the start, had made this possible; but the triumph over fear itself and conquest of the enemy were still undecided. Neither man could be sure just how he was going to react under the close proximity of dissolution, the soldier at being blown to pieces, James at being dashed to pieces; the soldier at destruction rushing on him from the void, James at soaring from the void at destruction.

"Well," said the owner nervously, "I guess you might as well go to it."

James nodded and adjusted the heavy linesman's belt which Murphy had borrowed for him, the sort which may be attached for safety while the wearer is at work or needs to rest or warm his hands. He decided to let the rope tail out beneath him as he climbed, there being nothing on which it could foul.

James stepped to the chimney's base and looked aloft. The day was fine and not cold, but it would have been less trying had there been a dense fog to blot out objects beneath. A mass of cloud drifted over the top of the slender dwindling column and gave it the aspect of falling slowly toward him. His heart felt displaced, high in his chest, like a chill foreign body wedged there, its beat quick and feeble. He set his teeth and started up.

Up he went, slowly but steadily, his eyes no higher than each next rung. Instinct warned him that he must not stop or look down. His muscles felt numb. He could not seem to feel their regular contraction or the grip of his hands. It seemed to him that he was not holding tightly; that at any moment the iron might slip from his clumsy hold and he would feel himself reeling backward into space. He was conscious of an irresistible desire to crowd his body forward, to drag it against the spokes, but knew that this could only impede his progress.

Before halfway up he was fighting panic, struggling to rally his fugitive moral forces, calling up all the reserves of will and reason. The latter shrieked at him imploringly not to lose his head; that there was no actual danger so long as he held himself in hand. Backed by these frenzied admonitions, will thrust him on, kept him going step by step. Then presently as his circulation began to respond to the muscular exertion he was conscious of a growing courage, a stronger hold of life and of himself.

To a man afflicted with height fear such an ascent is more trying perhaps than rock climbing, the latter, in the nature of the thing, presenting far more actual danger of a fall. But the reason is this: That the rock climber is constantly presented with problems in his upward progress to divert his mind. He is matching his wit against the tug of gravity, overcoming obstacles by virtue of thought and agility, playing a game with the forces of Nature. He studies the rampart immediately above and to the sides for foot and hand holds, each yard gained marking a fresh victory; has moments of crisis followed by those of comparative safety; gains a certain exhilaration from the contest—in a word, is fighting his advance. Perhaps, also, the presence of the mass immediately against him may help to steady his equilibrium.

But for the man toiling up a slender chimney there is no such mental distraction. Above, a tiny pinnacle; on each side, the convex wall slipping quickly off into swimming space; below, a smooth sheer plunge into the depths. He must plod mechanically, his mind milling into itself, threatening to become a whirling vortex which may lose control of muscular coördination. It is this which he dreads—the sudden slipping of mental mastery over nerve and sinew, clinging to the thread of life.

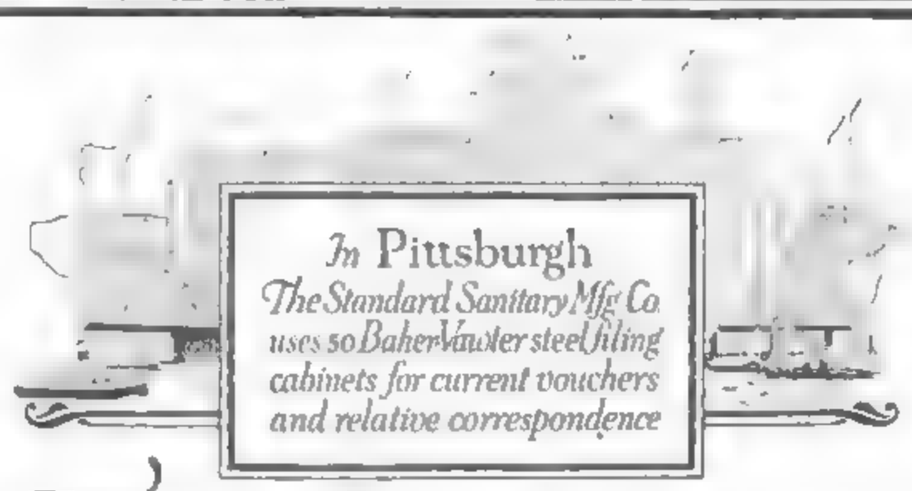
And yet his fear is not the fear of death. It is something worse—the loss of self-control. It is probable that if James had been climbing up that chimney with the deliberate purpose of committing suicide by flinging himself from the top he would have suffered just as frightfully while making the ascent. This is the sort of irrational fear which has been known to drive persons on shipboard, even hardened sailors, to end their agony of dread by throwing themselves into the sea during a typhoon which the vessel may subsequently weather. Terrified soldiers have shot themselves dead, unable to contemplate longer the assault through which they might win to victory. Suicides at Niagara have said, "The falls are calling and I must go."

Such was the crisis through which James was passing as he reached the chimney's upper third. It was senseless, unreasonable, an emotion for a strong man on a strong fabric which offered no physical obstacle to treat with contempt. Had he been ten feet over a quicksand, where a fall would have been quite as fatal, he would never have felt a tremor. Because he was one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, he was in a near-frenzy of terror which tempted him to let go, reel downward and end it all. Glancing upward once or twice, it seemed to him that the whole chimney was swinging over on top of him.

Nearly to the top, he passed through a crisis, not of mental but actual physical danger, which just missed putting him out of his misery with a speed governed by the laws of falling bodies. Feeling that his nerve could not hold out much longer, he was almost scrambling up the last few yards when the iron rung he reached for gave downward in his hand. It did not pull out, being clamped on the inside, but merely loosened, and a piece of brick under one end broke off and fell, followed by a little stream of powdered mortar.

For an instant James was near to following it, less from the releasing of the strain than the fearful shock of feeling a part of his support give way. But by some curious reflex of his tortured brain this was followed

Ralston
Some men always have distinctive, perfect fitting, long wearing shoes. They buy Ralstons.
We'll be glad to send you the name of the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.
The comfortable and good looking Ralston shoe shown at the right is the "Rotary" model.



There is a simple way to do any office task -purchasing, billing, handling of orders, collections, accounting. We can help you find that way.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Service offices in 52 Cities - General offices Benton Harbor, Mich.
In Canada — Copeland Chatterson Ltd., Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

Free Book Tells How

Tired and Aching Feet

weak ankles, pain in the heel, instep or ball of the foot as well as in the calf and knee, are often caused by fallen arches or weakened conditions of the feet

Wear Jung's "WONDER" Arch Braces and relieve these troubles by strengthening the feet Dance or walk for miles, stand for hours—you just don't get tired. You can wear high-heeled and stylish shoes without worry or strain.

Help Nature

strengthen the interosseous muscles of the feet by holding the small bones in position instead of building a false support underneath. Correct fallen arches and foot strain. Relieve tired and aching feet instantly. Prevent that broken-down feeling. Put the natural spring in your step.

Our Free Book Tells How

Their light weight insures perfect foot comfort. [illegible] metal plates. Recommended by physicians. Exact size for every foot. Made of specially prepared [illegible] Price $1 per pair. Money back if not satisfied.

If your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct, stating size and width of shoe, if you know it. Write for our free booklet.

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE COMPANY
451 Jung Building Cincinnati, Ohio

Shoe dealers, druggists—write for trial offer

Over a quarter million satisfied users

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

immediately by a sort of desperate, reckless rage. The blood rushed into his head. His fighting spirit surged suddenly uppermost. Fury and resentment possessed him. His emotion for the moment was that of a man who has been fighting against heavy odds of dread and danger and narrowly misses falling into a foul, unfair trap set by a merciless, malicious enemy.

The outrageous revulsion of feeling which now swept over him was the really dangerous reward of his doggedness. For in that moment he slipped the dark mantle of dread with which his working life had been oppressed.

Height fear fell from him like a sodden, down-dragging incubus. He was suddenly suffused with a marvelous thrill of buoyancy and strength. It was as though a flash of sunlight had loosed his wings and he had passed in a second from the pupal stage of the Ephemeridæ—risen out of the slime to the high air.

Gripping the iron to which he clung with one powerful hand, he raised the other to the side of his mouth, leaned far out, looked downward and laughed.

"Say," he shouted, "this is a hell of a chimney!"

Still leaning out fearlessly, he inspected the fabric on all sides. Now that his height vertigo appeared to have evaporated into thin air he never gave it another second of consideration. It might have been a passing faintness, the *malaise* of a sensitive person on being trundled the length of a roller coaster, the quivering diaphragm on dropping from the twelfth story in an express elevator, or something equally transient and inconsequential.

No, James had sloughed that height fear for good and all, just as the soldier going over the top in defiance of all innate dread of bursting bombs might slough his terror in the first few seconds of naked exposure. The moral victory had been won through the sheer obstinacy of moral offensive, and it had been won for all time. Something told James that he would never wear his old eroding shackles again. No, that tyranny was gone—gone, as something told him, for all time. In an exaltation of spirit born of this emancipation here in the high air James felt that as a mason he had been conferred the thirty-third degree of craft.

He was suffused with a sort of awe for the miracle—felt as might a man who had suddenly grown wings, been given the freedom of the lofty places. He could look down into the court as calmly as though treading its flags. And staring fearlessly out on all sides like an eagle, at the city spread out beneath, the metallic sheen of the river, the distant hills now swept with the pale and delicate sunlight of the early winter's morning, he felt for the first time the uplift of an altitude, hitherto a stratum of chill shudders. He understood in that instant that it was no boast, no pose on the part of fellow workers who had told him that they liked to spend their day upon the heights.

It swept suddenly through James' serious, religious mind that perhaps all unconsciously he had been subjected to some sort of test, and that this was his reward for having borne it manfully. The high gods of the masons had seen fit to try and temper him. It was a sort of initiation, a proof of his worthiness to wear upon his breast the insignia of their ancient order, and carried with it this benefit, that hereafter he could look down undismayed from the pinnacle to which his craft had carried him. Perhaps it was Jesus Christ who had been the spiritual Master Mason to wipe the scales of fear and confusion from his crass, material, earthy eyes.

The first step was to get to the top and determine the condition there. He reached up and tested the rung above that which he had wrenched loose. It yielded a little to a strain, but he saw that it would easily take a directly downward weight, and the one above it was hard and fast. James gripped this and hauled himself up, stepping lightly on the loosened rung but without the slightest qualm, and he knew that his handhold was solid.

From this moment on James' movements were precisely the same as if going about his business on terra firma or twenty feet above it. One sees the same thing on the battlefield, aboard a ship. The recruit, but a few hours before shivering in a trench or dugout, with a sinking diaphragm at each close concussion, suddenly, through a *volte-face* of nervous reflexes, walking about unconcernedly in a shell-swept area. And the naval apprentice, persuaded to go aloft by the master-at-arms applying *vis a tergo* with a hammock stretcher, may shed his giddiness before the day is over and be swinging up and down the rigging like a monkey in his native jungle. But in both of these cases the emancipation of fear has been the fruit of a moral victory.

In the case of James it had been gained thus late in life because the exigencies of his work had never previously forced him to defy his dread of heights, to challenge it to a finish fight with his *force morale*.

So now, swinging himself strongly upward and employing the same sort and degree of caution which a sensible person would to guard against a fall which might result merely in an ugly bruise or fracture he speedily drew himself over the brim of the chimney and sat there coolly inspecting its condition. This, to his surprise and actually a little to his disappointment—for he could not see more than two days' honest work in its repair—was not so very bad. The cement about the brim was cracked and loosened, and it needed only a freezing rain followed by a thaw with a high wind to dislodge a number of bricks. But it would be a simple job to point up these and cover the whole with a thick cap of cement, when it seemed to James that the top might go for years without danger of erosion. He made fast his pulley block to an iron upright and got to work.

The factory owner listened to James' report with an expression of mingled relief and admiration on his nervous but good-natured face.

"Well, you're the doctor, O'Connor. Go ahead and do whatever seems necessary. Lord, how you fellows can get away with it beats me! There was a moment when you looked like you were coming down on the run. I thought I was going to faint. My heart ain't all it might be, I guess. Then you think that otherwise she's safe and sound?"

"Yes, sir. She's plumb and even, without no warps nor bulges. I don't quite understand, though, what you want of such a tall chimney for an ice-cream plant."

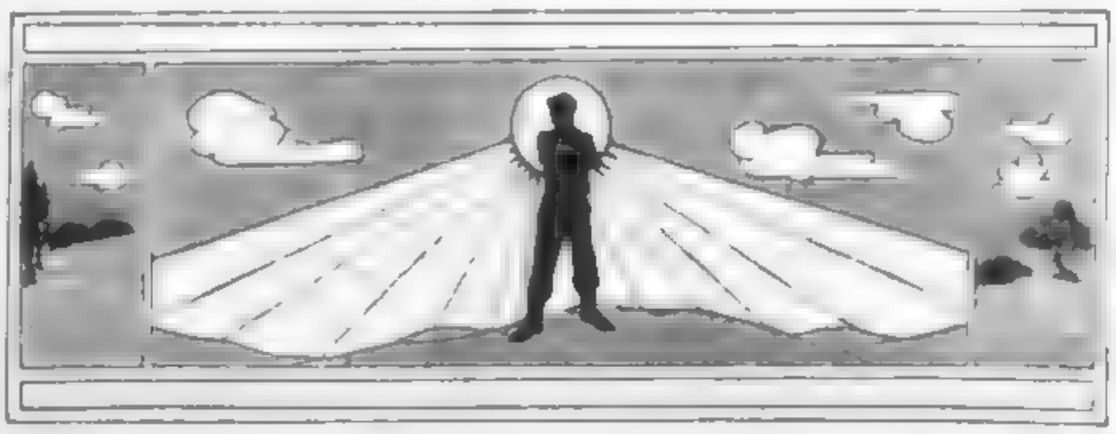
"We don't. This had been a chemical plant when we bought it, and the law required 'em to carry off the fumes at a certain elevation. Say, honest now, wasn't there a minute when you came pretty near spilling yourself?"

"Well, yes, sir, to tell the truth. I guess I got a little careless."

The factory man shuddered.

"Gee, and my brother-in-law trying to tell me that it near had your goat before you started up! Say, I wouldn't climb up that thing for all Rockefeller's money—no, not halfway up it. All right, old man. You go ahead and do your job, and if you want something on account for Christmas just call at the office and I'll see you get your check. And look here! There's quite a lot of odd jobs I can turn you to until you find something regular."

That was the happiest Christmas that James O'Connor had ever known, for he had met his enemy face to face and vanquished it.



Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

The Right Sort of Start in the Morning

When you're away from home, and living in somebody's hotel, the way you get started into your morning is especially important.

When you wake in a Statler-operated hotel everything is set for a good day.

There's a morning paper waiting for you—it was slipped noiselessly under your door while you slept.

One of your doors—faced with a full-length mirror—opens into a clean and luxurious bathroom (every room in the Statler hotels and the Pennsylvania has private bath). There's a properly placed light to shave by; pure, iced drinking water, always in circulation, flows on pressure of its faucet. Every convenience you want is right at hand—which puts you on a happy road to breakfast.

Breakfast—and After

Your breakfast can be a "club breakfast" if you like—good, and not stingy. Or it can be served in your room, ordered from the menu which you find there and don't have to summon a waiter for.

When you're ready to go out you'll notice that you haven't far to go to anything of interest—because the Statler-operated hotels are all well located in their respective cities. If you're leaving the down-town section, or hunting a far-away address, the information clerks will do all they can to make your way easy.

Stopping at a Statler hotel (in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or St. Louis), or at the Pennsylvania in New York, you'll get the right sort of start into every day.

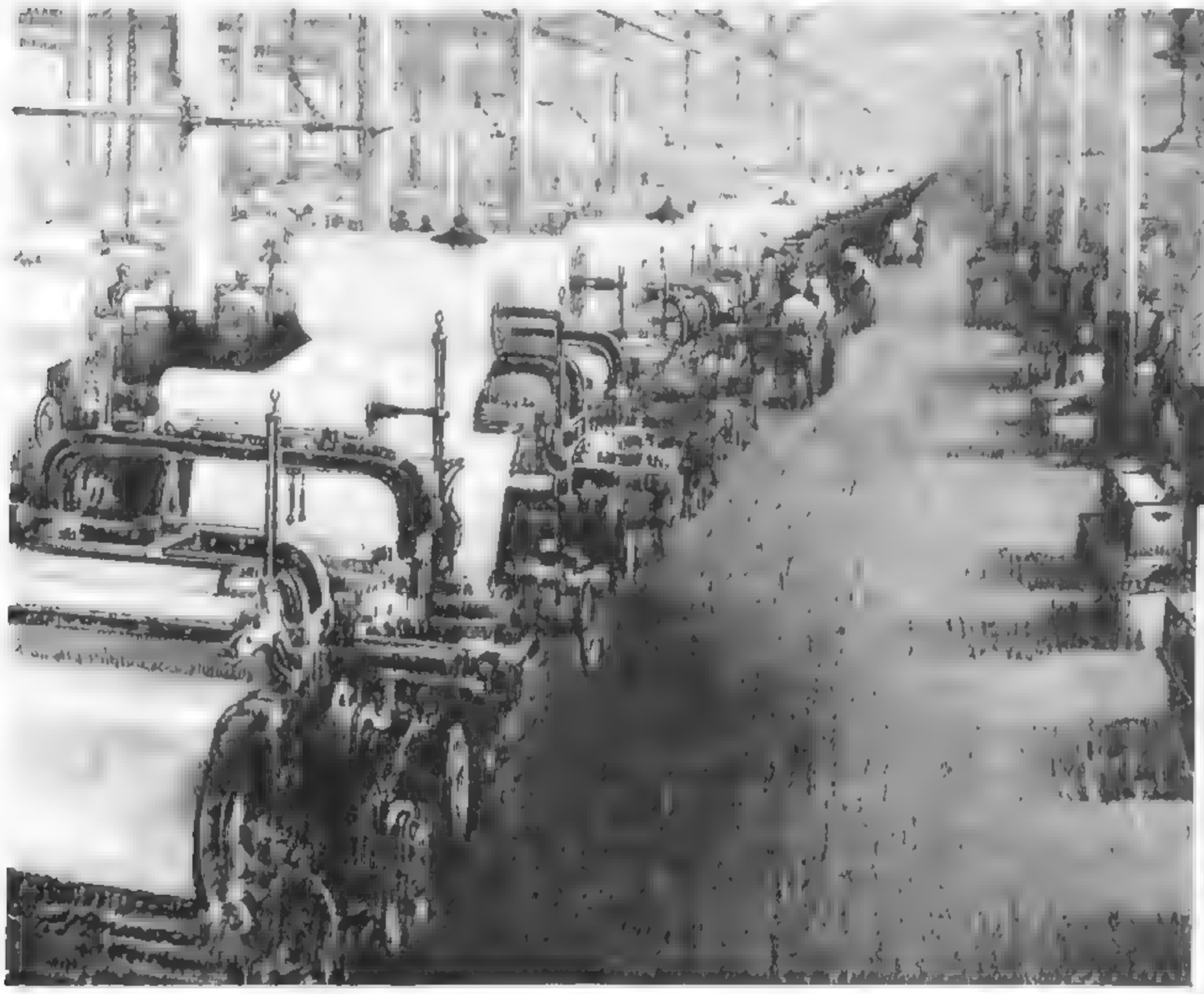
Hotel Pennsylvania

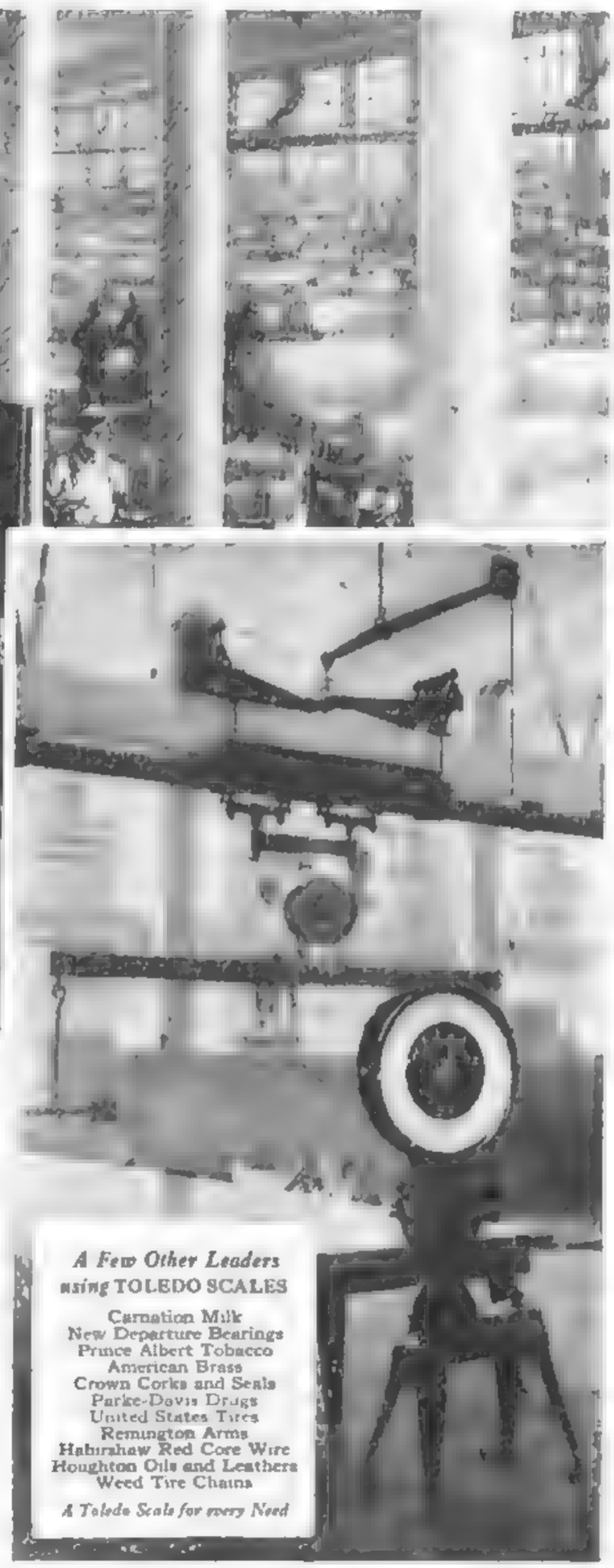
Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

In Providing the Nation with Textiles

The great mills of the American Woolen Co., of the Durham, Amoskeag, Arlington, Jenckes, Manomet, Cannon, Consolidated, Susquehanna, Dexter, Duplan, Fleischer, West Point, Linen Thread, Monarch, Proximity, Thread Mills, Dobson, Notaseme, and many others, use

Toledo Springless Automatic Scales





Fast work at Cabarrus Mills—
Roll of fabric automatically weighed with absolute accuracy while "on the go" on overhead track.

DO you know that the quality and texture of the clothes you now have on were determined by scales?

It's true, for in the great textile mills there are Toledo scales which automatically show within a tenth of an ounce the weight per yard of every bolt of cloth, and the number of yards to the pound.

There are Toledo scales which measure the amount of moisture in the wool or cotton; others which automatically measure the strength of a fibre; and still others which are used in the carding rooms, spinning rooms and other departments, for controlling the quality and uniformity of the product.

It is not so surprising that Toledo Scales do such wonderful things, when you consider that for twenty years our engineers have devoted their whole time and attention to the building of automatic scales. Remember, we make springless, automatic scales—and nothing else.

Are you still using slow, hand-operated beam scales? Think of the poises to be moved, the loose weights to be handled and the mental calculations in which so many costly mistakes are so apt to be made.

With Toledos there are no hand operations or mental calculations. All you do is roll on the load, glance at the big figures on the dial—the job is done.

Telephone our local office or write us and let a Toledo man call and explain.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio
Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario
106 Sales Rooms and Service Stations in Cities in the United States and Canada. Others in 34 Foreign Countries

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TOWN

(Continued from Page 9)

farmers had come to town. The mail carrier who ran the star route between Garth and Grigsby City brought in the news about four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Wespread it to a few neighbors on the way home, but the majority of the people did not hear anything about the tragedy until they went to attend the Fourth of July celebration on the Monday following. Some of them did not learn it until they got their weekly papers at the end of the following week.

Even in the early eighties Grigsby City was an old town, as towns go in a new country. It had been laid out and platted in the late sixties. Apparently it had died where it had fallen. But in 1883 the railroad came and the town pulsated with new life. New trade territory was opened up; people came in from adjacent towns and distant states to establish new enterprises. A boom ensued. The Grigsby City Weekly Clarion in its issue of July 17, 1883, proudly noted that "twenty-six carpenters are now working steadily in Grigsby City. As many more could find employment." A keen, alert young business man came from St. Louis to establish a restaurant at which meals were served at all hours. The iron horse and the oyster cracker appeared almost coincidentally, and the cove oyster disappeared from the shelves of the better emporiums. Town lots began to sell for money. A society set came into being. The town was on its way.

The dust lies thick on Soldiers' Roost and its voices are silent. Most of its frequenters and habitués sleep their eternal sleep. But it is a shrine before which I wish to burn the incense of a reverent and appreciative word. Jocosely and by way of banter the town called it Soldiers' Roost, and the name endured, but in reality it was Tate & Linthicum's general store. It was not an institution of the early eighties. It came into being after the weight of age had bowed the shoulders of the old soldiers and time had touched their heads with the frosts of years; after they had largely relinquished the control of affairs to younger hands. It was then that Tate & Linthicum's became their general meeting place—their point of contact. They were there morning, afternoon and early evening, sitting, winter and summer, in a circle around the big stove in the rear of the room. They settled policies and affairs of state, often months, sometimes years, before Congress acted; they corrected and annotated history; and, particularly, they fought the battles of the war all over again and again.

Old Soldiers and Their Records

Lemuel Tate and Adrian Linthicum were old soldiers. Theirs was the soldier store. Their trade, such as it was, came from the old boys. In return Tate & Linthicum carried many of them on their books for accommodations extended in time of need, for which they never realized, nor hoped to realize, payment in full. It could not be said that Tate & Linthicum discouraged general custom, but they did very little to attract it to their place of business. Unless the daily engagement along the Chickahominy had become general or the ascent of Lookout Mountain already was under way, the chance customer was waited upon with promptness and courtesy. But he was not permitted to interrupt the operation after it was in progress; he had to wait till the battle was over. As has been noted, the town was disposed to be jocose at the expense of Soldiers' Roost. Down deep in its heart it admired and revered the men who gathered there, but in its superficial consciousness there was little heed of their maunderings.

The habitués of Soldiers' Roost were mostly weather-beaten old codgers, gnarled by toil and racked by disease. There was nothing very inspiring about them. They did not mean to be vainglorious or boastful. It was simply that the war, to most of them, had been the one epochal incident of a humdrum life, and they loved to live it over. And yet, each man wore his decoration. Thus Pliny Sawyer had lain all night on the battlefield of Shiloh with a grapeshot through his lungs; Israel Giddings had left an arm at Seven Pines; John Rodman had fought in the bloody angle at Gettysburg; Wash Corbett had spent weary months in Andersonville; Isaiah Dawes was curiously malformed of jaw as a result of the impact of a minié bullet and hasty or careless surgery at Resaca; Enoch Bailey had charged Lookout Mountain; Brice Watson, a silent man, had served four years, eight months and seventeen days.

They are all gone now—or nearly all. Col. Bob Lipe went as this acknowledgment framed itself into words and phrases. One by one Grigsby City followed them, either in person or in spirit, out across the railroad tracks and up the graveled lane bordered with Osage orange, to sanctuary on the hilltop. But they left a legacy, and it is of this legacy I wish to write.

In 1917 I went back to Grigsby City to make the Decoration Day address. To me it was an occasion of some moment, for in Grigsby City Decoration Day is a somber festival of love and duty as sacred as the Sabbath. And let me say here if there is one among you who, after having wandered far afield, has not gone back to the old town to make a speech he has not yet faced the supreme test. The exercises were to be at two o'clock, and after luncheon I sat out in front of the Clarion office with a bunch of the fellows talking from the teeth out and with one eye on the procession of motor vehicles pouring into town from the country south of the river. I knew what that stream of motor vehicles meant. The people from our old neighborhood—the first, second and third generations—hoping for the best, but fearing the worst, were coming to see if it were really true that I could make a public speech.

Survivals of the Old Spirit

I am not unaccustomed to public speaking. I have talked to plumbers, preachers and politicians; I have talked to prudes and purists and philanderers, to the cognoscenti and to the crude. I have spoken in banquet halls, in great auditoriums, and in the hazy tobacco-laden atmosphere of a political ward headquarters, and made no mental note of it. But when I saw the yeomanry swarming in from Chatham Township I was uneasy. To put it baldly, I was scared stiff. And so, leaving the group in front of the Clarion office, I wandered up the street alone and sat down in an untenanted doorway.

As I sat there gazing up the street an awkward line of eight or nine khaki-clad figures broke into it and marched toward me. As they came nearer I recognized them as Grigsby City boys of the third generation. Chad Whitsett, afterwards of the Rainbow Division, and who had seen service on the Mexican border, was trying to whip them into some semblance of marching order. I had known Chad's father and grandfather. The strain ran back to the Civil War.

As the awkward squad came abreast, Chad looked at me and smiled in a sort of apologetic way. And then the significance of it all flamed within me. Ostensibly we had been at war fifty-four days. The country was getting ready to get ready to fight. In the massed centers of population there still was acrid and sordid controversy as to the wisdom and necessity of its entrance into the struggle. Grigsby City was in uniform and in line. It was the spirit of the old boys reincarnated; their souls were marching on. No draft was needed in Grigsby City. Those of the third generation who could not beat it into the service waited impatiently for its call. The dust lies thick on Soldiers' Roost and its voices are silent. But its sturdy patriotism will carry through another hundred years.

I live in a great city and go to and from my work on the transportation furnished by a public utility. I study the faces of the people about me. They are never the same, and change kaleidoscopically from day to day. A good many of them are stupid; not a few are kindly and sympathetic. But on every trip I notice here and there the pseudo-intellectual countenance of the fox, the beady eyes of the rat and the snapping jaws of the wolf. And wherever I note these phenomena of the human face I note also that it is as nine to one that its nose is buried in some newspaper, periodical or book in which the traditions of this country and its established order are assailed.

The Florsheim Shoe
STYLE may sell you the first pair. The satisfaction you receive will make The Florsheim Shoe your regular choice thereafter.
Ten and Twelve Dollars
The name in every pair
Booklet—"Styles of the Times"—on request.
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers Chicago
The "Echo" —Style M-67

A Series of Pencil Portraits. No. 5—THE CREDIT MAN

It is strange what a difference a good pencil makes in a man's disposition.

Take Bob Simpson, the Credit Man.

They say that he has never been quite so happy in his work as during the last three weeks.

The records show that three weeks ago his firm standardized on Dixon's Eldorado pencils!

DIXON'S ELDORADO
the master drawing pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
PENCIL DEPT. 8-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Canadian Distributors:
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Dixon's Eldorado is made in 17 leads —one for every need or preference

Write for These Good Booklets

One is called FINDING YOUR PENCIL. a pocket-size booklet for everyone who uses a pencil. Write for it. It will help you choose exactly the right pencil for your particular work. Also write for our booklet "A Study in Pencils." It shows the character of work that can be done with Dixon's BPST Colored Pencils.

© B & B 1921

Let No Corn

spoil one happy hour

ANY corn ache nowadays is unfair to yourself.

You can stop it by a touch. You can end the whole corn in short order.

The way is Blue-jay—either *liquid* or *plaster*. One moment applies it, the next moment forgets it.

The pain stops. Then the corn soon loosens and comes out. The usual time is 48 hours.

Blue-jay has done that to not less than 20 million corns.

It does it in the right, the gentle, the scientific way. Harsh treatments are unnecessary now. It is vouched for by this great laboratory, famous the world over.

If you use wrong methods, cease them. If you pare corns, quit. There is now an ideal corn ender. It is saving millions of painful hours.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Apply it tonight. It will end your dread of corns.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Brice Watson was a plain unlettered countryman, out of the soil by pioneer. I am his eldest son. I am farther, much farther, from the chrysalis. I have greater knowledge, a broader vision. I am more contained and better poised. No burning memories stir a tumult within me; my bones are not racked by the recurring fevers of swamp and battlefield. But whenever I see a slinking, furtive, pseudo-intellectual face buried nose-deep in the sneering, slurring, murky literature which it reads and affects, I have the impulse to twist the nose, tear the literature into shreds and trample it beneath my feet. That's my inheritance from Grigsby City, and I glory in it.

I shall not write in detail of the transition of Grigsby City. I should be not very entertaining if I did. The details seem trivial and insignificant. The change came slowly, almost imperceptibly, to those of us who watched the town from day to day and from year to year. Presently I shall imprint upon these pages a shadowy but accurate sketch of the town as I saw it early in January—as I have seen it three or four times within the five years last past. For the moment I shall dwell upon three or four incidents which seem to me to reveal the heart of the town. Upon the strands of memory I could count a rosary of such incidents. But three or four will disclose that which I wish to reveal.

The name of the Grigsby City Weekly Clarion appears frequently in this chronicle. There are reasons for that. One of them is that it was by way of the Clarion office I escaped the bondage of the farm. From its windows I had my first smudged and hazy view of the world outside. The old sheet lives in my heart. Every week at my desk in the office of a great newspaper two thousand miles from the seat of its publication I read it to the bone. Another and more impressive reason is that the Clarion and Carter Wild, its veteran editor, are the two institutions that reflect most actively and most effectively the spirit of helpfulness, of neighborly kindness and loyalty to its own which animates the town. The history of the Clarion and the life of Carter Wild are inextricably interwoven. But both are institutional.

Carter Wild's Loyalty

Carter Wild was the office devil in Martin McCullar's time. When I went into the Clarion office to learn the printer's trade Wild was foreman. With the exception of two years spent afield he has been with the paper more than forty years. For more than twenty years he has been its editor and owner. Of all the various institutions of the town the Clarion is the one upon which the change that has come to Grigsby City is most deeply stamped. In my day the Clarion occupied a wooden shell of two rooms and was never more than two paces ahead of the wolf. In the front room were a pine desk, two chairs and a subscription ledger; in the back room a Washington hand press, a dozen cases of type and a six-by-nine jobber. To-day the Clarion is housed in a spacious building of brick and glass, constructed to its order and built with special reference to its needs. There are oak fittings, and the clatter of the linotype and the whir of motor-driven machinery never cease during working hours. Investment considered, it probably is the most profitable business in Grigsby City.

I think I never was prouder of the Clarion than when I read, a few weeks ago, its quarter-column obituary of Aunt Maria Holcomb. Aunt Maria Holcomb was a rather deaf and somewhat crabbed and cranky spinster. She had enough to make her crabbed and cranky, and I note these characteristics merely that I may praise the Clarion. Aunt Maria had never been prominent; she had always been obscure. For more than twenty years she supported herself and an aging mother on what she got for bending daily above a washtub. I think I heard she had been receiving county aid for several years before her death. I suspect the county buried her.

The Clarion merely said that Aunt Maria Holcomb was a good Christian woman who had died at the age of seventy-seven years. All of which was true. It recited certain of the routine details of her simple life. And then, delicately and without ostentation, it wove a chaplet from her humble virtues and laid it on her grave. Everybody in town knew all about Aunt Maria Holcomb. It remained for the Clarion to express the spirit of Grigsby City in its notice of her death.

Ordinarily when a man is raised to political distinction one of two things happens: Either he becomes a persistent office seeker—a perpetual nozzler in the trough of politics—or, at the expiration of his day of public service, he feels that he has outgrown his former environment and turns to new fields of endeavor. When Carter Wild was elected to a state office he didn't even move his family to the state capital. Throughout his two terms in the statehouse he lived in a hotel room and traveled each week-end back to Grigsby City. He didn't splurge socially or sartorially. Grayson's store in Grigsby City continued to be his tailor and his haberdasher; he bought his cigars at Elam's drug store and carried them to the state capital and smoked them there. I talked with him about it once. "I get my living from Grigsby City," he said. "I give as much of it back to them as I can. It's the only way to make a town." It was Grigsby City's loyalty to its own, expressed in homely fashion and measured in small change. And when Carter Wild's second term expired he did not turn to new fields of endeavor. He came back to Grigsby City and the Clarion.

The Yellow Fountain

I suppose if there ever was a man in Grigsby City upon whom everybody leaned it was Charley Dunton. He was of Carter Wild's generation, and prominent in business and in civic affairs. Charley Dunton was one of the men with whom matters pertaining to politics, business and the general welfare of the town were always talked over. And he was the one man to whom everybody, high and low, rich and poor, came for advice, aid in time of trouble, or suggestion in moments of mental and financial perplexity. He was a clean, keen, kindly, cool-headed citizen, greatly beloved in Grigsby City. In decorative effects he had a penchant for yellow. The commodious new home which he erected at the corner of Main and Fourth streets was painted yellow; so were his business office and his rental properties.

There came a time when it was known that Charley Dunton was ill of a mysterious and fatal disease, and that he would never walk the streets of Grigsby City again. While he lay ill the town reared upon the new paving and in the center of Main and Fourth streets an iron drinking fountain for horses. One morning Carter Wild, standing in the door of the Clarion office, saw Dom Petro, paintbrush and bucket of red paint in hand, approach the fountain. Carter was at his side before Dom had swung his naturally lethargic brush.

"Couldn't you paint it yellow?" he asked.

"Why, I suppose I could," Dom replied; "they just told me to paint it; they didn't say what color."

"Well," said Carter as he unconsciously lowered his voice, "I believe I'd paint it yellow if I were you; it's Charley's color."

And so a yellow fountain stands there to-day. It is not, according to my lights, either beautiful or artistic. But—it's Charley's color.

I have always thought that of the men of Grigsby City, Judge Stillman Lee was the most gifted and perhaps the finest character. The judge was of the first generation, and is a Civil War veteran—one of the few still spared to Grigsby City. He has aged in the ten years past, but he still is mentally alert, a sound philosopher, guide and friend, and a genial companion. In his heyday Judge Lee was an excellent lawyer, an able jurist seldom reversed by higher courts, an extraordinarily good public speaker and a really gifted writing man. And he had the soul of a poet, the understanding of an artist, and a constitutional inability to accumulate pelf or worldly goods of any kind. He had gone on the bench in 1884. Thereafter, every four years up to and including 1904, he had been reëlected by his judicial district, and, toward the last, without opposition of any kind. The old judge had become institutional. In 1904 he still was young enough to be talked of for the supreme bench of his state, and at the least his tenure of the district bench was secure to the day of his incapacity.

It must have been in 1906 that Judge Lee, with two years of his current term to serve, astounded everybody by resigning. To the very intimate friends who came to

(Continued on Page 105)

A KODAK
Self-Portrait

Made with a No. 2C Autographic Kodak, Junior, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens and a Kodak Portrait Attachment. Reproduced in the exact size of the original.

Working with the Kodak Portrait Attachment

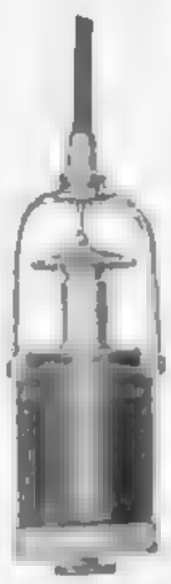
The Kodak Portrait Attachment is simply an extra lens, instantly attachable or detachable, that so alters the focus that "close-ups" may be made and still be sharp and clear.

In our illustration the photographer was her own "subject," a time exposure of six seconds being given. The shutter was operated by means of a thread attached to the exposure lever, the Kodak being very securely anchored to prevent "jiggling" when the thread was pulled.

The really clever part of the whole thing was the use of a mirror *set up back of the Kodak*, by means of which the photographer (or should we say the sitter?) posed herself.

Kodak Portrait Attachment 75 Cents

It is Very Simple Out-of-doors



Kodak Self-Timer $1.25

Out-of-doors, or wherever the light is strong enough for a snap-shot, self-portraiture becomes very simple with any Kodak or Brownie that works with a cable release. The photographer simply attaches a Kodak Self-Timer to the end of the cable release, focuses upon the spot that he, in his rôle of subject, is to occupy, sets the Timer to "go off" a few seconds later, and then takes his position in front of the Kodak.

Such pictures should not be made in either direct sunlight or heavy shade. There should, however, be as much unobstructed light from the sky as possible. Set the shutter at its slowest "instantaneous" speed and use the largest stop. The use of a mirror directly back of the Kodak for "posing" is not essential, but will help you in getting the pose and expression you want, and will increase the light on the face.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

The exceptionally powerful motors used in these Portable Electric Drills mean a vast saving in time and money

BLACK & DECKER

Portable Electric Drills
Electric Valve Grinders

Used wherever electricity is available. Operate on standard electric light circuits or farm lighting circuits.

In ordering, merely specify whether 110, 220 or 32 volt machine is desired. It makes no difference whether current is direct or alternating. They run on either.

Sold by the leading Machinery, Mill Supply, Electrical, Hardware and Automotive Supply Houses.

Upon request we will gladly send you complete catalogue describing our line of Portable Electric Drills, Electric Valve Grinders and Electric Air Compressors.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

General Offices and Works

600 EAST PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

TOWSON HEIGHTS, BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

New York, 141 Broadway — Philadelphia, 313 N. Broad St. — Cleveland, 624 Caxton Bldg. — Chicago, 1436 S. Michigan Ave. — Boston, 269 Massachusetts Ave. — Detroit, 47 Watson St. — Pittsburgh, 345 Fifth Ave. — San Francisco, 3 Fremont St. — Canadian Branch, 92 St. James St. Montreal, Que. — Southern Branch, Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued from Page 102)

him he said: "My wife is fatally ill; she may live a year, or longer. She needs me and I want to be near her. I cannot serve as judge and be with her. I must quit the bench."

And so, too old to build anew a law practice, and without a dollar, the old judge swept from his mind his phantom dream of the supreme bench, sacrificed his security against the future, and resolutely turned his face toward what he conceived to be his duty.

In recent years I have seen Grigsby City three or four times. Once I saw it when winter gripped it; on two or three occasions when "green came back to greet the year." There is nothing remarkable about it. There is no wealth. No great industrial institution has grown to feed it. It is just a clean, white town. The country about it is only ordinary farming country. A profusion of elms and maples shade its bluegrass lawns.

Fruit trees grow in nearly every back yard. Every street is lined with walks of brick and cement. North and south, east and west, paved thoroughfares run from corporation limit to corporation limit. A stately and architecturally pleasing courthouse rears its head above the grove set out and dedicated to park purposes in 1886. Across the street there is a commodious and comfortable theater.

Grigsby City's one business street is lined with substantial brick buildings. The Grigsby City Hotel, the last, save one, of the Mohicans, was wrecked two years ago. Upon its site there is a garage of vitrified brick, modern in its architecture and to the last word. Of the pioneers who built hastily and dreamed dreams in the last sixties only one memento remains. Guilford's Hall, untenanted, shabby and disreputable in appearance, survives by many years the pioneer who built it. Grigsby City has all the comforts and conveniences—furnace heat, hot and cold water, hardwood floors, electric lights, telephones. The tiled bathroom and the enameled tub are as commonplace as was the rolling-pin in the early eighties. I know of no home in Grigsby City in which want and privation grip the inmates, or where dirt breeds germs and disease.

Grigsby City at College

In January I walked about the town. In a little house set close to the street and tenanted by a family that has always been obscure I heard Caruso singing *Alba separa dalla luce l'ombra*. In the lobby of the Sun Dial Hotel I talked with Marion Salyard. He told me that in Grigsby City one person in every seven, counting the young, the old and the incapacitated, owns a motor car. In a restaurant in which I ate a belated luncheon the gentleman in charge, evidently a newcomer who mistook me for a city chap, leaned against the counter and sought to discuss with me his motion-picture heroes. Particularly he wanted my opinion as to the respective merits of Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. I had to admit I didn't know much about them; that, excepting Chaplin, I was familiar with the art of none of them, and that I had seen Chaplin only once.

It was his opinion, and it may very well be true, that Arbuckle is the greatest actor of the three. At any rate, he backed it up with what seemed to me to be convincing reasons. North of the high-school building I noted spacious and well-kept tennis courts. In my day in Grigsby City "tennis" was a word.

I read that week's issue of the Grigsby City Clarion with particular interest. I wanted to fortify my casual impressions of the town. I noticed that the Helianthus Club—and I remember the Helianthus Club was organized in 1892—is devoting the winter to a study of Ibsen and others of the Scandinavian group of intellectuals. Mr. and Mrs. Clay Hollister had been giving a party. They had entertained the members of the Idle Hour Club and their husbands. At six o'clock Mrs. Hollister had served a five-course dinner. After dinner the company had played auction bridge.

Mrs. Hollister was Ida May Patrick. Her paternal grandfather ate hog jowl, cornbread and sorghum molasses—when he could get all three. The only card game he knew anything about was seven-up, and he was a poor seven-up player. In that week's issue of the Clarion I also found a certain illuminating item. As nearly as memory permits I shall reproduce it:

"This has been a great home-coming week for Grigsby City. With two or three exceptions, all of the young people who have been away attending college are home for the holidays. Grigsby City and its immediate vicinity is this year sending thirty-six students to higher institutions of learning in this state and elsewhere."

And the Clarion appended a list of the students and the names of the institutions of learning, scattered from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, which they were attending.

Grigsby City travels extensively. It reads all the magazines and a good many of the new books. It goes frequently to the city most nearly adjacent and, in their second and third years, sees many of the plays that have survived a New York season. It has a summer Chautauqua under a tent, and a winter lecture course. And it is singularly well informed on all matters of current interest. It still picks the newspapers to the bone. I discussed the matter of Mr. Harding's cabinet and other topics of national interest with groups of citizens in the Clarion office, in the lobby of the Sun Dial Hotel, and in Elam's drug store. I am daily at the end of a great battery of telegraph and cable wires. I am in close touch with minds which sit in judgment on the world. But I could tell Grigsby City very little concerning matters of national importance it had not already heard. In his office in The Farmers and Stockmen's Bank, Lou Cartright, its president, gave the most lucid explanation of the financial situation and the causes which led up to it that I have yet heard.

Learned in Sporting Lore

In a way, I have lost prestige in Grigsby City. The tradition that I was once an acceptable football official, a good first baseman and a corking hitter no longer serves to keep my memory green. So far as the third generation is concerned I have slipped. The trouble with me is that I haven't attended a world's series in three years. I am only two hours distant from Princeton and half a day's ride from New Haven, and yet I saw neither Princeton nor Harvard nor Yale play last year. There are a good many easily accessible prize fights which I do not attend. The third generation can't understand how I got a reputation as a follower of sports. For Grigsby City not only knows how many home runs Babe Ruth hit last year, and Ty Cobb's grand batting average, 1905 to 1920, inclusive; it knows what Baby Doll Jacobson hit, Everett Scott's fielding average, and how many bases Ross Young stole. The gamut of its interest in football extends from Freshwater to Harvard's stadium. It has some money it will lay on Carpentier, provided the odds are right. For Grigsby City's idea of a hero is a man who fights when the fighting is good.

Somewhere in this memoir of Grigsby City a paragraph should be dedicated to Jim and Florence Bray. I am not sure their achievement, considered in all its phases, is not more unusual than that accredited to Mason Janvrin. Jim and Florence live in the neighborhood south of the river. They have never lived anywhere else. Jim, I think, was born there; Florence came into the neighborhood when she was a very little girl. They are middle-aged folk who grew up within two miles of each other, married twenty-five or thirty years ago, and settled down for life in the only community with which they were familiar. For the community and the time their folks on both sides were in comfortable circumstances. But they lived in primitive fashion, had none of the comforts and conveniences as we now understand the terms, no outlook, and no sense of the beautiful or the artistic as it applied to their surroundings.

Jim and Florence have not traveled extensively. As far as I know they have never been anywhere. They were not educated beyond the district school which both attended. No outside influence has touched their lives at any angle. The only world they have known is bounded on the north by county line, on the east by Mission Ridge, on the south by Labette Creek, and on the west by Little Friend schoolhouse.

I was standing in front of the Clarion office one day three or four years ago when Florence drove her car up to the curb. I had not seen her for a long time. She had been a not particularly beautiful girl. As a rule the girl of the farm fades rapidly

Selling Goods

is the supreme function of every Kresge window. Constant study of their window problems and careful investigation of various constructions have resulted in Kresge's use of only

ZOURI SAFETY METAL STORE FRONTS

Approved by UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

Our patented key-set line is positive prevention of glass breakage due to faulty setting. Under a merit rating insurance system, Zouri construction would naturally be a preferred risk. Zouri Store Fronts give maximum display with minimum upkeep.

Our nearest distributor will serve you

We have 198 distributors in the United States and Canada, each carrying a complete stock of *Zouri* and *International* store front construction. Tell us your display problem and let us solve it for you. Interesting descriptive folder mailed on request.

Zouri DRAWN METALS COMPANY

Factories and General Offices
Chicago Heights : Illinois

The KEY to better WINDOWS

ROUGH ON RATS

Clear your house and keep it free of rats and mice with old reliable "Rough On Rats." Kills them all quickly—and they

"Don't Die in the House"

"Rough On Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be put-tered—get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Originators of Rough on Rats

USN DECK PAINT

The Universal Paint

"A rich man can buy no better make—
A poor man can make no better buy."

The BILLINGS-CHAPIN Co.
Boston - Cleveland - New York

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

10 Days FREE Trial

Standard Keyboard

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 2755 Shipman Building
Monroe and Ravenswood Avenues Chicago, Illinois

PLAYS for Amateurs; Monologs, Minstrel Jokes and Sketches; ideas for all kinds of entertainments. Send for free catalog.
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

WHY

Not Stop That Squeak

Not Save Rusted Machinery

Griffin Standard

(None genuine without this signature)

WHEN—

SPRING-EEZ stops squeaks by penetrating between spring leaves without help, eliminates rust and deposits a lubricant. In the same manner it eases the work on any kind of rusted machinery.

WHERE—

At your dealer's of course. If not we will send postage prepaid one pint for one dollar. *Satisfaction Guaranteed*

WHO—

Halstead Specialties Co.
503 Market St., San Francisco
Eastern Factory Representatives
The Edwards Sales Co.
1910 Michigan Ave., Chicago; 50 E. 42nd St., New York

ASK MR. WHITE IF IT PAYS

Arthur T. White

A few years ago Mr. Arthur T. White sent in his first subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post*. It was the modest spare-time beginning of a business that has continually grown until Mr. White is now one of the biggest producers on our staff. In a single day he has received 200 orders; he is the largest "customer" of his post-office in the Massachusetts town in which he lives. His work gives him a sure source of generous permanent profit.

Is Your Job Secure?

In days when every city newspaper carries a half dozen headlines about wage cuts and curtailed production, it's a great consolation to be *sure of your job*. Are you sure of yours? Are you certain your income won't tumble with the rest? You can be. There's an easy way to protect yourself against any possible drop and at the same time establish yourself in a lasting business that will grow from year to year as has Mr. White's. The three Curtis publications—*The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*—are in great demand the country over. They will continue to lead. As their subscription representative you may have work that is

Easy, Pleasant, Profitable

These three dominant publications are alive and growing—you can grow with them. You need no experience—your profits begin as soon as you start work. Besides a liberal commission on each order, a generous bonus is paid—based on your production. And you can feel secure in a position that offers unlimited opportunity for rapid advancement.

It is our policy to appoint, whenever possible, full-time salaried field men from our staff of commission workers. If you have even a few hours a week to spare, you cannot spend them in a way more worth while than in earning easy, extra money for to-day's wants and at the same time protecting yourself against any possible reduction in your income.

$25.00 a Week Extra

Clip and Mail Today

The Curtis Publishing Company, 233 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'd like to know more about your offer. Please send details, without placing me under any obligations.

Name Town

Street or R. F. D. State

under the burden of wifehood and motherhood. But it was an exceedingly comely matron who greeted me. She was well groomed and didn't look her age by ten years. Her clothes were tasteful and appropriate, and would have passed muster anywhere. Florence Bray's mother, a sainted woman greatly beloved by everyone who knew her, wore a calico dress and a sunbonnet. It was the garb of her day and caste. When she went to town she rode in a farm wagon.

A year ago last spring Uncle Adam and I drove out to see Jim and Florence. They live on the old home place. A modern cottage with good architectural lines stands adjacent to the site of the old house which it replaced. It has a heating and lighting plant, a sleeping porch, a bathtub and a telephone. It is tastefully and expensively furnished. In the living room there is a piano and a high-grade talking machine. Florence put on a record for Uncle Adam. It was not one of the classics, but only a week or two previously I had heard it played by the orchestra of a great Chicago hotel. As we sat there visiting, Jim drove up in a new, expensive, high-powered car. It is sometimes difficult to trace the leaven to its source, but in the heart of the country it is always working.

Celebrities From the Prairies

Not long ago I attended the annual dinner of the New York Society of my adopted state. It is made up of those who have stormed Broadway—those who have passed the outer defenses and those who have reached the citadel. There were three hundred guests, all from one prairie state—the outpost nearest the wilderness—and each had known a Grigsby City. Harper McCoon, president and toastmaster, had been an attorney in a small way in Weeping Wallow. Bruce Candler, the most talked-of producer on Broadway this season, with three successes to his credit this year, was one of the speakers. When I first knew Bruce, fifteen years ago, he was a cub reporter chasing local items for the Leeville News. Nathan Matlock, another speaker and a power in the business circles of the metropolis, came out of Hadleyburg not more than twenty years ago.

I looked about me. At my right sat Amos Redden, a nationally known cartoonist. When he started to art school he registered from Mendoza. Hannah Wallis, with perhaps two exceptions the highest-paid woman writer of short fiction, was across the table in easy conversational range. Hannah Wallis left Blue Star, where she taught in the public schools, not more than a dozen years ago. At another table I saw Andrew Callen, president and directing head of one of the great motion-picture companies. When I first knew Andrew Callen, in the late nineties, he was working in a drug store in Garth. Near Callen sat Jim Allston, director of publicity for another great motion-picture company. Allston's first job was that of teaching a country school near Ripley Grove. I saw Gerard Hamlin, head of a great New York construction company, across the room. I know his father and mother. They live on a side street in Linn Creek in the same house in which Gerard was born.

The Home of Future Greatness

I saw the Dawley boys, from Edwina; Fannie Bradley, once of Meeker's Grove; Sam Shorten and Dave Maybray, who were law partners in LaVale; Art Cretcher, who once ran the Shaw Star and Argus; and twenty-five or thirty others I had known in their Grigsby City days. They have all carried the intrenchments of a metropolis.

It is entirely reasonable to believe that industry's future captain slept last night under the eaves of some humble house in Grigsby City, and that in the gloaming a coming master of transportation sang sweetly saccharine songs to his love mate on South Main Street. It is not unlikely that the great novelist of three decades hence is sitting meditatively upon a plow beam in some Chatham township. It is extremely probable that a future President is giving the teacher of Grigsby City's A Primary class some trouble at this writing, and that he is being spurred on by the embryo artist who sits across the aisle. These are all plausible excursions in the realm of conjecture.

But neither the President, the captain of industry, the master of transportation, the novelist, nor the artist will come from the ranks of the pseudo-intellectuals who sit buried nose-deep in the sneering, slurring, murky literature which they read and affect.

Nor will he come from their progeny. Of that I am perfectly sure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

May 7, 1921

Cover Design by M. J. Spero

SHORT STORIES

PAGE
Andy Dunne and the Barker—*Samuel Hopkins Adams* 5
Sunny Goes Home—*Fannie Kilbourne* 10
Tutt and Mr. Tutt—*Arthur Train* 18
The Chimney—*Henry C. Rowland* 21
The Monkey Wrench—*Lowell Otus Reese* 24

ARTICLES

The Biography of a Small Town—*Jay E. House* 8
Ports of Embarkation—*Kenneth L. Roberts* 12
The Salvaging of Civilization—*H. G. Wells* 16
Why Does Retailing Cost So Much?—*Albert W. Atwood* 32

SERIALS

West Broadway (In eight parts)—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* 3
Fifty Candles (In two parts)—*Earl Derr Biggers* 13

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 20
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* 30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

PASSENGER CARS

Ace
Alsace
Ambassador
Anderson
Apperson
Bell
Bellanger Freres (France)
Birch
Bour-Davis
Buick
Cadillac
Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cleveland
Cole
Comet
Commonwealth
Daniels
Davis
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Du Pont
Essex
Gray Dort (Can.)
Hanson Six
Hatfield
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Kenworthy
Kissel Kar
LaFayette
Leach Power-Plus Six
Liberty
Lincoln
Locomobile
Lorraine
Maibohm
Marmon
Maxwell
McFarlan
McLaughlin (Canada)
Meteor
Mitchell
Moller
Monroe
Nash
National
Nelson
Noma
Oakland
Ogren
Oldsmobile
Overland
Packard
Paige
Pan
Pan-American
Paterson
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pitcher
Porter
Premier
Ranger
Reo
Re Vere
Roamer
Rock Falls
R & V Knight
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Seneca
Sheridan
Standard Eight
Stearns-Knight
Stevens-Duryea
Stewart
Tarkington
Texan
Vogue
Westcott
Willys-Knight
Yellow Cab

COMMERCIAL CARS

Ace
Acme
Ahrens-Fox Fire Trucks
Apex
Atco
Available
Avery
Bell
Betz
Bollstrom
Bridgeport
Brinton
Brockway
Buffalo
Chevrolet
Chicago
Clark Tructractor
Collier
Comet
Corbitt
Dart
Defiance
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Diehl
Dodge Brothers
Duty
Fargo
Federal
Frontmobile
Fulton
F-W-D
Gary
Giant
Golden West
Gramm-Bernstein
G & J (Canada)
G. M. C.
Hahn
Hall
Harvey
Hendrickson
Hewitt-Ludlow
Highway-Knight
Hurlburt
Huron
H. R. L.
Independent
Italia
Kalamazoo
Karavan
Kearns
Keystone
Kissel
Kleiber
Klemm
Koehler
L. M. C.
Low-Bed
Maccar
Master
Maxim
Menominee
Moreland
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson-LeMoon
Netco
Noble
Ogden
Old Reliable
Oldsmobile
Oshkosh
O. K.
Packard
Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Pioneer
Pittsburgher
Ranger
Reo
Republic
Riker
Robinson Fire App.
Rock Falls
Rowe
St. Cloud
Sandow
Sanford
Seneca
Shaw
Signal
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Super
Texan
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
Twin City
United
Ursus
Vim
Walter
Ward-La France
Watson
White
White Hickory
Wilson
Witt-Will
Wolverine

MOTORCYCLES

Briggs-Stratton Motor Wheel
Excelsior
Henderson
Johnson Motor Wheel

TRACTORS

Advance-Rumely
A & T
Bates Steel Mule
Boring
Buffalo
Bullock Creeping-Grip
Case
Comet
Dart
Do-It-All
Eagle
Flour City
Franklin
Hart-Parr
Holt
Howell
Knox
La Crosse
Lauson
Linn Road
Lombard
Minneapolis
New Britain
Oldsmar Garden
Pioneer
Royer
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Canada)
Spry Wheel
Stockton
Tioga
Topp-Stewart
Townsend
Turner-Simplicity
Ursus
Wetmore

ENGINES

Associated
Bessemer Gaso-Kero
Buda
Capital
Continental
Curtiss
Doman
Duesenberg
Eclipse
Fairfield
Fairmont Railway
Falls
Frisble
Galloway
Gray
G. B. S.
Hall-Scott
Herscheli-Spillman
J. V. B. Marine
Knox
Lathrop Marine
Lawrence Aëro
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
Minneapolis
Pittsburgh Model
Red Wing Thorobred
Roberts
Scripps
Speedway
Straubel
Union Marine
Van Blerck
H. J. Walker
Waterman Marine
Weber
Weidely Bulldog
Wisconsin
Woolery
W. S. M.

FARM LIGHTING PLANTS

Automatic
C. Y. C.
Daytonlite
Delco-Light
Dynelectric
Electrion
Fairbanks
Genco Light
Globe Light & Power
Lalley-Light
Lucolite
Meyerlite
Nan-Ki-Vel
Northlite
Owens Light & Power
Perfection
Powerlite
Roco
Schwartz
United
Wesco

MISCELLANEOUS

Austin Mfg. Co.
Barber-Greene Conveyors
Burton Locomotives
Domestic Engine & Pump Co.
Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
Koehring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Mudge Railway Cars
P & H Excavators
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors
Vaughan Drag Saws
Wade Drag Saws

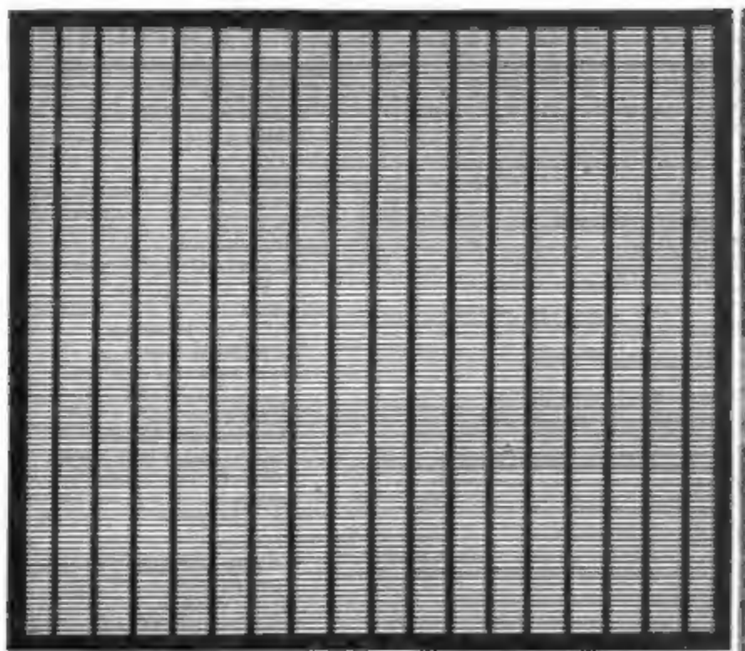
The Standard Spark Plug of the World

AC

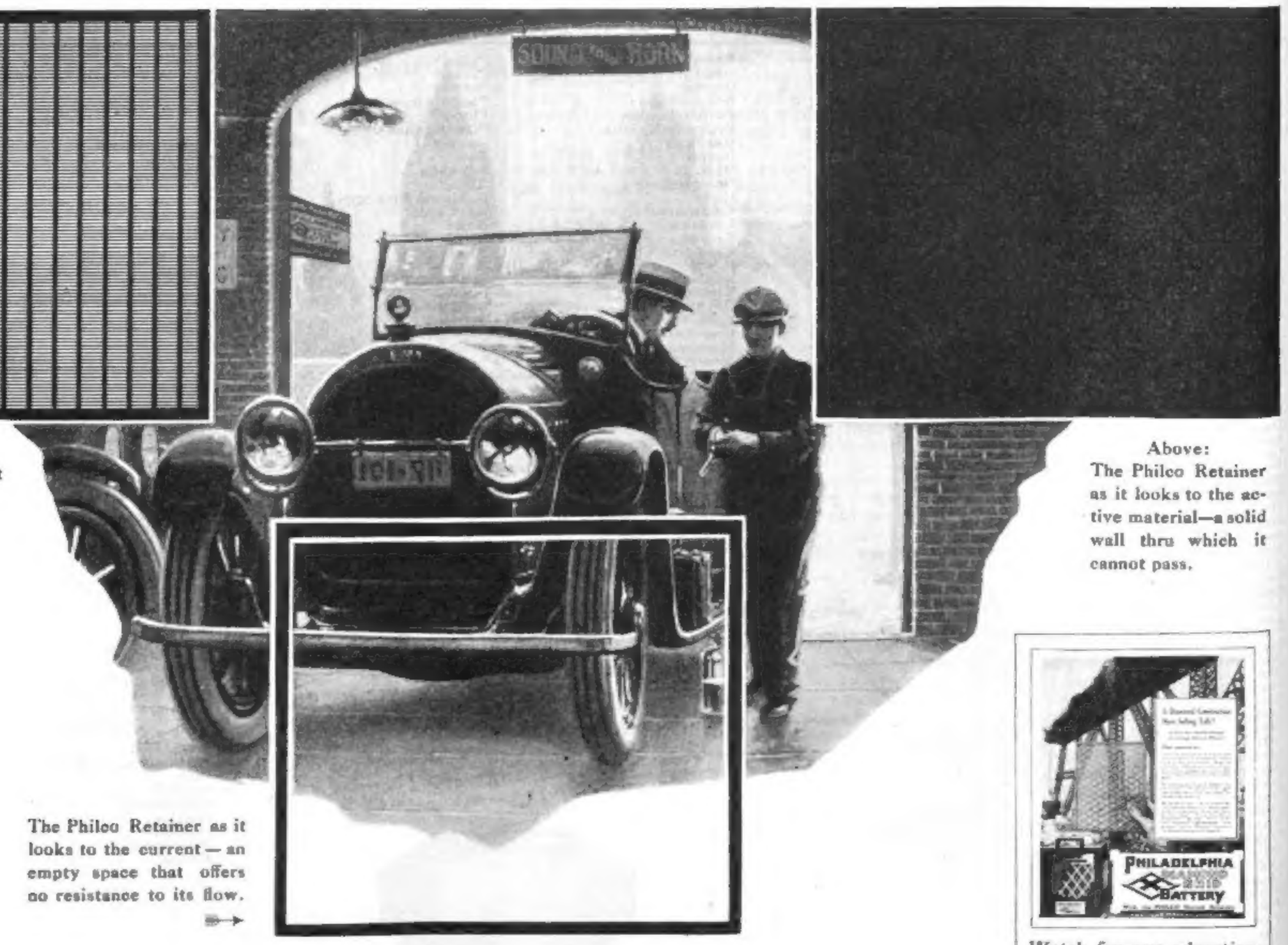
We cannot over-emphasize these facts: most manufacturers of high-priced cars, trucks and tractors use AC Spark Plugs for factory equipment; most race drivers, aviators and speed-boat pilots swear by AC's. There is no reason why you should make a mistake in buying spark plugs for your car. Reliable dealers everywhere sell the complete AC line, which includes a plug specially designed for the car you now drive. Follow the example of these experts. Buy AC, The Standard Spark Plug of the World.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U.S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U.S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending



Above:
The Philco Retainer as it actually is.



The Philco Retainer as it looks to the current — an empty space that offers no resistance to its flow.

Above:
The Philco Retainer as it looks to the active material—a solid wall thru which it cannot pass.

Watch for our advertisement in the June 4 issue of Saturday Evening Post, explaining the Diamond Grid.

What Does Your Battery Cost You Per Month?

IF you have a Philco Retainer Battery, the answer is: *One twenty-fourth of its original price*— because the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery with the Philco Retainer is

Guaranteed for Two Years

This is the longest, strongest guarantee backing any nationally known battery. It is made possible because of the additional lasting qualities supplied by the Philco Retainer.

THE Retainer is a thin sheet of slotted hard rubber that is placed on each side of each positive plate. The almost innumerable slots allow the free passage of acid and current. But when a particle of active material tries to drop out of place and stop working, it finds that the slots of the Retainer are too narrow to permit its passage. It must keep on the job.

THE Retainer is patented. It adds at least six months to the life of the battery. With good care a Philco Retainer Battery should last longer than twenty-four months, in which case your cost per month will be *even less* than the price divided by twenty-four.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Ontario and C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

Bolegard
WILSON'S
Certified Brand
CORNED BEEF
SPECIALLY COOKED
ROLLED OX TONGUE
NET WEIGHT 1 LB. 12 OZS.
OUR GUARANTEE
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE
Thos. E. Wilson

This guarantee appears on all Wilson Certified canned foods.

Certified Rolled Ox Tongue is the whole tongue, carefully trimmed, cooked, ready to be sliced and served—a very choice dish either cold or hot.

Certified Corned Beef is a tempting, satisfying meat sliced cold for lunch or served hot with vegetables.

"It never bothers me to serve a splendid meal"

Your greatest convenience—a supply of

Certified
Canned Meats

Every one of these Certified specialties carries our "money-back" guarantee. You can always serve them to your family and guests with the fullest confidence. A partial list follows. Ask your dealer for them.

Certified Corned Beef
Certified Corned Beef Hash
Certified Roast Beef
Certified Lunch Tongue
Certified Vienna Style Sausage
Certified Rolled Ox Tongue
Certified Pure Pork Sausage

Wilson's *Certified* Canned Meats are a wonderful help to the housewife, and are depended upon every day in thousands of homes. If you bought the fresh meats yourself and prepared them in your own kitchen you could not exercise more care or supervision than we do in our kitchens. Each of these specialties is carefully selected and cooked by experts, and all the fine flavor and healthful goodness is sealed in the can. There is absolutely no waste; every bit of the contents of the can is appetizing, wholesome food.

Try one or two of them, and soon you will keep a good variety of them on your pantry shelves. Always ask for Wilson's *Certified*—the kind that has the straightforward guarantee right on the label.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

PEBECO

Ask for it by Name